

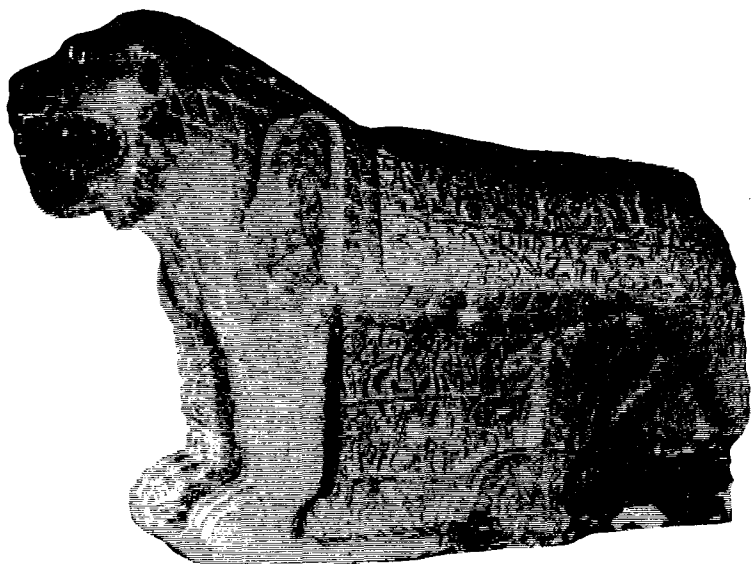
# **THE LIONS OF MARASH**

To the son of Der Pehay Der Bedrosian  
- a surviving 'cab' from Marath!

Stanley Eiken

# THE LIONS OF MARASH

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCES WITH  
AMERICAN NEAR EAST

RELIEF, 1919-1922

BY STANLEY E. KERR

STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK PRESS

ALBANY 1973

# The Lions of Marash

First Edition

Published by State University of New York Press,  
99 Washington Avenue, Albany, New York 12210

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Book Design by Richard Hendel  
Printed in the United States of America

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Kerr, Stanley Elphinstone.

The lions of Marash.

Bibliography: p.

1. Armenian massacres, 1915-1923. 2. Near East  
Relief. 3. Armenians in Marash, Turkey (City)  
4. Kerr, Stanley Elphinstone. I. Title.

DS51.M28K47 361.5'3'0924 [B] 73-38001

ISBN 0-87395-200-6

ISBN 0-87395-201-4 (microfiche)

Title Page Illustration:

The Marash Lion. This stone sculpture with its  
Hittite hieroglyphic inscription dates from the ninth  
century, B.C. It stood at the gate of the citadel of  
Marash and is now an exhibit in the Museum of the  
Ancient Orient, Istanbul, Turkey.



To the innocent victims  
of the siege of Marash,  
January–February 1920.

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## FOREWORD

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During World War I the Turkish government used a system of deportation to expel the Armenians from Anatolia, to drive them into the Syrian Desert, and to exterminate as many of them as possible. News of the deportations reached Ambassador Henry Morgenthau in Constantinople almost as soon as they began by way of reports from American missionaries to their headquarters in that city. At the same time the German missionaries in Marash reported to their Berlin office on the passage of deportees from Zeitun. Ambassador Morgenthau forwarded all such information to Washington and early in September 1915 urged the secretary of state to see that an organization be created to raise funds and provide help to save the Armenians. He added the grim statement, "The destruction of the Armenian race is rapidly progressing."<sup>1</sup>

In reply to this appeal Dr. James L. Barton, foreign secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and my father, Cleveland H. Dodge, called together a group of men who organized what in the course of time became known as Near East Relief. At their first meeting they voted to raise \$100,000. A month later the money had been raised and transferred to Ambassador Morgenthau. Since Mr. Dodge assumed the responsibility for payment of all overhead expenses of the organization, and the workers were to a large extent volunteers, whatever money was raised was used for relief work in the Near East.

Funds were needed for refugees in Anatolia but also in the Caucasus, Syria, Lebanon, Persia, and Greece. In the Urmia district of north-

1. James L. Barton, *Story of Near East Relief (1915-1930): An Interpretation* (New York: Macmillan Co., 1930), p. 4.

west Persia, Kurds—encouraged by the Turks—began to massacre the Christian Nestorians, who fled further into Persia. Dr. Harry Pratt Judson, president of the University of Chicago, led a timely expedition to Persia. Some three hundred thousand of the population of Lebanon died of starvation, despite our efforts to give relief, for Jamal Pasha withheld supplies of food in reprisal for the sympathy shown by the Lebanese Christians for the French as well as for the Arab revolt led by the grand sharif Husain against the Turks.

The greatest need, however, was in the Caucasus. Conditions were so horrible that people in America thought that the accounts about them were exaggerated. When he went to the region as a member of a commission, Howard Heinz of Pittsburgh exclaimed, "Merciful God! It's all true. Nobody has ever told the whole truth. Nobody could!"

Col. William Haskell was sent to the Caucasus as a relief commissioner. Herbert Hoover, then head of the American Relief Commission, arranged to contribute goods equal in value to about half a million dollars per month, for nearly a year, while Near East Relief provided the practical help to administer the aid. In the Caucasus territory help was given to over three hundred thirty thousand people in three hundred thirty-eight villages. More than thirty thousand orphans were fed, clothed, and trained while they lived in reconditioned barracks.

Until the war came to an end it was difficult for Near East Relief to help the refugees in what was essentially hostile territory, for Turkey sided with the Central Powers. But when the war came to a close, Near East Relief was able to organize one of the most important programs of service ever undertaken. The board of trustees was enlarged. Charles V. Vickrey, general secretary from 1916 to 1929, with the help of Barclay Acheson and Harold C. Jaquith, raised large sums of money and recruited personnel. Nearly a thousand Americans served overseas. They displayed wonderful heroism, even martyrdom. Twenty-one of these workers and five missionaries died in the field from typhus, pneumonia, and other diseases.

The trustees planned the establishment of fifteen centers for relief in the Caucasus, Anatolia, Lebanon, and Greece. Each center was to have orphanages, medical facilities, and industrial work for the rehabilitation of the refugees. The blueprints of organization, therefore, included the personnel and equipment required for fifteen hospitals. Disease was so prevalent that among the thirty thousand orphans collected in the Caucasus not one was found in good health. In all, thirty doctors and fifty nurses were selected with the help of the

American Red Cross. A number of mission hospitals in Anatolia and the American University Hospital in Beirut also offered their facilities. Equipment for the hospital at Kharput in central Turkey had to be transported five hundred miles on pack animals.

One of the great achievements of Near East Relief was its educational work. In each of its orphanages the children were given the equivalent of a good primary school education. In orphanage shops local carpenters, shoemakers, tinsmiths, tailors, dressmakers, bakers, weavers, and other tradesmen served as practical and devoted teachers. This activity not only provided clothing for the children but also taught them the trades and the manual skills needed later for self-support.

In Lebanon, some of the teachers thought that the most intelligent pupils should be trained to become literary leaders of the new Armenia. Many of their friends encouraged this idea, but with the help of the exceedingly wise Catholicos, religious leader of the Armenian community, and several of the leading businessmen, we insisted upon teaching the orphans Arabic and trades.

The children enjoyed the manual work. In the big carpentry shop at Antelias the boys erected a sign: Sweet Is the Bread of Our Sweat.

During the war Turkish commander Jamal Pasha gathered about eight hundred Armenian refugees, both boys and girls, and placed them in a French Catholic school building at Antoura. A military officer was in charge, but the orphanage was under the general supervision of Halidé Edib, the famous Turkish feminist. At the time of Field Marshall Lord Edmund Allenby's advance, when the Turks were escaping to the north, Halidé asked me to be responsible for the children. I arranged first for the American Red Cross and later for Near East Relief to take charge of the orphanage. Professor J. Stewart Crawford was made the administrator (one little boy put a hand in one of Professor Crawford's hands, saying, "You are not our *Mudir Bey*, you're our father!").

The first Christmas celebration at Antoura was a moving experience. The children had been given Muslim names under the Turkish administration, but on this occasion the relief workers dealt out gifts marked with their proper Christian names as they stood around a huge Christmas tree. Imagine the feelings of these boys and girls when they realized that they had been saved from the war and were being cared for by loving Christian teachers.

Dr. Kerr's book explains how the Armenians suffered when the French failed to retain their hold on Marash and other places which

they had occupied, and how the Kemalists took steps to expel the Armenians from their newly formed republic. Near East Relief workers in the cities of Cilicia inquired whether the orphans would be sent to Lebanon. One day I asked the viscount Robert Caix de Sainte Aymour, secretary to the high commissioner for Syria and Lebanon, for permission to bring twelve hundred orphans to Lebanon. He laughed and said, "Do you know what the man who just left my office asked? He wanted permission to bring twenty-five hundred adults from Cilicia to Lebanon!"

The orphans were brought southward in caravans with some riding on pack animals, and many on foot. Once they reached the Baghdad Railway they were packed into boxcars and brought to Beirut, sometimes on very short notice. At the boys' orphanage in Antelias I informed the diminutive, white-haired Armenian in charge of reception that several hundred boys were due to arrive there the next morning. "Let 'em come!" he replied. After the children were unloaded from the freight train, tired and dirty from their long journey by caravan and boxcar, they were taken to the orphanage on the seaside at Antelias, where they gave up their clothing to be cleaned and fumigated. Then they were led naked into the Mediterranean. As Orientals have a prejudice against nakedness, and none of the children had even seen the ocean before, it was comical but sometimes pitiful to watch them. Needless to say, they were thirsty after traveling overnight in the train, so that the first thing they did was to drink the water. They were amazed when they found it to be salty. After their clothes had been cleaned and returned to them, the children were distributed among our big orphanages at Ghazir and along the coast between Sidon and Jbail.

As the orphans reached the age of sixteen they left the institution to live outside and to find employment. Near East Relief organized workers' homes, night schools, clubs, and other means of helping the children to adapt themselves to the practical issues of life. Some were adopted by local families.

It became obvious that Near East Relief could not become a permanent organization to care for orphans. While the children were growing up, the adult refugees were finding work and improving the places in which they lived. Accordingly, in 1925, Dr. Thomas Jesse Jones was appointed to conduct a survey and to recommend whether the temporary relief should be entirely closed down or else changed into a different form of work.

A conference was held at Robert College in Istanbul during the spring of 1927 to discuss the findings of his survey. As a result of this

conference, Near East Relief was brought to an end, and in 1930 the Near East Foundation was established. Because the orphans had matured enough to carry on without further help, and the refugees had for the most part been able to find work, the transition was not too difficult to accomplish.

Today most of the eight thousand children once cared for in the orphanages still live in Lebanon, have families of their own, and are more prosperous than one would expect.

Perhaps the most fitting description of the impact of American Near East Relief has been given by President Calvin Coolidge:

Not only has life been saved, but economic, social, intellectual and moral forces have been released. New methods in child welfare, in public health and practical education have been introduced. A new sense of the value of the child, a new conception of religion in action and a new hope for a better social order have been aroused. All this has brought enduring results, a promise of a brighter future to replace the despair of years of fear and hopelessness. The work of the Committee has demonstrated practical Christianity without sectarianism and without ecclesiastical form, recognizing the rights of each and all to their ancestral faith, while expressing religion in terms of sacrifice and service that others might live and be benefited. Its creed was the Golden Rule and its ritual the devotion of life and treasure to the healing of wounds caused by war.<sup>2</sup>

Princeton, New Jersey  
December 1971

BAYARD DODGE

2. *Ibid.*, pp. vii-x.



## PREFACE

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Fifty-two years ago Turkish insurgents fought the French army of occupation in the ancient city of Marash, Turkey. It was the first major battle of the Turkish War of Independence, a war which ended in the expulsion from Anatolia of all foreign armies and the overthrow of the sultanate by Mustafa Kemal Pasha.

In 1914 some eighty-six thousand Armenians lived in Marash and its neighboring villages. By January 1923 none of them remained. I worked in Marash as a member of Near East Relief during 1920 and 1922, the years of the last two phases of the decimation of the Armenians in Turkey. This book reviews the deportations of 1915, the siege of 1920, and the final abandonment of their property by the remnant of the Armenian population.

The stone lion which stood at the gate of the Marash citadel for some three thousand years was regarded by the citizens of that city as a symbol of heroism. Since it had been carved and inscribed by a Hittite sculptor more than two thousand years before the Turkish conquest of Anatolia, no one people can claim that this figure stands for their bravery alone. Each reader, whether Turkish, Armenian, or French, may look for his own "lions" in the story which follows.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Access to documents prepared nearly fifty years ago has enriched this volume. For cooperation in locating such material I wish to thank Mr. Antranig Chalabian who found valuable material in the extensive private collection of Mr. Vahé Setian and in the library of the Université Française de Sainte Joseph of Beirut. My thanks are due to the librarian of Sainte Joseph's and to Mr. Setian; also to Mr. Michel Nabti, assistant curator of the Near Eastern Collection in the Hoover Institution for War, Revolution and Peace in Stanford, where Thibault's *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> regiment d'infanterie* was found. I am indebted to Mr. Chalabian for translating into English practically all of the Armenian documents which appear in the text. Material quoted from French, German, and Turkish texts were translated by myself unless otherwise indicated.

I wish to thank Dr. Alford Carleton of the United Church Board for World Ministries for granting me access to the correspondence from missionaries in Turkey filed at the Houghton Library, Harvard University. My thanks also to the director of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York for permission to use the reports from YMCA representatives in Turkey.

I am grateful to Mrs. Victoire Souadjian for an English translation of excerpts from the unpublished memoirs of her father, Setrak Kherlakian; to Mrs. Makrouhi Der Ohannesian for permission to use her own unpublished manuscript dealing with her experiences in Marash; to the Right Reverend Monsignor Pascal Archpriest Maljian for permission to quote from his personal memoirs published in *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*; to Paul Snyder for access to his letters and copies of the diaries written by Mrs. Marion Wilson and Miss

Frances Buckley; to Ahmed Yörür for anecdotes about events in Marash; to Mrs. Harry Serian for the autobiography of her husband, the Reverend Haroutune Nokhoudian; to Mrs. Marika and Dr. Peter Manoogian for the biography of the Reverend Sisag S. Manoogian; and to Dr. E. Shirajian for material about his father, the Reverend Aharon Shirajian.

I had requested that my family save my letters which I had written during my service with Near East Relief. I have used these as source material in the preparation of my manuscript. Extensive notes on their own experiences were given me by a number of individuals, and for these I acknowledge my indebtedness to the late Avedis Seferian, Dr. Dicran Berberian, Mrs. James Lyman (Bessie Hardy), Ohannes Tilkian, Levon Yenovkian, and Dr. Bayard Dodge.

To all those who generously gave their time for personal interviews, I express my thanks. Many of these interviews were facilitated by Krikor Seraydarian in Los Angeles, by Humayak Asbed in the suburbs of Boston, and by Rudolph Pauly in Albany.

Roy J. King, my fellow worker while I was in Near East Relief, is to be credited with the preparation of the photographs from my negatives. I am grateful to Marjorie Housepian for certain documents and for continued encouragement in my writing. I thank Norman Mangouni, director of State University of New York Press, for piloting my overweight manuscript to a safe docking, and his colleague Elizabeth Coccio for the streamlining which made the vessel more seaworthy. Finally, I wish to express appreciation to my wife Elsa, who shared the experiences of 1922 in Turkey, for helpful criticism and proofreading but mostly for her forbearance during the many months I have been engaged with this manuscript.

## INTRODUCTION

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On 10 February 1920, the French garrison at Marash withdrew abruptly under cover of darkness, thus abandoning more than twenty thousand Armenians to the tender mercies of the Turkish Nationalist forces. The tactic of swift evacuation is not novel in military history, but in the case of Marash the retreat occurred even after it was known that the Turkish insurgents, who had besieged the city and devastated the Armenian quarters for three weeks, were themselves taking flight. The French maneuver caused considerable embarrassment in Paris and roused a storm of angry protest in England and the United States, but for the natives of Marash, the spirited mountaineers of nearby Zeitun and Hadjin, indeed for the Armenian inhabitants of all Cilicia, it led to renewed massacre and to final exodus.

Situated on a major trade route at one of the approaches to the Taurus mountains, Marash had been an important urban center since ancient times, in witness of which stood the Hittite lion sculptured in basalt at the citadel entrance. Caught repeatedly in the East-West struggle for supremacy in Asia Minor, this highland at the north-eastern edge of Cilicia slipped successively in and out of Assyrian, Achaemenid, Seleucid, Roman, Byzantine, Arab, Armenian, Seljukid, Crusader, Mamluk, Mongol, and Turkoman control before it was encompassed within the Ottoman Empire. But even during five centuries of Ottoman domination, the proud Muslim and Armenian chieftains of the Marash *sanjak* retained much of their traditional authority.

Although Marash (Germanicea) lay outside historic Greater Armenia and was peripheral to Cilicia proper, where a medieval Armenian principality and kingdom had existed from the eleventh through the

fourteenth centuries, Armenian colonization of the district dated back to the beginning of the Christian era. And after the fall of the Bagratid kingdom in Greater Armenia in the eleventh century and the resultant mass emigrations toward Cilicia, the Armenian element prevailed in Marash until successive Turkic migrations diminished the Armenian proportion to scarcely one third of the total population.

During the nineteenth century, the Armenians of Marash, like their compatriots the world over, passed through a profound cultural renaissance. American and European missionaries and educators helped to enhance Armenian self-awareness and prompted the national Apostolic Church to extend further its growing network of parochial schools. Marash itself became a primary missionary center with a highly literate and progressive citizenry. By the turn of the twentieth century, no less than a third of the city's thirty thousand Armenians had become adherents of the Protestant Evangelical Church or the Eastern-rite Catholic Church.

It was both ironic and tragic that the Armenian renaissance was paralleled by increasing oppression in the Ottoman Empire and the entanglement of the European powers in the so-called Eastern Question. European demands for Armenian security and self-administration without the resolve to enforce those demands only increased the sultan's suspicion of his Christian subjects and added to their distress. The countless local irregularities that had become a part of Armenian life burgeoned into general and full-scale massacres in 1895 and 1909. Yet, as had been their way for centuries past, the Armenian townsmen and villagers began rebuilding as soon as the vengeful tide of destruction had ebbed. But time was running short for the Armenians. The fateful events of 1915 to 1922 were to thwart even the relentless drive to begin anew.

The grisly details of the deportations and massacres of 1915 and 1916 need not be recounted here. Marash, too, suffered the agony of many sister cities. The Young Turk (Ittihad ve Terakki) dictators of the Ottoman Empire cleverly dissipated any potential resistance to the plan of annihilation by occasionally exempting the Armenian Protestants and Catholics from the general order for deportation, only to set those groups, too, upon death's road once the Apostolic majority had been herded away. Still, the Armenians of Cilicia were more fortunate than their kinsmen of central and eastern Anatolia, where nearly the entire Armenian population was massacred outright or tormented with such intensity that there were few who arrived at the assigned destinations in the desert of Syria. The distance between Cilicia and the

Syrian wastelands was considerably shorter, and, although many thousands died in a blistering exile, at least half of the deportees from Cilicia still clung to life when the world war ended.

Shortly after the Ottoman capitulation to the Allies in October 1918, British regiments and the volunteer Armenian legion attached to General Allenby's command occupied several strategic sites in Cilicia pending the regulation of affairs by the Paris Peace Conference. Allied officials then urged and assisted the Armenian refugees scattered between Egypt and Mesopotamia to return home in order to begin the painful process of reconstruction. During the twelve months that the British contingents policed Cilicia, nearly one hundred and fifty thousand Armenians were repatriated, including some twenty thousand natives of Marash and the relatively few survivors of Zeitun and Hadjin.

But the hapless Armenians were to become enmeshed in the intense postwar rivalries of Great Britain and France. The secret pacts of the Entente powers marked Cilicia for French domination, yet the British actually took control there after the armistice. The resultant bitter dissension contributed to repeated delays in the peace treaty with the Ottoman Empire, thus allowing precious time for the emergence of the Turkish resistance movement in Anatolia. Only in the autumn of 1919 was France able to supplant the British regiments with her own. The instability that arose from the change of occupational forces and the flagrant lack of cooperation among the Allied victors did not escape the scrutiny of Mustafa Kemal Pasha. The Turkish insurrection at Marash was to become the first true test of the Nationalist fabric. And the French forfeiture, only three months after General Henri J. E. Gouraud's troops had entered the city, brought thousands of previously hesitant sympathizers into the very midst of the Nationalist camp. Whereas the Allied-sanctioned Greek occupation of Smyrna (Izmir) in May 1919 spurred the Nationalists to organize, the Marash affair provided an enormous boost in morale at a time that the movement was encountering widespread pessimism. The Turkish people had been shown that the Allies could be defied and defeated.

Many facets in the struggle for Marash await investigation and elucidation. For example, even as French authorities in Cilicia were assuring the Armenian repatriates full protection, other French agents were traveling to the Anatolian interior to negotiate with Mustafa Kemal. No less a personage than Georges Picot, a principal in the wartime Sykes-Picot arrangements which divided much of the Near East into British and French zones of influence, met with Kemal in Ankara during December 1919 and reportedly intimated that the Third

Republic might be willing to forego Cilicia and hence its commitment to the Armenians in return for generous Turkish economic and political concessions. But only when all existing records have been examined will it be possible to determine with certainty whether the relationship between the French-Turkish Nationalist parleys and the astounding evacuation of Marash was anything other than coincidental.

The Armenians, citing numerous cases of callous indifference by the French and even concerted efforts to prevent the Armenians from taking measures for self-defense, have long since rendered their verdict: the Christian elements of Cilicia were shamefully betrayed by the powers that were pledged to protect them. The Turkish interpretation, too, is explicit, with violations of the right of self-determination, highhandedness of the French authorities, and cruelty of the Armenian legionnaires invariably listed among the causes that made Marash an early military objective in the "War of Independence." Unfortunately, the Turkish archival materials for the period remain closed to all except a handful of carefully screened historians. Until the seal is removed from these records it is unlikely that the controversy regarding Cilicia can be adequately resolved.

In recent years the United States and Great Britain have declassified their Eastern papers for the interwar decades. By and large, American missionaries, relief workers, and consular officials—with such notable exceptions as the United States High Commissioner at Constantinople—reiterated the Armenian point of view and appealed ceaselessly for action to safeguard the pitiful remnant of this once proud people. The following extract of a dispatch from American relief director William S. Dodd typifies that sentiment:

The chapter of Armenian history that is being enacted in Cilicia now is as tragic and pathetic as the Great Deportation. Returning from that exile and beginning with energy to live once more and to hope once more, they find themselves betrayed, and that by their allies, massacred by their conquered enemy, and stripped barer than they were in 1915. . . . Where can we appeal? Who will listen? Are we to see this tragedy carried out to completion before our very eyes?

The British documents pertaining specifically to Marash are extensive.<sup>1</sup> The British learned at an early date of the French-Nationalist liaison and echoed, in terms somewhat more reserved, the American

1. See Great Britain, Foreign Office Archives (Public Record Office), Class 371, especially File 3/44 for 1920.

denunciation of the French disgrace at Marash. Still, while quite prepared to embarrass the French government by making insinuating inquiries into the well-being of the Armenians, the Foreign Office took repeated pains to advise the cabinet to stop short of any direct involvement in Cilician affairs.

It is understandable that France has been somewhat more reticent in making public her own Eastern papers. But the availability of this material now seems imminent, with the files in the foreign ministry archives at the Quai d'Orsay scheduled for opening in the near future. And already the military records preserved at the Château de Vincennes are accessible to some historians. In 1971 and 1972 I was accorded the privilege to utilize these archives, which include detailed daily reports of the French commanders in the Levant and an entire file relative to the initial contacts with the Nationalists from 1919 to 1920.<sup>2</sup> A thorough history of the struggle for Cilicia must await the examination of all primary sources and the scrupulous labors of a skillful scholar possessing facility in English, French, Armenian, and Ottoman and modern Turkish.

Eyewitness accounts of decisive historical events may be as valuable as official dispatches and reports. It is in such versions especially that the human element becomes manifest, affording insights not to be found in documents. In the case of Marash, the experiences of several of the Americans who were hurtled into the midst of the fray have been recorded in part.<sup>3</sup> American philanthropy administered through Near East Relief, successor organization to the American Committee for Relief in the Near East, saved thousands of starving Armenians from certain death following the world war. The food stations and orphanages, the expeditions into the desert to retrieve Armenian women and children from Muslim tribesmen, the construction of workshops and other rehabilitative establishments by the ACRNE and NER slightly mitigated the bitter disappointments arising from the American refusal to ensure the Armenian people a collective future by accepting a protec-

2. See France, Service Historique de l'Armée, Archives Château de Vincennes, Class 20 N (Front Oriental), File 172 in carton 61 of Commandement des Armées Alliées en Orient (C.A.A.). See also Class 16 N (Grand Quartier Général), File 3194 in carton 3821, File 3206 in carton 3895, and Class 20 N, Files 157-158 in cartons 47-48, and Files 166-171 in cartons 56-61.

3. Cf. Great Britain, Foreign Office Archives, File 3/44, E 1784, 18 March 1920, for the memorandum of W. Nesbitt Chambers, a Canadian in charge of the American mission at Adana (see Appendix A), and extracts from the diary of Dr. C. F. H. Crathern of the YMCA (see Appendix B).



tive mandate over the independent Armenian state that had been sanctioned by the Paris Peace Conference. In Cilicia NER worked among the repatriates for four years and, after the total Armenian exodus in 1922, attempted to assist the refugee throngs to resettle in Syria, Lebanon, Palestine, and other Mediterranean lands.

Among the scores of men and women who responded to the ACNE call for volunteers in 1919 was Stanley E. Kerr, a slender, bespectacled junior officer in the United States Army Sanitary Corps. First serving at Aleppo in a multiplicity of positions, including clinical biochemist, photographer, and gatherer of Armenian waifs from Bedouin and Kurdish chieftains, Kerr transferred in the autumn of 1919 to Marash, where he took charge of American relief operations after the French withdrawal. In view of the fact that many Turkish notables regarded the Americans as collaborators with the French and Armenians, it was at no small risk that Kerr and his courageous colleagues stayed at their posts to help, in what way they knew not, the thousands of Armenians whom the French had deserted. Indeed, the uncertainties of a hostage-like existence did not end until Kerr departed for Beirut with the last caravan of Armenian orphans in 1922.

Three years after his separation from the Near East Relief, Kerr earned his Doctor of Philosophy degree at the University of Pennsylvania and returned to Beirut in 1925 as chairman of the Department of Biochemistry at the American University. During their four decades in Lebanon Professor Kerr and his wife, Elsa Reckman Kerr, a former teacher at the Marash College for Girls and later at the Beirut College for Women and the American University, counseled hundreds of students whose parents had been the refugees from Marash and other Cilician cities. In recognition of his service, the American University conferred upon Dr. Kerr the rank of Distinguished Professor, and the Lebanese government honored him with the Order of Merit. On their retirement the government again honored Stanley and Elsa Kerr by bestowing on them the Order of Cedars, Chevalier rank.

Now, fifty years after leaving Cilicia, Professor Kerr presents his account of the happenings in Marash. Although his personal experiences form the basis for the narrative, the author has also utilized the studies and memoirs of French officers and priests, Turkish military historians, and Armenian survivors, particularly prominent Protestant and Catholic spokesmen. Dr. Kerr's sympathy for the Armenians is evident, but he does not hesitate to note their shortcomings and to point up the fierce Turkish pride that was to accord Marash a place of honor in the history of the Nationalist movement.

*The Lions of Marash* is a heartrending, adventurous, occasionally humorous, and intimate saga. Its essential strength lies in the personal narrative that touches upon the big and little things in the lives of commoners and leaders, lays bare the entire spectrum of human emotion, and portrays with shuddering reality man's inhumanity to man. The reader cannot but react to the description of such scenes as the immolation of several hundred persons trapped in a church set ablaze by besiegers or the crazed flight from the city by thousands who met their end as snow-shrouded mounds in blizzard-swept mountains.

The drama of Cilicia constitutes only one phase of an unparalleled tragedy in the long and turbulent history of the Armenian people. Throughout much of its national existence of twenty-five centuries this people had frequently endured massacre, enslavement, foreign domination, and assimilation. Yet, however oppressive the circumstances, there had always been enough sturdy survivors to build upon the ruins and replenish the hearths. The unique feature of the period beginning with the massacres of 1915 and culminating in the exodus from Cilicia in 1922 was that the Armenians, for the first time in history, were dispossessed entirely of their ancestral lands. The impact of that calamity is compounded with each passing year, for soon there will be virtually no one who shall be able to recall the customs and daily life, the flora and fauna, in short, the Armenian national existence in the expanses from Aintab and Marash to Kharpout, Van, and Erzerum.

This inescapable fact cannot but intensify the poignancy of the reminiscences that unfold in the pages that follow. Some students of history believe that an essential aspect of their craft is to teach future generations. But the conscience of mankind is short, and the lessons of history are rarely heeded. Massacre and genocide; gratuitous cruelty nurtured by racial, religious, and ideological fanaticism; and displacement of entire peoples have continued with little respite during the half century since the Armenian cataclysm. Still, Stanley Kerr believes that his story must be told in the face of frequent and intentional misrepresentations. Here then is the final, decisive struggle of *The Lions of Marash*.

University of California,  
Los Angeles

RICHARD G. HOVANNISIAN

## PART ONE

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## EXILE AND REPATRIATION

## CHAPTER ONE

### MARASH ON 20 JANUARY 1920

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On the morning of 20 January 1920, Marash appeared to be a deserted city. Not a single shop was open, as I observed on attempting to purchase grain for the Near East Relief orphanages. The only sign of life was a file of armed Turks moving up the steep path to the ancient Hittite fortress, a walled citadel in the heart of the city. None of these men wore uniform. Each of them bore several bandoleers of rifle cartridges over the shoulder and across the breast. Only minutes after I had reached the shelter of my residence in the American Mission compound a single shot rang out. Within seconds fire broke out over the entire city as though in response to the baton of a symphony director. Then came the staccato of machine-gun fire, answered by the drumlike thud of French cannon. Sentries of the French force of occupation standing guard at their posts fell with the first volley. Their troops, quartered for the winter in schools and churches, replied to the Turkish onslaught with machine guns and rifles, while a battery of 75 mm. guns on the northern ridge of the city rained shells on Turkish positions and set buildings ablaze. Within the next three weeks the conflagration raged in every quarter, sparing neither Turkish nor Armenian homes. Thousands of Armenians fled to their churches, most of which were destroyed by fire, and those who had taken refuge inside were annihilated. Many mosques were destroyed by French shells, for the minarets had become posts for Turkish snipers.

Before the fighting ended some forty-five hundred Turks and about twice that number of Armenians had been killed.<sup>1</sup> Although the quarrel was between the French and Turks, the twenty-two thousand Armenians living in the city had good reason to fear any disorder.

Only a few months earlier they had returned from the nationwide deportation of 1915 to 1916, during which nearly half of their population had perished. Their repatriation had been accomplished under protection of the British and French forces which had defeated the sultan's armies. Turkish resistance had not ended, however. Mustafa Kemal Pasha, refusing to accept the terms of surrender, had vowed to expel all foreign armies from the soil of Anatolia, considered by the Turks to be the heart of their homeland. The supporters of Mustafa Kemal in Marash needed little urging to organize resistance to the French force of occupation. The latter included a battalion of the Armenian Legion which had participated in the fighting in Palestine when Gen. Sir Edmund Allenby drove the Turkish forces back into Anatolia. Knowing that the Armenians were pressing for the establishment of an independent state in which Cilicia would be included, the Marash Kemalists resented the presence of Armenian troops and decided to include the Armenian population, protégés of France, among the enemy.

### The Armenian Question

A broader review of Turkish-Armenian relationships during the preceding quarter of a century is a necessary prologue to the drama of Marash, the first major conflict in Mustafa Kemal's campaign to oust the troops of France, Greece, and Italy.

In "A Summary of Armenian History," Arnold Toynbee reviews the pressures which the Great Powers of Europe placed on the Turkish sultan Abdul Hamid II for reform in the treatment of minorities.<sup>2</sup> After defeating the Turks in 1878, Russia agreed to evacuate the Anatolian plateau only on condition that the sultan reform his administration of the Armenian provinces in that area. Two years later six of the Great Powers reminded the sultan of his promise, still unfulfilled, but he feared the loss of the provinces and decided to crush the Armenians, using another minority group, the Kurds, as his agent. Kurdish chieftains were given military rank, and their men, the *ashirets*, were armed but given no pay other than the right to loot a defeated enemy. Meanwhile the Armenians were disarmed. "In retaliation they formed revolutionary societies, which fitted in with Abdul Hamid's plans, for it made a racial conflict inevitable."<sup>3</sup>

## The Massacre of 1895

The great massacre of 1895 began in 1894 in Sassoun, where unarmed men, women, and children were killed by Turkish troops and the Kurdish *ashirets*. Throughout the Ottoman Empire the Armenians of one city after another suffered the same fate. In several districts, such as Van and Zeitun, the Armenians defended themselves. The Zeitun warriors held off an entire Turkish army until foreign powers mediated peace. The Turks were not to forget Zeitun.

In Marash the killing of Armenians and the looting of their homes began on 13 November 1895 and continued for four weeks with one Bloody Monday—18 November. An American missionary reported that *Arab* troops of the regular Ottoman army spearheaded the attacks, while other detachments were drawn up as reserves on the hills west of the city. As the soldiers, followed by a mob of the local Muslims intent on looting, were seen approaching the American Mission compounds on the northern slope of the city, the missionaries evacuated the students of the Marash Girls' College and of the Marash Theological Seminary and took refuge in the compound used for missionary residences. The Girls' College and the seminary were sacked, the seminary was set on fire, and two employees were hacked to death; but a Turkish colonel mounted on a white horse blocked the mob from entering the compound in which the students and their faculty, 290 in all, had taken refuge. The unnamed missionary, author of this report, quoted a Turk who boasted that forty-seven hundred Armenians had been killed.<sup>4</sup>

The pressures applied by the police to place responsibility for the so-called uprising on the Armenian leaders are described by the young Reverend Aharon Shirajian.<sup>5</sup>

William L. Langer, in *The Diplomacy of Imperialism*, suggests that Armenian revolutionary leaders had deliberately provoked the Turks so that the resulting massacre might cause intervention by the European powers.<sup>6</sup> Such irresponsible actions might account for local reprisals by the Turks but can hardly explain the participation of the Ottoman troops and the mass slaughter of innocent Armenians, more than one hundred thousand, throughout Anatolia.

## Armenian Political Organizations

There were, indeed, secret Armenian political organizations, but these existed among all national groups in the empire, even among the Turks. The Hunchakian Revolutionary Party, founded by Armenian students in Geneva in 1887, sought complete independence. The Armenian Dashnaktsutiun, organized in Tiflis in Russian Transcaucasia in 1890, had for its objective reform in the treatment of minorities and a certain degree of Armenian autonomy within the Ottoman Empire.

While the Hunchak and Dashnak leaders operated from Geneva and Tiflis, another group, the Armenagon, developed during the same period on Armenian native soil. Its aim, preparation for defense against any Turkish attempt at annihilation, was identical with that later adopted by the Reformed, or Reconstituted, Hunchak Party. Meanwhile still another organization, the Ramkavar, or "Democratic," Party, had arisen in Istanbul and in Egypt. Although not revolutionary, it had to operate secretly until the Young Turk Revolution of 1908 resulted in the proclamation of the establishment of a constitutional government with equality and liberty for all nationalities in the empire. The Ramkavar members no longer felt any need for secrecy and announced themselves as the Constitutional Democratic Party.

## Turkish Revolutionary Organizations

Turkish revolutionary organizations had their birth at the Imperial Military Medical School in Constantinople and overflowed into each of the military and naval academies where the elite of Ottoman youth sought the opportunities offered by higher education. When the sultan's spies reported their activities, the leaders were banished to distant parts of the empire, and some escaped to Europe. Among these was Ahmed Riza who in Paris in 1889 founded a revolutionary journal, *Mechveret* (*The Council*) to be smuggled back to his homeland. He became the foremost advocate of reform without the overthrow of the sultanate in the administration of the Ottoman Empire. Another rebel émigré was Prince Sabaheddin, son of the sultan's brother-in-law Damad Mahmud Pasha. This liberal leader advocated the formation

of a multinational Ottoman state in which each minority group would enjoy equal rights and a certain degree of autonomy. This, he believed, could not be accomplished under the sultanate. Since the program proposed by Prince Sabaheddin was similar to that of the Dashnaks, it is not surprising that the Young Turks, as the Paris leaders were known, invited the Armenian political parties to send representatives to the Second Congress of Ottoman Liberals which was held in Paris on 27 December 1907.<sup>7</sup>

Meanwhile another revolutionary group had been organized among the Turkish officers based at Salonika in Macedonia. Informed by his spies of this, the sultan ordered the arrest of the rebels, but the order passed through the hands of a postal employee, Talaat Bey, himself a member of the society. Warned by Talaat, the leaders escaped to Paris where they arranged for the fusion of the older liberal revolutionary groups with the Macedonian society. The new organization was called *Ittihad ve Terakke* ("Committee of Union and Progress"). Its slogan was Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Justice.

The sultan's efforts to break up the *Ittihad* precipitated the famous Young Turk Revolution. The Third Army rebelled and openly demanded restoration of the liberal constitution adopted in 1876 but suppressed by the sultan Abdul-Hamid during the first year of his reign. Alarmed for his own safety, the sultan yielded on 24 July 1908, and a representative government was established.<sup>8</sup>

The long-sought goal of the Dashnaks had been reached, it seemed, for the objectives voiced earlier in Paris by Prince Sabaheddin were those proclaimed by the Young Turks. The public rejoiced over the restoration of the constitution, and the Christian population was reassured by the Muslim demonstration of brotherhood. In mosques and churches fraternity and cooperation were publicly extolled.<sup>9</sup> But within less than a year, in April 1909, the great Adana Massacre took place. In his *Memories of a Turkish Statesman*, Jamal Pasha reports that seventeen thousand Armenians and eighteen hundred fifty Turks were killed in this massacre.<sup>10</sup>

Who instigated the massacres in Cilicia? André Mandelstam of the Russian embassy in Constantinople claims that the *Ittihad* committee incited the Turks against the Armenians with a rumor that the Armenians were planning to revolt and establish their national home in Cilicia.<sup>11</sup> Henry Adams Gibbons, correspondent and student of Ottoman history who was in Adana at that time, reported that the Young Turks had nothing to fear from the Armenian revolutionaries and could have placed the few agitators under arrest without resort to



wholesale massacre.<sup>12</sup> The small minority of the Ittihad leaders who sincerely believed in the slogan Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, and Justice could not prevail against the type personified by Talaat Bey, Enver Pasha, and the rest, on whom Gibbons lays the blame for the massacre.<sup>13</sup> Mevlan Zadé Rifat, himself a former member of the Ittihad, also accuses the Young Turk leaders in Salonika of responsibility for the massacre.<sup>14</sup>

The interval between the Young Turk Revolution in 1908 and the outbreak of World War I was one of crisis for the Ottoman Empire. A counterrevolution led by followers of the sultan in April 1909 failed; Abdul-Hamid II was exiled, and his brother Mehmed V became sultan. Albania revolted in 1910, and the Italians invaded Tripoli in 1911. Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro, and Greece allied in 1912 and quickly defeated the Turkish armies.

During the autumn of 1912 Enver Pasha staged a coup d'état, and the Ottoman Empire came under a rule just as autocratic as that of Abdul-Hamid II. Power rested in the hands of Enver Pasha as minister of war, Talaat Bey as minister of interior, and Jamal Pasha as minister of marine affairs. In a second Balkan War the Turkish armies recovered some territories, but the country was in such a precarious position that she could no longer resist pressures from the Great Powers for reform. Late in November 1912 the Russian ambassador in Constantinople presented to the Turkish minister of interior a note stating his country's intention to force changes in the treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman provinces adjacent to the Russian Caucasus. The note ended with this statement, "In view of the state of anarchy in which Turkey is plunged at the moment, the possibility must be reckoned with that the reforms will not have the calming effect desired and that it may be necessary for our troops to enter this region." <sup>15</sup>

The Russian Foreign Minister then handed to representatives of the Western powers in Constantinople a new proposal for reform based on a draft issued by the Ottoman government in 1895 but never implemented. The exact text of this program, prepared by André Mandelstam of the Russian embassy, is given by Jamal Pasha who concluded that if his government had accepted the proposals, all of the western provinces would have become a Russian protectorate and would have been occupied by the Russian forces within a year.<sup>16</sup>

Since the foreign delegates could not come to an agreement on the Russian proposal, the Turkish cabinet presented to the foreign ambassadors a comprehensive program of reform for the whole empire

which provided for division of the empire into six general inspectorates, two of which were to be formed of the Armenian provinces in eastern Anatolia. The Turks wanted the English rather than the Russians to assume the supervision of these provinces but found that England would accept the inspectorates only if the Russians consented.

Finally the representatives of six European powers and the Ottoman Empire came to an agreement which was signed on 8 February 1914 by the Ottoman foreign minister and by the Russian delegate. Major Hoff of the Norwegian army and E. Westenenk of the Netherlands were appointed inspectors general for the two new Armenian provinces, but only one of them reached his post before the outbreak of World War I.<sup>17</sup> The Young Turks were now given the opportunity to implement the reforms which the Turkish cabinet had accepted and which would win the support of the Armenians. Instead, when the war clouds gathered, they chose to dispose of the Armenians in quite another fashion. Jamal Pasha explains their motives:

Of course it was our hope to free ourselves from all conventions, and to be able to live in the future as an independent and free nation, which in its own territory, of its own initiative, introduces the reforms which local necessities have made imperative. Just as it was our chief aim to annul the Capitulations and the Lebanese statute, so in the matter of Armenian reform, we desired to release ourselves from the Agreement which Russian pressure had imposed upon us.<sup>18</sup>

Five weeks after the assassination of the archduke Ferdinand at Sarejevo, Enver and Talaat witnessed the signing of a secret pact with Germany at Constantinople by the Turkish grand vizier and the German ambassador.<sup>19</sup> Enver Pasha then began making preparations to free the Ottoman Empire of the Russian threat and to solve the Armenian question.

## CHAPTER TWO

### WAR ON THE EASTERN FRONT

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#### Involvement of the Armenian Population

While the Ottoman minister of war, Enver Pasha, mapped his strategy for the conquest of the Russian Caucasus, the uncertain role of the Armenians disturbed him. Roughly two million Armenians were citizens of Russia, and about the same number were Ottoman subjects,<sup>1</sup> hence each of the opposing armies had important units composed of Armenian conscripts. Would they be willing to fight against each other? Was there danger of sabotage by the large Armenian population in the area of conflict? Enver Pasha considered this to be an opportune moment to promise the Armenians a prize they most desired but had never attained. He sent a delegation of Ittihad members to negotiate with representatives of the Armenian Dashnaktsutium at Erzerum. In return for support in the event of war with Russia, the Ottoman government offered to establish an autonomous Armenian state within the Ottoman Empire in the areas populated by Armenians both in Anatolia and in the Caucasus. The task of the Armenians would be to persuade their brothers in the tsarist armies to join with the Muslims there in revolt against Russia.

The Dashnak representatives, doubting Turkey's ability to defeat the Allied Powers, argued for a policy of neutrality. They declared, however, that if a war with Russia should break out, the Ottoman Armenians would perform fully their duties toward the government.<sup>2</sup>

Meanwhile in Russia the Armenian representative, Dr. Hagop Zavrief, had learned from the Russian foreign minister that Russia intended to support the creation of an autonomous Armenian state under Turkish suzerainty and the protection of Russia, France, and Great Britain; and that this state would include a seaport on the

Mediterranean.<sup>3</sup> This placed the Armenians in a dilemma. Both the Ittihad and the Russians were offering them an autonomous state in return for military assistance. Past experience led them to doubt the sincerity of the Turkish leaders who even then were discarding the program of reform embodied in the agreement signed on 8 February 1914. Further, they foresaw that no matter who won, the Armenians were likely to be caught between the two armies on the Anatolian plateau and thus become the losers.

It is charged by Turkish historians, and confirmed by the tsarist general Gabriel Korganoff, that during the period of mobilization, before war began between Russia and Turkey, large numbers of Armenians moved from Ottoman territory and crossed the frontier into Russia.<sup>4</sup> With the approval of Tsar Nicholas and of the Armenian leaders in the Tiflis community, the Russian viceroy for the Caucasus authorized the formation of military units composed of Armenian volunteers. Korganoff gives a concise account of the organization of four Armenian legions, each of battalion size, and of the military actions in which they took part.<sup>5</sup> It might have been the participation of these units in action against the Ottoman forces that later gave rise to charges of Armenian revolt in the northeastern territory. To what extent these volunteers came across the Russian frontier from villages on the Turkish side is unknown. General Korganoff states that 2,500 men in these four legions were not liable for service in the Russian forces, being too young, too old, or "from abroad."<sup>6</sup> A note of alarm was sounded by two leaders of the Armenians, Hovhannes Kachaznuni and Simon Vratzian, who later became the first and the last premiers of the short-lived Armenian republic. They warned that "the Ittihadist rulers of Turkey would utilize the existence of volunteer units composed mostly of former Ottoman subjects to justify measures against the Turkish Armenians."<sup>7</sup>

Whatever the number of these émigré volunteers who came from Ottoman territory into the Russian military services, their action cannot serve to excuse the deportation of Armenians who remained in their villages, taking no part in military movements. It is curious to read Jamal Pasha's advice to the Armenians after the war: "It is always open to those who want to be Armenians, and Armenians alone, to settle in the republic of the Armenian Caucasus. But for those who wish to remain in Turkey, it is an absolute condition that they should show themselves true Ottoman and refrain from any activities which might throw suspicion on their loyalty."<sup>8</sup> It was, indeed, this policy which the Armenians living in the eastern provinces followed in 1914.

Those who did not wish to be loyal to the Turkish regime moved across the Russian frontier, while those who remained behind abstained from disloyal activities.

The Russian high command had feared a separatist movement and had decreed that the four Armenian legions were to be divided among four of the Russian armies on the Caucasian front where they would serve as reconnaissance units. The Russian viceroy notified the commanders of the legions that it was "imperative that the occasion for war be given by Turkey itself, and not by any action of [theirs]" and warned them against instigating the Turkish Armenians to revolt.<sup>9</sup>

One legion, attached to a Russian army corps, went into action on 29 November, three weeks after the initial clash between the Russian and Turkish forces.<sup>10</sup> The Turkish historian Ahmed Emin relates that early in December an Armenian detachment in Russian uniform invaded the Plain of Alashkert-Bayazid and massacred all but a tenth of the defenseless Muslim population, whose warriors—the *ashirets*—had gone across the mountains to join the Turkish Eastern Army.<sup>11</sup> It seems evident from General Korganoff's account that the Armenian detachment was the Fourth Legion of the Russian corps, and this did not represent an uprising of the local Armenian population. If the legionnaires actually put defenseless villagers to the sword as stated by Ahmed Emin, this deed must be entered on the balance sheet of injustices in the account between Armenians and Turks—an account which was to receive many new entries in the months which followed.

Late in December the Turkish Third Army, commanded by Enver Pasha, overwhelmed the Russians but was brought to a halt at Sarikamish. Enver had failed to provide his troops with clothing suitable for the severe Caucasian winter and had pressed them to the point of exhaustion in pursuit of the Russians. Typhus and cholera broke out, and whole divisions melted away. Only a tenth of the Third Army, originally one hundred thousand strong, escaped alive.<sup>12</sup> One can imagine Enver's chagrin and anger. The participation of the Armenian legions in his defeat at Sarikamish undoubtedly influenced his decision to take revenge on the Armenians.

In preparation for the drastic measures he was about to take against the Armenians of Van, Enver Pasha removed Tajsin Pasha, the governor of the province whom the Armenians had learned to trust, and in his place installed his own brother-in-law, Jevdet Bey.

The story of the "revolt" at Van has been presented by an American eyewitness, Dr. Clarence D. Ussher<sup>13</sup> and is corroborated by the German missionary Herr Spöri, who is quoted by Dr. Johannes Lepsius.<sup>14</sup>

It was only after the Turks had sacked eighty of the neighboring villages and massacred an estimated fifty-five thousand of the inhabitants that the Armenians of the city barricaded themselves and successfully fought off the Turks who attacked them. One of twelve couriers carrying appeals for help reached a Russian consul on the Persian border. The Russian Fourth Army Corps was ordered to move against the Turks at Van, with the Armenian legions as advance guard. In these units were men acquainted with the province of Van who also had family connections there.<sup>15</sup> Jevdet Bey's Turkish forces, who had failed to subdue the Van defenders, withdrew at the approach of the Russians. The Russian commander, General Nickolaef, then ordered the legion to expel the Turks from the southern shore of Lake Van in order to clear the way for a Russian advance into the province of Bitlis, inhabited by one hundred thousand Armenians.<sup>16</sup> This task was completed when the advance of a strong Turkish force threatened the Russians with encirclement. The Armenians of Van were advised on 31 July 1915 to abandon their homes and to follow the retreating Russians across the frontier. The Christian inhabitants of the Bitlis province were annihilated. Thus in the course of seven months, beginning with the first clashes in December 1914 and ending with the final exodus in July 1915, the entire Armenian population of the *vilayets* of Van and Bitlis had fled into the Caucasus or had been killed.<sup>17</sup>

The Armenian leaders Hovhannes Kachaznuni and Simon Vratzian, who had warned that participation of volunteer Armenian units with the Russian forces might be used by the Young Turk chiefs as justification for reprisals against the Armenians remaining in Turkish territory, undoubtedly reflected sadly on the fulfillment of their prophecy. The student of history may ask whether the sacrifice of the entire population, mostly innocent villagers, had not sufficed for atonement. It has been charged, however, that a decision had already been made for a solution to the Armenian question at a secret meeting of the Ittihad, this being actually dissolution of the Armenian nation by the removal or destruction of each of its communities in the empire.<sup>18</sup> The first step in this plan had already been taken at Zeitun before the "revolt" at Van.

## CHAPTER THREE

### RESISTANCE AT ZEITUN AND FUNDIJAK

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#### The Charge of Rebellion

The mass deportation of Armenians from every corner of Anatolia was initiated at Zeitun in the district of Marash on 10 April 1915. In a document presented to the grand vizier Said Halim Pasha on 26 May,<sup>1</sup> Minister of Interior Talaat Bey charged that the Armenians had impeded the movements of provisions and troops, made common cause with the enemy, attacked the military forces within the country, killed and plundered the innocent population of Ottoman cities and towns, and so on. For these reasons it was necessary, he claimed, that rebellious elements of this kind should be removed from the area of military activities and deported to specified areas, including the eastern part of the Syrian province—a desert.<sup>2</sup>

This charge against the Armenian civil population is false, for resistance to the Turks in the *vilayet* ("province") of Van began on 20 April, *after* the deportation from Zeitun and only after the Turks had destroyed eighty of the villages surrounding Van. By that time the Armenians of Zeitun were being driven from their homes, which were located in a mountain fastness far from any lines of communication or military activity into areas where they clogged the roadways needed for the movement of Ottoman military forces. Jamal Pasha, commander of the expeditionary force charged with the capture of the Suez Canal, protested to Enver Pasha that the deportation of Armenians was delaying the progress of his campaign.<sup>3</sup>

The dissident member of the Ittihad, Mevlan Zadé Rifat, charged that the deportations were actually planned by the Young Turk committee as a means to solving the Armenian question by genocide, and

he quotes suggestions made in the committee meetings for accomplishing this purpose.<sup>4</sup>

Another source of information concerning the plan and its execution is the record of correspondence between the Ittihad committee executives in Constantinople and the directors of the deportation centers established by Talaat Bey in Adana and Aleppo. The chief secretary of the Aleppo office, Naim Sefa Bey, disapproved strongly of the measures being taken against the Armenians, and he secretly made copies of the decoded telegrams issued by Talaat Bey and Enver Pasha. When British forces occupied Aleppo, Naim Bey collaborated with his friend Aram Andonian in publishing *The Memoirs of Naim Bey*, an account of the deportation. Andonian was one of the notables deported to the interior of Anatolia in April 1915, after which he escaped execution and fled to Aleppo. The telegrams quoted in these memoirs state explicitly that the government had decided to annihilate all Armenians living in Turkey.<sup>5</sup>

Talaat and Enver frankly admitted their intentions to the American ambassador to Constantinople, Henry Morgenthau, when he protested against the inhuman treatment of the Armenians.<sup>6</sup> Finally, records of the postwar courts-martial of Turkish officials by Turkish courts confirm the guilt of the Ittihad and its leaders.<sup>7</sup>

In the formal deportation plan submitted to the grand vizier by Talaat Bey, certain provisions were made for the exiled Armenians.

On the way they traverse, for the safety of their lives and for their comfort until they reach their destination, food shall be provided by the administration of the Muhajirs [displaced Muslims, presumably from the Balkans]. The government shall build dwelling places for them and shall supply seed grain for the farmers and tools for the artisans. In the towns and cities the property of the Armenians shall be recorded and turned over to the Muhajirs—olive and orange groves, vineyards, shops, warehouses and factories—these shall be sold at auction or rented, and the proceeds placed at the disposal of the government in trust, to be returned eventually to the former owners. . . .<sup>8</sup>

The Ottoman Council of Ministers approved Talaat Bey's plan on 30 May 1915, but neither Talaat nor Enver paid any attention to the provisions of the decree. It is obvious that they were never implemented from the fact that far more than a million Armenians perished of starvation, exhaustion, disease, or outright massacre during the deportations. Reports made to the American consul J. B. Jackson in



Aleppo and forwarded to Washington through Ambassador Morgenthau in Constantinople, as well as letters from American and German missionaries to their headquarters, all tell of the conditions under which the Armenians were exiled.<sup>9</sup>

In his own memoir, published after his death, Talaat Bey admits his guilt. "I admit that the deportation was not carried out lawfully everywhere. In some places unlawful acts were committed. In many places people took measures into their own hands and innocent people were molested. I confess it. I confess also that the duty of the government was to prevent these abuses and atrocities." <sup>10</sup>

### Exile from Zeitun

A year before World War I, the Reverend Dikran Andreasian, a resident of a village near Antioch in Syria, had moved to Zeitun in the district of Marash as pastor of the Armenian Evangelical Church. Two years later, as a refugee in Port Said, he reported the events at Zeitun to the Reverend Stephen Trowbridge, secretary of the Cairo committee of the American Red Cross, who in turn recorded the following story.

When war was declared in Europe in August 1914, every male under forty-five years of age in Zeitun and its neighboring villages was required to register for active service in the Turkish army. Many of the Armenians, especially from the villages, withdrew to the mountains to escape military service. Among these were twenty-five young men who, according to Andreasian, were regarded by their community as ruffians and outlaws. This band descended on a company of Turkish recruits and stripped and insulted them, whereupon the *mutasarraf* ("governor") of the Marash district, Haidar Pasha, marched on Zeitun with 600 of his troops. The Zeitun leaders themselves caught the young rebels and turned them over to the Turkish authorities, but Haidar Pasha was not satisfied and ordered the surrender of all weapons from the Zeitunlis who possessed in all about two hundred Martini rifles and a quantity of antique weapons, many of them made by local gunsmiths. In a house-to-house search the soldiers secured about one hundred fifty of these, applying the bastinado as a means of persuasion when men denied ownership of a weapon. During these searches a number of women were raped.

A group of thirty-two men who had been abused escaped to the mountains and took revenge by killing nine Turkish gendarmes much

to the dismay of the Zeitun community, who feared that the government was only waiting for a pretext to destroy them. By 24 March the town was surrounded by a force of 5,000 Turkish soldiers. A delegation traveled from Marash to advise the Zeitunlis to obey the government rather than endanger all Armenians in Cilicia. The citizens agreed and informed the government that the rebels were hiding in the Monastery of Saint Mary.

The Turkish garrison of Zeitun attacked the monastery on 25 March. The commander, Captain Khourshid, refused help from the Marash detachment, having stated that he would have the insurgents dead or alive within two hours. But by nightfall the Turks had suffered losses of two to three hundred men. The next morning they set fire to the monastery and waited to ambush the besieged rebels as they ran out, but their quarry had escaped to the mountains during the night.<sup>11</sup>

Shortly after this event fifty of the Zeitun Armenian community leaders were summoned to the *konak*, or "government house," for a conference. Their families waited in vain for their return. A few days later, 10 April 1915, soldiers knocked on the doors in a certain quarter with orders for all residents in those houses to leave the town immediately. They were given no opportunity to change their clothing, to put on shoes, nor to call their children from the hills where they were looking after cattle. Some three hundred families were driven off across the mountains in the direction of Konia to be settled at Kara Pounar and Sultania along the railway between Eregli and Bozanti. Other groups were deported in a similar manner every few days until all of the eight thousand Armenians in the city and seventeen thousand from the surrounding villages had been exiled.<sup>12</sup> By this time the *muhajirs* were already taking over their abandoned property and were cutting down trees laden with fruit for fuel and harvesting unripe grain for fodder.<sup>13</sup> Those who were not sent to Kara Pounar and Sultania were driven by way of Marash to Deir-ez-Zor on the Euphrates River. .

The six to eight thousand refugees who had been dispatched to Kara Pounar had no plows, no seed to sow, no bread, no abodes, and they were dying of starvation and malaria at the rate of one hundred fifty to two hundred a day.<sup>14</sup>

Some of the seven thousand refugees at Sultania were housed in great camel stables. The government had at first issued them bread, then nine ounces of flour per day to each adult (children under five were not considered eligible to receive rations), then six ounces, then

finally none. A Turkish colonel who had been assigned to the camp was so distressed by what he saw that he sent a strongly worded telegram to the war department demanding that rations be given to the families of three hundred men who had been drafted into a labor corps. The war department responded, providing for about sixteen hundred persons, but six thousand received nothing. On 17 July 1915 Dr. William S. Dodd, physician at the American Mission Hospital in Konia, wrote to Dr. William W. Peet, treasurer of the American Board of Missions, begging for funds to alleviate the hunger of the refugees at Sultania. He concluded his letter with the remark, "I have before heard of refinements of deviltry, but I have seen instances this year that have burned into my soul. The manifest purpose to destroy these people by starvation cannot be denied." <sup>15</sup>

The band of young rebels who had escaped from the Monastery of Saint Mary in Zeitun were hunted by Turkish troops and villagers, and anyone who gave them food or shelter was liable for trial in the military court. At the outbreak of World War I, the Reverend Pascal Maljian, a Franciscan father, returned to his native city of Marash. There, he was falsely charged with providing food to the Zeitun fugitives. The Marash court found him guilty and sent him to Aleppo where the higher court sentenced him to death on the scaffold. Appeals to the sultan resulted in delay of execution, and so he remained a prisoner until the war ended, and he survived to return to Marash. <sup>16</sup>

## Fundijak

The thirty-two fugitives from Zeitun had withdrawn to the hills above Fundijak, several miles southwest of Marash. News of the deportation of the Zeitunlis spread quickly throughout the province, and the Armenian peasants debated whether to submit to deportation and die like slaves or to defend themselves. Most of those from the villages of Kishifli, Deré Keoy, and Fundijak chose to fight and joined the band of Zeitun fighters led by the Cholakian brothers. The more conservative element of Fundijak was opposed to giving shelter and food to the Zeitun "rebels," for this was certain to cause conflict with the Turkish army. But the majority welcomed them with full realization of the danger.

The 82 households of Kishifli and the 140 from Deré Keoy moved into Fundijak, a town of 400 homes. Among these was Yerima

Kehyayan, a teacher from Deré Keoy who related the events of Fundijak to Krikor Kaloustian, editor of *Marash Gam Kermanig ew Heros Zeyt'own*.<sup>17</sup> Warriors from these villages took positions in the mountains around the village, while those from Fundijak assumed responsibility for guarding the town itself and the only approach to it.

The Turkish captain Omar Bey was charged with disarming the Armenian villagers and soon learned through spies that the band of Zeitun fighters was hiding in the hills above Fundijak. Realizing that his force of 125 gendarmes would have no easy task in subduing these men who had killed two or three hundred Turkish regulars at Zeitun, he returned to Marash for reinforcements sufficient to double the size of his detachment. Meanwhile he arranged with Turks from Marash and nearby villages to infiltrate Fundijak on the date set for his attack.

On the afternoon of 26 July 1915 Captain Omar Bey's gendarmes attacked the Zeitun fighters in their hiding place. At the same time the Turkish population of Fundijak and the Turkish visitors from Marash began to plunder the market. The Fundijak Armenian fighters fell on the rear of the gendarmes engaged with the Zeitunlis. Caught between the two Armenian forces, Captain Omar Bey's force was annihilated. The Turks of Fundijak and those from Marash were then subdued and imprisoned. Kehyayan reports that on the next morning the prisoners, "caught in threatening maneuvers, were all shot." Further, "during the morning the Armenian peasants attacked six of the neighboring Turkish villages and burned them all, together with their crops and produce, and unbelievably without losing a single man."<sup>18</sup>

Having eliminated any immediate danger from their Turkish neighbors, the Armenians strengthened their defenses against the attack they knew would soon come with much greater force.

When the destruction of Omar Bey's detachment was reported to the district commander Ali Bey at Adana, he assembled a large force of regular troops (reported by Kehyayan to number eight thousand)<sup>19</sup> with batteries of mountain guns and marched on Fundijak. In the hope that heavy casualties might be avoided, he communicated with the Marash *mutasarriif* Ismail Kemal Bey asking that an effort for mediation be made. Ismail Kemal Bey summoned to his office the leaders of the three Armenian religious communities and requested them to persuade the Fundijak fighters to yield in return for generous concessions. The Catholic leaders begged to be excused on grounds that there were no Catholics in that area. The Protestant pastor, *Badveli*, or "Pastor," Abraham Hartunian, and two of the Armenian

Apostolic priests, Der Arsen Der Hovanessian and Der Sahag Der Bedrossian, accepted the mission with reluctance. Although they had no faith in the Turkish promises, they could hardly refuse. Under an escort of gendarmes the delegation departed on the five-hour journey to Fundijak and camped on a hill above the village for the night.

On the following morning the mediators reached the village safely under a flag of truce and conferred with the village leaders in the presence of the Cholakian brothers and their heavily armed followers. In reply to warnings that a large force of Turkish regulars already surrounded the village and that still another regiment commanded by Ali Bey was marching from Adana to strike at Fundijak, the Armenian fighters chose to fight and die rather than surrender to the Turks from whom they expected no mercy.

The Turkish commander was greatly displeased with the failure of the mission and even more so was the *mutasarrif* of Marash. On the next day, Sunday, 1 August, the siege began. The defenders of Fundijak numbered not more than five hundred, and only half of these had modern rifles.<sup>20</sup> The Turkish mountain guns rained shells on the village and on the Armenian positions in the hills, destroying both the barricades and the defenders. Women and children gathered in Saint Mary's Church. In spite of heavy losses the Turkish troops pressed forward, entered the town, and set fire to the church. Hundreds of the refugees were burned alive. Only the fighters who occupied the Evangelical Church were able to continue their resistance, and when it became dark they created a diversion and escaped to the hills.

The next morning the Turks executed 91 of the captured fighters. One hundred others were bound and marched to Marash. Another 100, wounded, were taken to Marash and later deported. According to the Armenian account, the Turks had lost approximately two thousand soldiers and between four and five thousand villagers. The Armenians estimated their own losses at twenty-one hundred, most of whom were noncombatants.<sup>21</sup>

Those who had escaped were hunted by Turkish troops during the remainder of the war. Many were killed, but some survived in the Gavur mountains, living off the land. I talked with one of them while on a hunting trip at Kishifli in 1919.

On 7 August the 100 captives taken at Fundijak were paraded through the streets of Marash in chains. One group was led to scaffolds in the market place and hanged. The others were taken to the open plain behind the military barracks and the American Mission buildings

where they were mowed down by rifle fire in the presence of much of the population.<sup>22</sup>

After overcoming the resistance at Fundijak, the Turkish forces cleared the Armenians out of all villages in the district of Marash. On 2 August the director of a German orphanage reported,

The villages around Marash are empty! The villagers had begun to harvest their crops and now must abandon their fields of wheat, their fruit, cattle, so carefully protected and now worthless. They are obliged to sell at ridiculous prices. The women, children, the sick, the blind and lame—all have been put on the road for deportation, to be separated from their hearths forever. Everything of value that they owned now goes to enrich people who never earned them by their own labor.<sup>23</sup>

Estimates of the number deported from villages in the district of Marash vary from fifty-six to sixty-five thousand. Of these between fourteen hundred and two thousand returned after the war.<sup>24</sup>

During the months following the Fundijak affair the population of Marash was subjected to a specular form of harassment. Scaffolds were erected on a hill near the *konak* and on the bridge over Kanli Deré, or "Bloody Stream," in the heart of the city. Armenians who had been convicted in the Aleppo court were brought to Marash for execution. Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazarian, graduate of the School of Medicine at the Syrian Protestant College and surgeon at the German Hospital in Marash, reported, "There the Turkish mob around the scaffolds with curses and obscene remarks would watch the hanged men and rejoice in their death struggles."<sup>25</sup> More than two hundred twenty Armenians were executed on these scaffolds on charges of treason. One innocent victim was a Greek pastor, Karalambos Bostanji, graduate of Saint Paul's Institute in Tarsus and of a Swiss university. He had preached on the text, "The Kingdom of God is at hand!" The Turkish court understood this to mean the independent kingdom of the Armenians.<sup>26</sup>

Dr. Der Ghazarian interpreted the hangings in Marash as a warning to the Armenian community against any form of resistance to government authority.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### DEPORTATION FROM MARASH

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The passage of the exiles from Zeitun and Fundijak through Marash, followed by those from other villages, alerted the Armenians of that city that they, too, might be deported. Their representative in Parliament, Hagop Agha Kherlakian, used his influence to protect the Marash Christians, although the *mutasarraf* Ismail Kemal Bey warned him that his activities were arousing the anger of the local Young Turk leaders, and that he was endangering his own family. Nevertheless Talaat Bey inserted a clause in the deportation plan exempting the Armenians of Marash, a measure that proved to be merely a stay of execution, for, in spite of the promised exemption, seven prominent Marash families were given notice to prepare for deportation. Among these was the Reverend Aharon Shirajian, who in 1895 had been designated as a dangerous character by the Marash police. On 13 May 1915 gendarmes escorted his family together with six others to Aleppo.

After the conquest of Fundijak and expulsion of the Armenian villagers in that area, the commander of the Turkish forces led his troops to Marash and quartered them in the school buildings of the First Evangelical Church, thus putting an end to the school program. At this time Jamal Pasha, governor of Syria, visited Marash. The notables of the city, both Muslim and Christian, were invited to pay their respects to the pasha, who was one of the Ittihad triumvirate. The Armenians made their obeisance reluctantly; they feared that such a large force signified the beginning of repressive measures against their community. The next morning agents of the police moved through the city streets shouting that all arms were to be surrendered and that anyone found later with a weapon would be shot. The police then began a search of the Armenian houses, not only for arms but also for

incriminating books and documents. No attempt was made to disarm the Muslim civilians.<sup>1</sup>

It was on the following morning that the captives taken at Zeitun and Fundijak were executed, and, before the Armenian community could recover from these two shocks, the dreaded orders for deportation were issued. The religious leaders were summoned to the government building and notified that all Armenians were to leave the city by two o'clock the following afternoon, 19 August. To the surprise of the military commander, no resistance was offered and thousands left the city the next morning.

There is evidence of a conflict between fanatics among the Young Turk chiefs and certain local leaders such as the *mutasarrif* who had humane instincts. Undoubtedly the *mutasarrif* Ismail Kemal Bey possessed a copy of the deportation plan, for his subordinates were carrying out the instructions for registration of "abandoned" property. Early that afternoon he called a halt to the deportation, explaining that the property registration could not be accomplished on such short notice.<sup>2</sup> Thus it is probable that the sudden order for deportation had been given under pressure from Jamal Pasha.

Thousands had already departed on the road to exile when events took a course which led to disaster both for the *mutasarrif* and for the Protestant leader Abraham Hartunian. That evening the governor sent word to the pastor that orders had come from Constantinople exempting the Protestants from deportation. Badveli Abraham immediately demanded that those who had already left the city should be brought back. Ismail Kemal Bey, knowing the mood of the Muslim population, first objected but finally yielded to the supplications of his friend. The anger of the local Turkish residents over this action obliged the pastor to flee from the city at night, and Ismail Kemal Bey was ousted from his office as governor. Badveli Abraham found temporary protection from the German engineers who were constructing the railway to Baghdad. At Ayran he was given charge of the mill and bakery which supplied bread to the laborers on the railway.<sup>3</sup>

Having witnessed the flight of the deportees from Zeitun and Fundijak as they passed through Marash, an American Board missionary, Rev. James Lyman, consulted with his fellow workers over the possibility of sending one of their number with the caravan of exiles to offer them help.<sup>4</sup> Jamal Pasha had refused a request by Dr. Fred D. Shepard, the American surgeon of Aintab, that he be allowed to help alleviate the suffering of the deportees.<sup>5</sup> But certain German missionaries were able to evade this restriction. Reports by members of



the Marash station of the German Hilfsbund Mission show that they were actually on the road and engaged in relief work among the exiles. One can only surmise the discussion in Marash between Mr. Lyman and the German ladies who worked in close association with the Americans operating two orphanages and a fine hospital. The Germans but not the Americans could travel and give aid to the Armenians, for Germany and Turkey were allies. Nevertheless they had to operate secretly. The fact that they reported their expenditures and activities to the American Board treasurer William W. Peet as well as to their own headquarters in Berlin indicates that the funds raised in the United States by the American Committee for Relief in the Near East were reaching the refugees through the German missionaries of Marash.<sup>6</sup>

The first groups to be deported from Marash passed through Aintab southward to camps on the outskirts of Aleppo. Thousands sought shelter in Bab and other Arab villages north of Aleppo, and hundreds of women and children were taken into Arab homes. The officials of the deportation office in Aleppo attempted to prevent the deportees from entering that great city where they could easily scatter and disappear before being shipped farther south into eastern Syria or southwest along the Euphrates. In order to bypass Aleppo, some caravans from the north were diverted across the Euphrates at Birejik, east of Aintab, then down the eastern bank of the river toward Ras-el-Ain and Deir-ez-Zor.

In the autumn of 1915 and on through 1916 Armenians were uprooted not only from Marash but from every corner of Anatolia. Those from western Anatolia converged on the passes through the Taurus Mountains where German engineers were building the great tunnels for the railway to Baghdad. The exiles camped by the tens of thousands along the railway with no food and no provision for sanitation. The American physician Dr. William Dodd reported appalling health conditions in the camps near Konia, which was his station.<sup>7</sup> Miss Beatrice Rohner and Miss Paula Schäfer, both members of the German Hilfsbund Mission at Marash, reported conditions in the passes through the Amanus range where they distributed bread and clothing. "Though I had seen much distress before," wrote Miss Schäfer, "the objects and the scenes I saw defy description."<sup>8</sup> At the entrance to the camp were piles of unburied dead, victims of virulent dysentery and starvation.

The German missionary Miss L. Mohring, traveling by carriage

from Baghdad to Aleppo in September 1915, reported meeting large groups of deportees from the villages of the Marash district. Among these was a girl formerly sheltered in Beitel Orphanage of Marash, operated by the German Hilfsbund mission. At another point she encountered a Zeitun girl who had been educated by the Kaiserwert Deaconesses in Beirut. This girl recounted in perfect German the suffering she and her companions had to endure and asked, "Why does God allow it?"<sup>9</sup>

The last Armenians to be deported from Marash were sent out on 23 June 1916 to join a large caravan from the area between Ayran and Intilli on the railway to Baghdad. In the spring of 1916 Talaat Bey learned that thousands of Armenians had been employed by the German engineers in the construction of the railway bed and tunnels through the Taurus Mountains and thus had escaped deportation. In spite of protests by the Germans he ordered the Armenians be dismissed and sent to Deir-ez-Zor. To insure compliance he dismissed the governor of the province of Adana who had allowed the families of the laborers to camp along the railway and in his place appointed a man on whom he could count for drastic measures. It was Jevded Bey, who thirsted for revenge because he had been humiliated by his inability to overcome the defenders of Van. Within three days of his arrival on 13 June 1916 he had all of the Armenians, twelve thousand in number, moving into exile. In this caravan was the Marash pastor Abraham Hartunian, who recorded the brutality of the guards.<sup>10</sup> The manner in which they carried out their task supports the charge made by Mevlan Zadé Rifat that criminals released from prison were recruited to police the caravans of deportees.<sup>11</sup>

The Ayran-Intilli caravan made a lengthy and arduous detour over the mountains toward Marash in order to collect the group exiled from that city on 23 June. Then it turned south as far as Aintab, and eastward to the Euphrates which it crossed at Birejik. At Aintab friends of Badveli Abraham succeeded in plotting his escape by bribing the guards. Barely a thousand of the entire caravan, including the Marashlis, survived their exile. Those who could not keep up with the column because of weariness or sickness were shot. Men were killed for protesting the rape of their women. Food supplies had been exhausted during the first few days, and thousands died of starvation.<sup>12</sup>

No further deportations from Marash occurred. According to Krikor Kaloustian, six thousand Armenians remained unmolested in the city throughout the war.<sup>13</sup>

## Conditions in the Deportation Camps

A significant description of the conditions of deportees along the Euphrates River was furnished by American Consul J. B. Jackson and carried to the American Embassy in Constantinople by "a German military traveler."<sup>14</sup> Jackson reported that he had commissioned a German, Auguste Bernau, to undertake the distribution of relief funds in towns along the Euphrates, a task formerly entrusted to Miss Beatrice Rohner. One by one Miss Rohner's aides had been imprisoned, for "the chief Turkish military authority [undoubtedly Jamal Pasha] had expressed his unalterable opposition to the giving of relief to the deported Armenians."<sup>15</sup> Portions of Bernau's detailed report are quoted in Appendix C.

Jamal Pasha's policy opposing the distribution of relief is reflected in an observation made by Walter Geddes, an American from Smyrna, in Damascus. To his inquiry as to why no Muslims offered alms to Armenians came the explanation that this was a criminal offense.<sup>16</sup> Despite this harsh policy the exiles in western Syria fared far better than those sent to Deir-ez-Zor. In his *Memories of a Turkish Statesman*, Jamal Pasha noted that he was sympathetic to the Armenians and had diverted columns of the deportees into territory under his control with strict orders that no one was to be molested.<sup>17</sup> Although the minister of interior Talaat Bey had prohibited the care of Armenian children in orphanages,<sup>18</sup> Jamal Pasha transferred 750 Armenian boys and girls from the camp at Hama to the village of Antoura in Lebanon. There the famous Turkish feminist leader Halidé Edib *Hanum* was appointed to supervise the orphanage and to raise the children as Muslims.<sup>19</sup>

The majority of the Armenians deported from Marash settled in camps near the cities of Hama and Damascus, and some were sent by rail as far south as Tafilé beyond the southern shore of the Dead Sea. Conditions of life in the great camp at Hama are described in the autobiography of Rev. Haroutune Nokhoudian, the leader of the Armenians living in the district of Antioch who decided to obey the government edict of deportation rather than join those who chose to die fighting on Musa Dagh.<sup>20</sup>

An absorbing account of the trials experienced at Hama by one family from a village at the foot of Musa Dagh has been given by

Ohannes Tilkian.<sup>21</sup> Only three boys survived in his family of eight persons, a ratio which seems to have prevailed throughout the camp. The lack of facilities for bathing and laundry led to the multiplication of lice which carried the dreaded typhus, and the absence of latrines permitted hordes of flies to spread a virulent form of dysentery. These diseases were fatal to the undernourished. During the last two years of the war famine took an even greater toll than typhus or dysentery. The government agents commandeered ninety percent of the grain harvested, flour became unavailable at any price, and hundreds died daily in the Hama camp.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### WARTIME RELIEF WORK IN ALEPPO

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Although personnel of Near East Relief were unable to reach Ottoman territory until World War I had ended, the hundred-thousand-dollar fund raised by the American Committee for Relief in the Near East reached Ambassador Henry Morgenthau early in October 1915 and soon was being applied as aid to refugees in Aleppo. Talaat Bey himself informed the ambassador of the arrival of this fund. "Why don't you give the money to us?" he asked.

"What money?"

"Here is a cablegram from America sending you a lot of money for the Armenians! . . . I always get your cablegrams first, you know. . . . Why are you so interested in Armenians, anyway? You are a Jew, and these people are Christians!"<sup>1</sup>

Enver Pasha also expressed his opposition to American help for the Armenians: "We don't want the Americans to feed the Armenians. That is one of the worst things that could happen to them. . . . This will encourage them to rebellion again, and then we shall have to punish them still more."<sup>2</sup>

It was evident that the distribution of relief moneys would have to be carried out secretly. Glimpses of the fund at work may be noted in a number of reports from various sources. When Jamal Pasha rejected Dr. Fred Shepard's request that he be allowed to ease the plight of the deported Armenians,<sup>3</sup> the American surgeon arranged for the distribution of relief supplies through the German missionaries Paula Schäfer and Beatrice Rohner as mentioned earlier. Miss Schäfer reported to Dr. William W. Peet of the American Board of Missions in Constantinople on 1 December 1915 about the distribution of food and clothing to refugees at Islahiyé, where the road from Marash

meets the Baghdad Railway.<sup>4</sup> These ladies had followed the caravans of deportees in order to give what help was possible and had decided to concentrate their efforts on saving the orphan children from starvation. The Reverend Aharon Shirajian (see note 5 to chapter 1, p. 5), also from Marash and therefore well known to the German missionaries, was engaged in similar work, and it is evident that they worked in close association. Aleppo was filled with children who somehow had survived their parents and had managed to enter the forbidden city. They roamed the streets begging for food and at night slept in squalid disease-ridden shelters.<sup>5</sup>

Pastor Shirajian, known to his people as Badveli Aharon, secured a building close to the German consulate to provide shelter for the orphans. He secured Jamal Pasha's support for his special project, the placement of Armenian boys as apprentices among the artisans of Aleppo with permission to offer them food and shelter at night. The project was supported by the fund sent from New York to Ambassador Morgenthau. Also active in this orphanage program was the Reverend Sisag Manoogian who had been employed formerly by the YMCA in Adana. He had been in hiding to escape deportation, but he became housemaster in an orphanage in the Shekeriyé quarter when the Turkish authorities permitted Miss Schäfer to employ him.<sup>6</sup>

Since these activities were not in harmony with the purposes of the Ittihad leaders, Shirajian was continually in trouble with the deportation office in Aleppo, but he enjoyed a certain degree of immunity thanks to the support of Jamal Pasha. The general had formed a friendship with Dr. Aram Asadour Altounian after he had been a patient at his renowned physician's hospital in Aleppo. Dr. Altounian's daughter Nora was also active in the orphanage work. Whenever Shirajian was in trouble with the police, a message transmitted through Nora and her father brought immediate action. Thus Shirajian was able to continue his work with the children. His staff of workers were refugee women willing to serve without compensation other than food and shelter. A local physician whom he had persuaded to donate an hour or two of professional services per day protested that it would be useless when he saw the emaciated children, most of whom were near death. Nevertheless it was these whom the pastor insisted on helping. He and his family shared the same quarters and ate the same food served to the staff and children. When one of his daughters came down with typhus she lay among the typhus-stricken orphans.

Before the war ended, Shirajian had ten buildings filled with orphans. The records show that 13,000 children had come under his

care, many of them for a few days only,<sup>7</sup> for the deportation office, under orders from Talaat Bey, kept moving them on to Ras-el-Ain or to Deir-ez-Zor.<sup>8</sup>

During the last months of the war the exiles who had survived disease and famine were buoyed by news of the military power of the British force in the south and of the disruption of Turkish communications by Arab raiders southeast of the Dead Sea. They knew also that in the force commanded by the British general Sir Edmund Allenby was a unit, the Légion d'Orient, composed of one battalion of Syrians and three of Armenians. These were destined to play a significant role in the fate of Cilicia.

### The Légion d'Orient

The Armenian fighters who had successfully defended themselves and their families on Musa Dagħ and had later been moved on French warships to Port Said were not content to remain idle in their camp. Their leaders approached French representatives in Egypt with the proposition that an Armenian legion be formed to fight as an auxiliary unit with the French against the Turks. This offer was forwarded to the Quai d'Orsay. Foreign Minister Aristide Briand seized this opportunity to provide troops for a commitment made in the still secret Sykes-Picot Accord negotiated in 1916 between France, Great Britain and tsarist Russia. According to this plan for the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, France was to inherit control over the coastal area of Syria and the southeastern part of Anatolia known as Cilicia. Hard pressed by the Germans in their homeland, the French leaders had been able to spare only a small detachment of colonial troops for the conquest of the Turks on the Palestinian front, but the offer of Armenian troops seemed to provide a solution for this dilemma. He sent for Boghas Nubar Pasha, the son of a former premier of Egypt and the foremost of the Armenian leaders in Europe, and asked him to furnish 5,000 soldiers for the occupation of Cilicia. After conferring with his counselors, Boghas Nubar Pasha headed a delegation which met with Briand and agreed to furnish the troops requested.<sup>9</sup> The Armenian leader also met with Sir Mark Sykes and Georges-Picot, authors of the secret accord, at the French embassy in London on 27 October 1916. On this date he sent a coded cable to his son Arakel in

Cairo stating that he had been given formal assurance that in the event of an Allied victory their "national aspirations would be satisfied," hence the greatest possible number of volunteers should be engaged.<sup>10</sup> Those who volunteered for service in the legion included the veterans of the Musa Dagh siege, Armenians among the Turkish prisoners of war captured by the British, and some from the United States and Europe. These volunteers had nearly two years of military training before their first experience in battle.

A training camp was established on the island of Cyprus under the command of Colonel de Piépapé with fifty French officers as instructors. Since about one tenth of the recruits were Syrian, the force was named the *Légion d'Orient*. In July 1918 all but 700—those who had not yet completed their training—were transferred to Palestine as part of Colonel de Piépapé's *Détachement Française de Palestine et Syrie*, which in turn became part of General Allenby's great army. Lieutenant Colonel Romieu was assigned to command the *Légion d'Orient*, composed of three battalions of Armenians, one company of Syrians and a section of light artillery.<sup>11</sup>

The legion was assigned a position at the center south of Nablus opposite the Seventh Ottoman Army commanded by Mustafa Kemal Pasha. The French and Armenian detachments earned fame on 19 September 1918 when Allenby surprised the enemy with overwhelming force on the Mediterranean coast. The legion took part in the capture of the Heights of Arara and earned the following tribute from General Allenby: "I am proud to have had an Armenian contingent under my command. They have fought very brilliantly and have played a great part in the victory."<sup>12</sup>

Within three days Turkish resistance ceased. The troops fled in disorder to the north, and only at Aleppo was Mustafa Kemal able to organize a line of defense. On a ridge five miles north of Aleppo his troops held their position against an attack by Allenby's Indian Lancers. By the end of September the Turkish armies had been cleared out of Palestine and Syria. The Arab troops which had fought their way up the eastern bank of the Jordan had entered Damascus with their leaders, Emir Feisal and Colonel Lawrence. French naval units entered Beirut harbor on 7 October followed the next day by Colonel de Piépapé with the first detachment of Allied troops, including the *Légion d'Orient*.

The population of Lebanon was in the throes of famine. Fifteen hundred naked and starving children roamed the streets and swarmed



around the Allied soldiers begging for food. French ships unloaded 15,000 tons of food for distribution. Eighty thousand Lebanese had died of starvation during the four years of war.

## The Armistice

On 30 October an armistice between Turkey and Great Britain was signed at Mudros on the Island of Lemnos. A French demand for participation in the negotiations had been refused by the British representatives. The armistice terms required demobilization of the Turkish armies except for troops needed to maintain order in the interior and to guard the frontiers. The areas south and east of the Taurus range were to be evacuated according to a definite timetable which provided for the movement of Turkish forces to the area north of the Baghdad Railway and west of the Taurus tunnels at Bozanti no later than 21 December.

The Allies were to assume control of the railway connecting Constantinople with Aleppo and the seaports of Mersiné and Alexandretta. Clause 7 of the Armistice also granted "the right to occupy any strategic points in the event of any situation which threatens the security of the Allies."<sup>13</sup> This vague provision was later interpreted to justify military occupation of various zones by the British, French, Italian and Greek armies while the Turks protested vigorously, claiming with considerable justice that nothing had threatened the security of the Allies.<sup>14</sup>

## CHAPTER SIX

### THE OCCUPATION OF CILICIA

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The time for the occupation of Cilicia had come. General Allenby reminded General Hamelin, who had succeeded Colonel Piépapé as commander of the French brigade, that France had claimed the honor of occupying "Armenia" and that it was her duty to provide the necessary forces; but since that need had not been met, he was obliged to assume the responsibility. Allenby assigned the French brigade to the British Twenty-first Army Corps, whose headquarters were in Beirut, and ordered the French units to tail the retreating Turks in Cilicia and to occupy the stations along the railway from the Taurus tunnels at Bozanti down to the port of Mersiné and as far east as Islahiye. Occupation of the cities further inland—Marash, Aintab, and Urfa—would be undertaken by General Leslie's Nineteenth Brigade composed of five regiments of Indian cavalry and a labor corps of 6,000 Hindus.<sup>1</sup>

At this time the battalion of Syrian troops was separated from the Légion d'Orient for duty in Lebanon and Syria. The remaining three battalions, composed entirely of Armenian soldiers and henceforth known as the Armenian Legion, under the command of General Hamelin, had to be spread very thinly. The First Battalion occupied points in the area bordering the Gulf of Alexandretta, extending northward to the Baghdad Railway and west as far as Islahiye. The Second and Third Battalions, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Romieu, disembarked at Mersiné on 18 December to be deployed in opposite directions, one moving to points on the railway between Adana and Islahiye, the other from Mersiné to Bozanti.

The British forces controlled the operation of the railway, while the Armenian Legion provided the symbol of strength needed for its

protection. Indeed, the legion was intended to form only the advance guard of the main body of occupation troops and these were late in arriving, so that for two months two battalions of Armenians represented the only Allied force in Cilicia.

In January 1919, the British General Staff issued a circular memorandum dealing with the civil administration of enemy-occupied territory. The *vilayets* of Adana (Cilicia) and Jebel Bereket were combined to form the North Zone, and Col. Edouard Brémont was appointed its chief administrator. The memorandum stipulated that he was to govern through the local Ottoman functionaries, who in turn were to be approved by the British General Staff.<sup>2</sup>

Colonel Brémont was well qualified for this post, having spent many years in the Muslim world.<sup>3</sup> He brought with him to Adana seven French officers to serve as governors of the various *sanjaks* ("districts") in this territory. Among these were two who were to play important roles in future events: Lt. Col. Robert Normand, who was appointed to govern the district of Adana; and Captain André, who was to govern the district of Jebel Bereket.<sup>4</sup>

The first detachments of the strong British force which had been assigned to follow the Armenian Legion into Cilicia arrived in Adana on 18 February 1919, two months after the advance guard.<sup>5</sup> General Leslie's Nineteenth Indian Brigade relieved the Armenian Legion just as violence threatened to explode in Adana. At the time of Colonel Brémont's arrival the whole province was in a state of disorder. Thousands of Turkish soldiers, ill fed and unpaid, had deserted their units and had resorted to banditry for their sustenance. The arrival of Armenian troops alarmed the population who now feared reprisals from those who supposedly had been exterminated and whose property they now occupied. The deportations of 1915 had been carried out by orders from Constantinople but executed by the local authorities in every town or city. The Armenians had returned as members of the armed force of a great European power and could not be expected to assume the humble attitude demanded of them by the Turks during the past six centuries. Their new bearing was regarded as arrogance by the Muslims. Furthermore, the Turks became aware of the fact that the Armenians intended to establish an independent state in which they, the Turks, would have to live.

Mustafa Kemal Pasha had inherited from Gen. Liman von Sanders the command of the Second and Seventh Turkish Armies, and in the process of evacuating Cilicia, he contributed to the Turkish spirit of resistance. Almost alone among the Turkish leaders, he was determined to resist the occupation of Anatolia, which was the heart of the

now dismembered empire. The terms of the armistice permitted him to retain whatever forces were needed to defend the frontiers, and with this objective he reorganized his troops while retreating into central Anatolia. Lord Kinross credits Kemal Pasha (possibly through his subordinate Nehad Pasha) with stocking arms and ammunition in various cities of Cilicia such as Marash and Aintab for possible use in the future.<sup>6</sup> Further, the Turkish leaders throughout Cilicia were urged to organize national forces for resistance to the enemy who were encroaching on the Turkish homeland. The local branches of the Committee of Union and Progress (Ittihad) took charge of this organization. During this period tension had risen to the point that a massacre of Christians was threatened in Adana, causing Colonel Brémond to declare a state of siege. The arrival of the British Nineteenth Brigade quieted the incipient revolt. In Aleppo a similar situation ended in the massacre of 200 Christians on 28 February.<sup>7</sup>

The British forces moved inland, occupying Aintab in January 1919, Marash and Urfa in February. According to a Turkish source, Aintab was occupied in December, Marash on 22 February, and Urfa on 24 March. The Turkish General Staff's official account of the "Turkish War of Independence—Southern Front" gives a colorful description of the British occupation of Marash.

When Aintab was occupied, some of the Marash people, understanding that Marash, too, would be occupied, burned the bridge over the Ak Su. . . . The British began advancing toward Marash, repairing the road. Seeing that the bridge over the Ak Su had been burned, they set up a narrow bridge and continued their march.

The Marash and Zeitun Armenians, who favored the British, became aggressive. Learning of the arrival of the British, the Armenians . . . with a band and flowers, met the British and the Armenians who had come with them. Insolence and madness never before had reached such extremes! "Long live the British! "Long live the Armenians! Down with the Turks!" they were shouting. They entered the city, the band in front, then the Armenians, and behind them the British. This tenth degree of insolence on the part of the Armenians, who had always been treated with affection by the Ottoman Empire and the Turkish nation, and who had been exempted from military service until recent times, hurt the Turks very much. This British unit, the first to enter Marash, consisted of cavalry—as much as a regiment—mostly Indians. They quartered themselves in the buildings of the Ameri-

can College, the *Ahirkashi* [First Evangelical] Church, the Armenian and Catholic Churches, and the German Farm.<sup>8</sup>

## Repatriation of the Armenians

At the time of the Armistice the Allied commanders in Syria found some two hundred thousand Armenians who had survived the 1915 deportations but were on the verge of starvation. It was decided that they should be repatriated under assurance of Allied protection. Colonel Brémond was commissioned to undertake this difficult task, and during 1919 the French governor supervised the return of one hundred twenty thousand of the exiles to their homes in Cilicia, repopulating cities as far away as Marash, Zeitun, Aintab, and Hadjin. Fifty thousand whose homes were in western Asia Minor were shipped by rail to Ismid.<sup>9</sup>

One of the most delicate tasks was the restoration of property belonging to deported Armenians but taken over by Turks. There were conflicts, as might be expected, between Turks and the returning exiles. Colonel Brémond applied justice impartially, a policy which annoyed some Armenians who felt that the French should treat their protégés, the Armenians, more generously than the enemy. It was inevitable that the aspirations of the Armenians should conflict with those of the Turks. The fact that the defeated Turkish force on its retreat toward Bozanti was tailed by none other than the Armenian Legion under the flag of France sufficed to arouse Turkish fears for their own independence despite President Wilson's declaration concerning the right of self-determination. The twelfth clause of Wilson's Fourteen Points recognized the rights of both Turks and Armenians to security: "The Turkish portions of the Ottoman Empire should be assured a secure sovereignty but the other nationalities which are under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and autonomous development . . ." <sup>10</sup>

## The Question of Armenian Independence

The Armenians, no longer content to accept autonomy within the Ottoman Empire, expected the establishment of an independent state.

Assurance of France's support for this goal had been given Boghos Nubar Pasha by Foreign Minister Briand at the time the Legion was organized.<sup>11</sup> Not only tsarist Russia but also the leaders of Russia after the Revolution had openly declared support for an autonomous Armenian state.<sup>12</sup>

On 26 February 1919 the Armenian delegation to the peace conference presented claims for an independent Armenian state to be liberated from the Turks and placed under the protection of the European Powers with a mandate for twenty years. Included in this state were Cilicia, six of the *vilayets* in northeastern Anatolia with the Black Sea port Trebizond, and the territory of the Caucasian Armenian republic.<sup>13</sup> In general this constituted the eastern half of Anatolia from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean. The problem for the peace conference in applying the principle of self-determination was to balance the conflicting interests of minority groups in such a manner that a stable peace might be assured for the future. The legal adviser to the American delegation, David Miller, remarked to President Wilson that the rule of self-determination would preclude the establishment both of a Jewish state in Palestine and of any autonomous Armenian state.<sup>14</sup> In much of the area desired by the Armenians, they were outnumbered by the Muslim population—Turks and Kurds—and the deportations of 1915 had further reduced their number by half.

### An American Commission of Inquiry

When the Sykes-Picot Accord and other secret agreements came to light at the peace conference, President Woodrow Wilson was greatly disturbed, for these proposed to distribute enemy territory in a manner that violated the fundamental principle of self-determination which he had enunciated in his address of 8 January 1918. At a meeting of the Council of Four representing France, Great Britain, Italy, and the United States held on 20 March 1919, Wilson proposed the appointment of an inter-Allied commission to investigate the will of the people in the conquered territories.<sup>15</sup> At the request of the council President Wilson drew up instructions for the commission, but it soon became apparent that those who expected to benefit from the terms of the secret accords had no desire to ascertain the will of the people in the territories they were to govern.<sup>16</sup> Wilson then decided to appoint

a commission which would report to him rather than to the peace conference. Headed by Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College, and Charles Crane, a wealthy industrialist with a deep interest in and knowledge of American institutions in the Near East, it became known as the King-Crane Commission.

When the commission began its investigations in Aleppo where I was working with Near East Relief, I became aware of the excitement among the Arabs and Armenians when they found that they were being consulted about which foreign power should hold the mandate of government over them. Attached to the commission as interpreter was my college classmate Mike Dorizas, a famed athlete at the University of Pennsylvania.

On 19 July the party moved on from Aleppo to Adana where Dr. William N. Chambers welcomed them to his home and to the American Mission Hospital. There they conferred with the French governor Colonel Brémond, the British general Mudge, and the Turkish *vali* and representatives of the Turkish and Armenian communities. The Turkish representatives were cautious, preferring to have their leaders in Constantinople discuss the future of their empire. The few notes made about the wishes of the Armenian leaders suggest that little time was allowed them for interviews, although there were between twenty and twenty-five thousand Armenians in Adana. Two Armenians came from Marash as delegates of their interfaith council representing some twenty-two thousand Armenians. These were the council's chairman, the Reverend Aram Baghdikian, and the Catholic Hovsep Agha Kherlakian.<sup>17</sup> Although the great majority of the Marash Armenians were members of the Apostolic Church, no one came to represent them. Since the problems connected with the Armenian aspirations for autonomy were to be discussed at length in Constantinople, the American commission proceeded to Tarsus and Mersin  where an American destroyer waited to take them to the Golden Horn.

To Constantinople came delegations from every corner of Anatolia representing the various *millet*s or religious communities: fourteen or fifteen million Muslims (Arabs, Kurds, and Circassians), and some hundreds of thousand Christian Assyro-Chaldeans. The Turkish representatives argued for a settlement according to the Wilsonian principles, and abrogation of the secret treaties for dismemberment of the empire. Among their spokesmen was Dr. Ahmed Emin Yalman, editor of the journal *Vakit*, who had earned a doctorate at Columbia University. Ahmed Emin Bey told the commission that because of the atrocities committed against the Armenians, it was reasonable that

they should not be required to remain Turkish subjects; therefore they should be given territory proportionate to their *previous* population.<sup>18</sup> Other Turkish delegates felt that peace could not be assured in the future if a government of Armenians were to be set up in areas where Turks were in the majority. They considered it better to have one government for all, reorganized along the lines of American democracy.

In Paris the Armenian delegation to the peace conference had published a document in which their territorial claims were presented: all of Anatolia from Sivas to Persia, and from Georgia to the Mediterranean.<sup>19</sup> A similar claim was presented to the King-Crane Commission by Professor K. K. Krikorian consisting of the six Armenian *vilayets* of eastern Anatolia known as Greater Armenia, and Cilicia, all of this to be governed under a mandatory. Dr. Krikorian admitted that the Armenians living in the six provinces and Cilicia had not been a majority of the total population even at the time of deportations.<sup>20</sup>

Americans who had lived in Turkey for a long time were also consulted. The American consul general, Gabriel Bie Ravendal, suggested that Anatolia be placed under a foreign mandate, divided into an independent Turkish state, and an autonomous Armenia composed of the ancient Armenian kingdom and the area demanded by the Armenian delegation at Paris.<sup>21</sup>

President Caleb Gates of Robert College warned of the danger of disorder if an attempt were made to create an independent Armenia. The Turks of Anatolia were already alarmed by the claims presented by the Armenians and feared that they might be forced to live under the rule of an Armenian minority. Gates predicted Turkish resistance and noted that the Entente forces in Asia Minor were hardly adequate to save the remnant of the Armenians. The French had made a fatal mistake, he noted, in sending Armenian troops into Cilicia, for this confirmed the Turkish fears that the Armenians were preparing to take over Cilicia by force of arms. President Gates suggested that the wisest policy would be to establish a protectorate for the whole of the Turkish Empire. Armenians living in exile should be directed to the eastern *vilayets* and helped to establish themselves on the land so that gradually a homogeneous population would be established there, and an Armenian state could be built up gradually. "An arbitrary enactment creating a state cannot give it stability, while it possesses only a small population of whom sixty percent are widows and orphans." The Armenians should be freed from Turkish rule, and this, suggested President Gates, might be accomplished under a foreign protectorate.<sup>22</sup>



The final report of the commission to President Wilson recommended that Asia Minor be divided into three states, all under a single mandatory: An Armenian State with boundaries to be determined by a special commission, but not to include Cilicia; Constantinople and the straits as a separate International State; and a Turkish State, to include the remaining territory. No territory was to be allotted either to Greece or to Italy. The commission reported that the population of Asia Minor favored assignment of the mandate to the United States.<sup>23</sup>

It seems probable that President Wilson never saw the commission's report. The copy intended for him was delivered to the White House on the day after he collapsed on a speaking tour and was forwarded to the Department of State, classified as secret. There it remained unavailable for more than three years. Mr. Crane thought that one of the primary reasons for refusal to make the report public had been the opposition of the Zionists.<sup>24</sup>

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### REHABILITATION

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#### Aleppo

The Near East Relief personnel reached Turkish territory in March 1919. Two hundred fifty workers who were recruited to staff fifteen separate centers in the Near East sailed from New York on the troopship *Leviathan*, crossed France in a hospital train, and at Marseilles boarded the British hospital ship *Gloucester Castle*, which lay waiting to take this task force, of which I was a member, to Constantinople.

I had been recruited from the laboratory of Walter Reed Hospital in Bethesda to serve as a clinical chemist on the staff of a base hospital to be established at Aleppo. Dr. Robert A. Lambert, who had been formerly on the pathology staff at Yale University's school of medicine, had been appointed director of the NER work in the Aleppo area, which included the cities of Urfa, Aintab, and Marash. Each of these was to undergo tragedy and bloodshed within the coming months.

The NER headquarters and supply base was established in the great German warehouses at Derindjé, the freight terminus for the Baghdad Railway on the lovely Gulf of Ismid. There a few floors were cleared of German and Turkish war materials to provide living quarters for our personnel and a storage area for equipment and supplies. Close to the warehouse on the shore of the bay lay a pile of mines which had been swept from the Dardanelles, and on the other side we could look down on a Turkish ammunition depot guarded by Turkish soldiers. Freighters had already unloaded mountainous piles of NER supplies, and these we sorted and inventoried. From this base personnel and equipment were dispatched to the previously designated stations in Anatolia; some by ship to the Black Sea and others by rail inland.

The group with which I was to travel was among the last to leave

the base at Derindjé. It was made up of personnel for Aleppo and Marash led by Dr. Lambert.

Although the British army and the American Red Cross had helped to meet the immediate need of relief for refugees concealed in Aleppo during the Turkish administration, no one was prepared to provide for the two hundred thousand Armenians who had survived exile in the camps throughout Syria. These refugees were overjoyed at the announcement that they should return to their homes in Cilicia under the protection of the Allied military forces. Their security thus established, the Armenians needed no urging. Joyfully they moved out of their camps and took the roads to the north, reversing their deportation routes without harassment this time. Thus the efforts of NER in Aleppo were directed to aid for this moving population which was to pass through the city.

The Armenians' most elementary need were temporary shelter, sterilization and repair of clothing and bedding, and the correction of physical ailments. The great Turkish military barracks on a hill two miles from the city was placed at the disposal of the NER partly as a hospital but also as the temporary shelter for the tens of thousands of Armenians coming from the south. Soon the barracks resembled an enormous oriental *khan*, or "inn." Built in the form of a hollow square, its rooms opened on the great central parade ground. Between six and ten thousand could be accommodated there, depending on how close together the mattresses were laid on the ground. Indian soldiers guarded the entrance and maintained order inside.

One of my first duties was to assist in the installation of the steam boiler and the delouser which we had brought from Derindjé. We connected the boiler to the delouser and to the hospital sterilizer. As refugees applied for admission to the barracks, they were required to submit clothing and bedding for sterilization in order to destroy the organisms which had created such havoc in the refugee camps. There were few, however, whose garments were fit for anything but burning. Although a great quantity of clothing had been shipped from the United States, it was inadequate to meet the need, hence NER organized the production of cloth, garments, and bedding on a large scale. Looms were purchased for weaving, and refugee women were employed to manufacture clothing and bedding. Thus employment was offered to many, while the products helped to supply the needs of these exiles who had barely survived three years of hardships under the most primitive conditions.

The workshop set up by the Reverend Aharon Shirajian for the

manufacture of lace and embroidery was continued and enlarged by NER and provided many of the women with the means to earn a living.

Although I had been recruited because of my training in clinical chemistry, the equipment for this had not yet reached Aleppo; hence I became occupied with other phases of laboratory diagnostic work, assisting Miss Justine Hill at the barracks hospital. This included the examination of blood for malaria and relapsing fever, throat smears for Vincent's Angina, stool specimens for a whole array of parasites, and sputum for tuberculosis.

Dr. Lambert rented the lower floor of a residence in Aleppo and commissioned me to convert it into the base laboratory with which he had planned to provide special services for the hospitals of Urfa, Aintab, and Marash, as well as Aleppo. The equipment for biochemical determinations arrived early in July, and I happily set it up and began preparing the reagents needed for studies on blood. The sensitive analytical balance essential for such work stood on the solid stone base of a window sill (which proved to be an unfortunate choice). That such a delicate instrument had reached Aleppo intact was a miracle!

There was plenty of demand for the services of a chemist, which included preparation of sterile solutions for intravenous injection, salvarsan, and Dakin's Solution; and the examination and chlorination of water supplies. I spent the mornings at the barracks hospital and the afternoons at the base laboratory.

## Recovery of Armenian Women and Children

As the survivors of the exiled Armenians passed through Aleppo on their return to their homes in Anatolia, many inquired about children from whom they had been separated. The Reverend Abraham Hartunian related that Turkish women had come to the camp of deportees at Aintab asking, "Are there any children for sale?" and that the children resisted separation, rejecting their mothers' assurances that it was the only way to escape death. Many women and children were accepted into Arab homes either out of compassion or because the extra hands could share in the labor of household and field.

John Dunaway of NER was assigned the responsibility of searching nearby Arab and Kurdish villages for Armenian women and children. The Emir Feisal, recognized as the future ruler of the promised Arab

state, issued a proclamation ordering that any Armenians living in Arab homes be returned to their people. As a result of this order, groups of children and some adults began to arrive in Aleppo. One morning a group of sturdy boys in Arab dress applied for admission to the barracks. I photographed them and asked, "Where have you been living during the war?"

"In Deir-ez-Zor!" they replied. They were among the fortunate few Armenians whom friendly Arabs had accepted into their homes.

Early one Sunday morning Dunaway woke me and asked that I join him in a search for Armenian children at Bab, the town northwest of Aleppo where tens of thousands of the exiles had settled temporarily. He had decided to investigate numerous statements made by Armenian refugees that they had left their children there. Our party included an English-speaking Arab assigned to represent British authority who was also armed with King Feisal's proclamation; also an Arab gendarme; an American Red Cross nurse, Miss Rose Shayb of NER, who spoke Arabic fluently; and Chris Graeber, chauffeur of our three-quarter-ton Reo truck.

Ten miles from Aleppo we overtook three men traveling with only two mounts, a camel and a donkey. When we stopped to ask whether we were on the road to Bab, the lone pedestrian, an elderly Arab, asked gently if he might ride with us, for Bab was his hometown. As it turned out, we were handsomely rewarded! Our gendarme and the Arab official chatted with him and asked about Armenian girls at Bab, without revealing the nature of their interest.

"There are many! Three of them live in my house," replied the Arab. Before we deposited him in Bab we had the names of a number of Arabs in whose homes were Armenian girls.

Our entry into the town created a sensation, for apparently no automobile had been seen there in years. We drove through the narrow bazaar to the government house. Our Arab official explained our mission and requested the release of all Armenian girls. The *kaimakam* ("district governor") responded by assigning to us three gendarmes, one apiece for the Arab representative, Dunaway, and myself so that each of us could canvass a separate area.

News of this, of course, spread ahead of us, and we found no one at any of the homes we visited. We learned later that the children were being told that the Americans had come to steal them, and this represented a new disaster. They remembered the terror of separation from their mothers four years earlier. Most of them no longer knew their nationality and so were greatly disturbed at the prospect of being uprooted again. However, we already knew of a police clerk and a sol-

dier who had Armenians in their homes, and each of these tried to avoid losing their prizes by giving the names of ten others. Within an hour we had fifteen girls. None of them were over thirteen years of age, hence all had been under nine years old when given up by their mothers during the 1915 deportation.

Although we knew there were fifty more children, our Reo could not accommodate all we had collected. In midafternoon Dunaway and Miss Shayb drove off to Aleppo with twelve of the children, leaving me in the courtyard of the government house with the three oldest girls, the gendarme, and our Arab interpreter. Realizing that our Reo truck could not return before night, we agreed that we might as well collect more children to fill the car, and within an hour had another half-dozen in the courtyard. By this time the older girls had come to understand that our motive was to return them to their own people, and so they calmed the new arrivals.

By nine-thirty the Reo had not returned. A gendarme officer who throughout the day had been most courteous brought us a very welcome picnic supper of cucumbers, canteloupe, and freshly-baked flat loaves of Arab bread. Our big family dined happily together on the ground and then prepared to spend the night in the open courtyard. Mattresses were brought for me and our interpreter, while army overcoats were distributed to the nine girls. That night our interpreter was approached three times with offers of money in return for permission to recover the girls. The Arabs began to insist that they were Kurds, not Armenians!

Dunaway returned an hour after midnight. The car had broken down on the way to Aleppo, and on the return trip they had lost the way.

The girls had never been in an automobile, and the trip to Aleppo was a great experience. We passed a dozen long camel caravans, each led by the master on a donkey. The Arabs prefer to travel by night, thus avoiding the heat of day. Aleppo excited the girls, who were familiar only with one-story houses, hence those with three stories appeared to them like skyscrapers.

Dunaway returned to Bab the next day but was able to collect only a dozen girls, for by that time the message of the one automobile that had come to town was clearly understood. Knowing the location of certain children in small villages of that district, we called once more on the governor of Bab and asked for his cooperation. He responded willingly, for he wanted transportation to discuss some business with the village sheikhs, and thus we were assured of success.

Our first stop was at the encampment of a Bedouin tribe, a group

of the characteristic black goat-hair tents and a few cone-shaped mud-brick houses. We were received in the sheikh's council hall and seated against the wall on cushions raised slightly above floor level. After the customary salaams had been exchanged, our mission was explained. Without any protest the sheikh gave an order, and soon three small girls were brought into the room. We were invited to remain for dinner. It was only nine-thirty a.m., and there were other villages to be visited, hence our interpreter was instructed to explain that we had no time to spare.

"They will be insulted!" replied the interpreter. "They have already killed a lamb and are preparing coffee. And the sheikh says that he would be forever shamed if we left the village without having eaten with him."

We compromised by accepting coffee and giving our promise to return for the feast after completing our business in the next village. At the neighboring settlement we were again received cordially in the tribal house, and while a search was made for the four children we had named, the young men entertained us with native dances. It is possible that this was a device to keep us from a search of the village, but we had no means of distinguishing Arab from Armenian and had to rely on the goodwill of the tribal chief and the prestige of the *kaimakam's* presence.

With our four new protégés we returned to the Bedouin camp, where we found the village women in the final stages of cooking a prodigious meal out-of-doors over a fire of dried camel dung. This—my first experience of Bedouin hospitality—was a communal affair and a memorable event. The sheikh himself served us. When we rose, the tray of broiled lamb and parboiled wheat was carried to the tribesmen, who had been watching us dine. In all about thirty persons had shared the delicious food.

There were still two groups of Armenians to be found, certain young women in Bab and a family of five in a village near that city. Dunaway suggested that while he and the *kaimakam* took care of the search in Bab, I should proceed with the interpreter and a gendarme from Aleppo to the village and bring back the family known to be there. On reaching our destination we were escorted to the house of the tribal chief, and ushered into the presence of a distinguished elderly man. After the usual formalities and the serving of coffee our mission was explained.

"The five children you are talking about are in my own household. They are part of my family," said the sheikh.

The interpreter explained that the Armenians had suffered greatly during the war, and the Americans were now trying to reunite the survivors and return them to their own lands.

"Let me tell you how they came to be here," continued the sheikh. "I knew the family well when I lived in Aintab, where they owned several houses and farms. When I heard that the Turks were deporting the Armenians of Aintab, I went there and searched for them. The father and mother had already been killed, so I brought all five of the children—three boys and two girls—here to be members of my family."

The interpreter turned to me. "What shall we do?"

"Their relatives know that they are here and are asking for them," I replied, although I was asking myself whether they might not be as well off staying with this Arab family. The sheikh asked that the children be found and brought to him. There were the two girls, now young women, and the three fine-looking and robust boys. The sheikh instructed my interpreter to question them and to learn whether he had told the truth. It was quite obvious that his story was correct, and that the children loved this man as a father.

The sheikh then continued his story. "The *kaimakam* of Bab saw these girls and tried to take them from me, but my brother and I fought him. Here are my wounds from that fight!" He opened his robe and showed us four bullet wounds in his abdomen and thigh. "Now are you going to take these children from me, after I have protected them during the past four years?"

If I could have foreseen the future for the Armenians of Aintab I would have decided immediately to leave these children where they were loved. But I had been commissioned to get them and allowed my sense of duty to override sentiment. "I have no choice," I said to the sheikh. The Emir Feisal has ordered that they should return to their own community. I must take them to Aleppo."

The sheikh turned sadly to the girls. "You must go!" They threw themselves on their master's couch, weeping. The entire village came to say goodbye. Glancing at the interpreter and our gendarme I saw that they too were moved emotionally by the grief of the children and their friends. The sheikh asked if he might accompany the children to Aleppo to see how they were cared for, and of course I consented. As we drove from the village the entire population ran beside the car shouting farewells and weeping.

At Bab, Dunaway had collected nine more girls, making a total of twenty-one for the day, which was twice as many as the car could



carry. Hence half of them were left under guard at the *konak*, or "government house," and the rest of us, the sheikh included, headed for Aleppo. Halfway home the headlights of our truck revealed a dead donkey by the roadside, and our gendarme remarked that two days earlier at this spot highwaymen had held up a caravan and had killed the leader and his animal. At this moment our chauffeur suddenly increased his speed, for a band of armed men was approaching us. Undoubtedly it was the sight of several rifles protruding from our Reo that caused them to let us pass without a challenge.

On reaching Aleppo the children were given a warm welcome by members of the NER reception staff, who had been waiting for them. The sheikh entered with the children, was satisfied that they were in good hands, and bade us good bye. At this center the children were checked by NER medical personnel, with special attention to contagious diseases and intestinal parasites, and were then grouped according to sex and age and prepared for transport to orphanages in the districts where they had been born. Girls who had been violated (some, indeed, were pregnant) were placed in "rescue homes" which had the facilities for infant care.

Dr. Lambert accompanied Dunaway the next day to bring the rest of the children from Bab. By the end of September nearly every village within fifty miles of Aleppo had been visited, and 450 children brought to Aleppo for repatriation to their homes in Anatolia. Some Armenians estimated that we had recovered only a quarter of those who were actually in Arab homes in that area.

In order to facilitate the reunion of children with their parents, a census was organized of all those who were under the care of NER in Anatolia and Syria. Copies of this were to be made available to various centers, not only in the Near East but also in New York. The census was to include data which might aid in identification and a photograph of each child as well.

## Last Days in Aleppo

On opening my laboratory one morning, I discovered that during the night a thief had broken the glass of the barred window in which the analytical balance was stationed. Unable to pass such a large object through the bars, he had dismantled the movable parts, leaving the instrument useless. This made the preparation of certain reagents

required for the analysis of blood impossible. However, it had already become obvious to me that the level of their blood sugar was of little importance to refugees whose chief concern during the past four years had been to avoid losing their entire blood supply to an antagonist's knife. Starvation, too, could be diagnosed without an examination of the blood for acidosis. Hence, when I reported the theft of the balance's beam and weights, I expressed to Dr. Lambert my desire for work of greater significance than clinical chemistry.

"You are right! There are more important things to be done. In any case most of the refugees have returned to their homes in Anatolia, so we plan to close the barracks hospital. I plan to send you to Marash within a few weeks. Meanwhile I want you to photograph all of the children in our orphanages at Aintab. Make a record for each child—his name, the names of his parents—anything that may help parents locate their missing children. Later when you go to Marash, photograph the children there, too."

The NER Graflex camera was entrusted to me for this project, together with an ample supply of film, developer, and photographic paper; and I set out for Aintab on this pleasant mission. There I photographed the children in small groups and obtained information for a history sheet for each child. The stories told by the older children seemed so fantastic that at first I found them unbelievable, but one by one they corroborated each other. They had seen violence and death while small and had accepted it much as children today accept it on the television screen—it was happening to someone else.

By the end of October the repatriation of Armenians who had survived in Syria was completed. Many had chosen to remain in Syria and Lebanon. Among the last to leave were the orphans sheltered first in Hama by the Reverend Haroutune Nokhoudian and later in Aleppo by the Reverend Aharon Shirajian. On 23 October they were taken to Aintab in the NER trucks.

Had the Armenians known the disasters which they were to face once more within a year, none would have undertaken the hardships of that return to their villages in Cilicia.

## Summary of Armenian Losses

Only after the survivors of exile had returned to their former homes could an estimate be made of the number missing. A precise figure

for those who perished is precluded by the circumstances, for the Armenians had died by the thousands of dysentery, typhus, and starvation in their camps and had been buried in mass graves. Those who suffered outright massacre such as described by Jacob Künzler<sup>1</sup> were not to be documented by the Turkish officials. Others unaccounted for included not only the dead but also women and children who had been taken into Turkish or Arab homes, thus becoming members of the Muslim community. Some of the exiles had settled in Syria or Palestine or emigrated overseas. These factors account for the wide discrepancies in the estimates of losses presented by various authors. In a review of this subject Sarkisian and Sahakian quote the conclusions of a Turkish historian, also of a member of the Russian embassy's staff in Constantinople, and that of the German orientalist Dr. Johannes Lepsius.<sup>2</sup> Bayur stated that "massacres perpetrated by Kurds and auxiliary gendarmes, contagious diseases, want and fatigue had resulted in the loss of nearly half a million people."<sup>3</sup> André Mandelstam concluded that a million Armenians had perished.<sup>4</sup> Dr. Lepsius, who personally gathered data with the help of German consuls throughout the Ottoman Empire, also concluded that one million had been lost.<sup>5</sup>

In 1961 the Armenian Academy of Sciences at Erivan published the results of its own investigation.<sup>6</sup> In order to include among the survivors those scattered outside of the Ottoman Empire, they compared the world-wide population of Armenians before the deportation with similar data for the years 1924-1926, and corrected the difference for casualties suffered by Armenian soldiers on the battlefields of World War I, also for the death of civilians during Mustafa Kemal's 1920 campaign in Cilicia, and for the losses suffered by the defenders of the new Armenian state during its formation in 1918 and its subsequent sovietization. In this manner the number of those who perished as a result of the exile and its attendant massacres was estimated at 1,170,000.

A recent study places the figure for Armenian dead at a much higher level. Impressed by the rational method used by the Armenian Academy of Sciences, but doubtful of the accuracy of certain sources used, Dr. Sarkis J. Karayan, of Beirut, Lebanon, gathered new data on the Armenian population of some sixty cities and two thousand two hundred towns and villages in all vilayets of the Ottoman Empire, also of the Soviet States and the diaspora for the years 1914 and 1922-1926. The figures presented in his documented study indicate that the losses

suffered by Armenian civilians during World War I was close to two million.<sup>7</sup>

The deportees from the city of Marash had fared considerably better than those from areas farther north on the plateau of Anatolia, for their journey to western Syria was shorter and did not pass the regions occupied by hostile Kurdish tribes. Of the thirty thousand Armenians residing in the city of Marash in 1914 twenty-four thousand had been deported and sixteen thousand returned in the post-war period. While these figures suggest that the loss was only one-third of the city's Christian population, it should be noted that the *sanjak* ("district") as a whole suffered a seventy-five percent loss, for out of a pre-war population estimated at eighty-six thousand, only eighteen thousand returned. The peasants had been decimated, for only two thousand of them survived out of some fifty-four thousand.<sup>8</sup>

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### UNREST IN SYRIA

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October was marked by disorder in various parts of the Near East. Rumors that the British forces were to withdraw and that French troops would replace them disturbed the population. President Wilson's proclamation concerning the right of self-determination, followed by the interviews conducted by his King-Crane Commission, had created the expectation that the peoples of Syria were to choose their own rulers. In Aleppo there were parades and demonstrations at which enormous crowds of the Arab population were addressed by speakers who insisted on the right for self-rule. One day I photographed the movement of a body, at least a regiment, which included Arab infantry, cavalry, artillery, machine-gun companies, and supply wagons. These were the forces of Emir Feisal, who was preparing to oppose the occupation by France of any portions of Syria which he understood were to be included in his Arab state. In a letter dated 24 October 1915 Sir Henry McMahon, on behalf of the British government, had assured Sherif Hussein of Mecca that in the event of victory over the Turks an Arab kingdom would be established in return for Arab participation in the war against the Ottoman Empire. Excluded from this state was the coastal area of Syria west of the *vilayets* of Aleppo, Homs, Hama, and Damascus.<sup>1</sup>

Until the end of October the French had only a token force in Cilicia which was limited to the holding of stations along the Baghdad Railway. In view of the fact that the French occupation of Cilicia was never fully completed and came to a bitter and disastrous end, it is appropriate to review the initial causes of failure. Foremost among these was the delay in sending a force adequate to the task, caused in part by the fact that the French armies in Europe were engaged in

combat until the German capitulation, while the British force which had defeated the Turks on the Near Eastern front were already in the area to be occupied and consequently had assumed France's responsibility.

The French historian Paul du Véou, in his *La Passion de la Cilicie*, charges that for four months Premier Clemenceau resisted pressures from French sources to relieve the British occupation troops in Syria and Cilicia. Although Field Marshal Foch had furnished him as early as 5 February with a detailed list of the military units and of the *matériel* of war needed for the occupation, Clemenceau refused to act.<sup>2</sup> Meanwhile Allenby was objecting to the landing of French reinforcements in Syria, allowing only the replacement of those whose term of service had ended. The account of dissention between Clemenceau and Lloyd George over the appointment of commissioners for the King-Crane Commission, presented by Professor Harry Howard in *An American Inquiry*, clearly indicates that General Allenby feared an armed conflict between the French and Arab forces over the control of Syria.<sup>3</sup> This difficulty was resolved when Allenby agreed with Lloyd George to the reinforcement of the small French contingent in Cilicia, and on 9 June 1919 two squadrons of the Cinquième Chasseurs d'Afrique reached Adana. A month later, on 12 July, three battalions of the French 412th Infantry Regiment followed the Africans. This famous regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Thibault, had fought for twenty months at Verdun. These were the only "metropolitan," meaning French rather than colonial, troops to be sent into Cilicia.<sup>4</sup> Still, the British forces remained in Cilicia while the fate of the Ottoman Empire was debated at Paris.

The question of a complete replacement of the British forces occupying Cilicia and the littoral of Syria was not settled until 15 September 1919 when Clemenceau met with Lloyd George in Paris in a closed session with not even a secretary present to record the conversation. At the request of his Prime Minister, Allenby (recently promoted to field marshal) came from Haifa to attend the conference, while Clemenceau excluded his own high commissioner for Syria, Georges-Picot, who was already in Paris, and ordered him to return to his post in Beirut on the eve of the meeting. Foreign Minister Briand later referred to the deal which was made at this meeting as the most shocking in the settlement of the war. Clemenceau had renounced France's interests in oil rich Mesopotamia, large areas of Anatolia, and in Armenia. The British agreed to withdraw all military forces from areas north of the Palestine-Syrian frontier, which meant the evacuation of Cilicia,

Lebanon, and Syria. French troops were to replace the British on 1 November 1919. Thus the French had only six weeks to assemble an army of occupation and to move it into Syria and Cilicia.<sup>5</sup>

Field Marshal Foch was at last empowered to create the *Armée Française du Levant*. He assigned to it the 156th division of African troops commanded by Gen. Julien Dufieux which had occupied Budapest after participating in the conquest of Hungary. Two regiments of French troops were included in the new army, the 415th, which had already disembarked at Beirut in March, and the 412th which had reached Cilicia in July. Altogether the army was composed of thirty-four battalions of infantry, five and a half of engineers, fifteen and a half regiments of cavalry, and thirteen batteries of artillery.

Along with the decision to create this army Premier Clemenceau ordered the recall of Georges-Picot and General Hamelin and named General Gouraud high commissioner of France in Syria and Cilicia with authority over both military and civil affairs. Georges-Picot remained in Beirut until General Gouraud arrived on 26 November, long after the date set for the exchange of French for British troops in Cilicia and Syria. This left the command of the new army in the hands of France's youngest but brilliant general Julien Dufieux.

General Dufieux's most urgent task was to divide his army into separate units for the occupation of Marash, Aintab, and Urfa and to move these and the necessary military stores before 1 November, when the British forces were to be withdrawn. He recognized at once the importance of the railway between Beirut and Aleppo as the umbilical cord required to nourish the embryonic military force already in southern Cilicia with supplies in Beirut. The southern part of this line lay between the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon ranges in an area claimed both by Emir Feisal and the French. The Emir had refused the French permission to use the railway.

General Dufieux, with the approval of the high commissioner, prepared for military action and seizure of the Beka'a plain, through which the railway passed. News of this reached Field Marshal Allenby, who supported the Emir and had feared such an event. A fascinating account of the contest between Dufieux and Allenby is given by the French historian Paul du Veou.<sup>6</sup> The French were finally obliged to move their troops and supplies by sea, with such delay that their garrisons in Marash and Urfa, deprived of reinforcements and munitions, suffered humiliating defeats. The Urfa garrison, in fact, was annihilated. And nine months later the French fought the Emir Feisal, taking the Beka'a after a bloody battle.

## The Exchange of Troops

By chance I witnessed the movement of French forces into Cilicia during the last week in October. As I traveled to Aintab to photograph the orphan children, my Reo truck paused at a railway crossing near Katma for an approaching train. It was loaded with Algerian troops and artillery and headed for Jerablus on the Euphrates River. These were units of General Dufieux's 156th Division, which had disembarked at the ports of Alexandretta and Mersiné. Within less than a week the British forces were to leave this area.

Ten of my fellow passengers were Circassian officers en route to Sivas. Each one had his saddle, for the truck went no farther than Marash where they were to hire horses for the journey over the mountains to Sivas. These men were imposing figures in their splendid uniforms. Beautifully embossed silver scabbards enclosed their daggers and set off their long dark cloaks and fur hats. Undoubtedly they were to serve in the Nationalist forces being organized by Mustafa Kemal in Anatolia.

One evening at Aintab I was the guest of Dr. Lorrin G. Shepard, physician and surgeon at the American Mission Hospital, and the Reverend John R. Merrill of the American Mission. After dinner my hosts discussed the significance of the exchange of French for British occupation forces. Several units of the French army had already arrived and were camped on the outskirts of the city. Their commander, Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie, had proceeded to Marash in the company of the British commander, General Weir, to review a ceremonial exchange of troops there on 31 October.<sup>7</sup>

A formal review of the Eighteenth Indian Lancers by the French staff officers was scheduled for the morning of 3 November. When I requested permission to photograph the ceremonies, both the British and French commanders seemed pleased, and each asked for a set of the pictures. I arrived at the parade grounds just in time to witness a charge of the Indian cavalry in one line abreast past the reviewing officers. The lancers then re-formed and at the command of their officer charged directly towards the staff officers, reigning their horses from a gallop to a dead stop not more than fifteen paces from the French commander. The turbaned Indians had been trained superbly. Each one carried a lance and had a sword attached to one side of his saddle and a rifle to the other.



That night the British garrison from Marash reached Aintab and camped for the night. At 8:30 the next morning, 4 November, the Marash and Aintab contingents of the British army broke camp and started their long trek to Egypt. Three hours later the camping grounds were so clean that except for the watering troughs and fences no one would know that an army had been quartered there.

The British and French staff officers and several Turkish officials were assembled on a bank along the roadside. The Turks included the *mutasarrif* Jellal-eddin, his deputy Sabri Bey, and the Dervish Sheikh Mustafa.<sup>8</sup> There were also several American women representing the NER and mission personnel of Aintab and Marash. The French troops lined the road south of the city; they had a band to serenade the departing British troops.

The various units of the British force took two and a half hours to pass the reviewing stand. First came the advance guard of armored cars, followed by Ford trucks each mounted with a machine gun; then came Indian lancers, artillery, ammunition carts and supply wagons, and finally ambulances and the rear guard. When the last of the British troops had passed, Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie mounted his horse and, with a flourish of his sword, led his own troops into the city. Compared with the British garrison, it was small but it represented approximately one-third of all the French troops available in Cilicia at that time, for the 156th African Division was still disembarking. The British high command, unhappy over the decision to give over this rich territory to the French, had refused to delay the evacuation in order to accommodate their rivals. Clemenceau alone had assumed the responsibility for the date of exchange without consulting Field Marshal Foch as to the feasibility of moving an army into Cilicia within a six-week period. The weakness of the French garrison did not go unnoticed by the Turkish Nationalists.

The presence of Turkish officials at the review did not signify approval. Even before the exchange of troops, Sabri Bey had addressed a note of protest to the French commander. In this he reviewed the terms of the armistice signed at Mudros: "The Allies have the right to occupy any strategic point which affects their security in case of disorder. . . . In the event of massacres in any of the seven *vilayets*, the Allies reserve the right to occupy that part." Sabri Bey pointed out that since there had been neither disorder nor massacre, the occupation of Aintab was not acceptable; hence he requested the French to leave.<sup>9</sup>

After the review of Indian lancers on 4 November, I was asked to photograph a group of officers, both English and French, and two

Turkish officials. At that time one of the English officers engaged me in conversation and learned that I was scheduled to go to Marash within a month. "You are not going to stay there, are you?" he asked.

"Yes, for the next six months at least," I replied.

"Let me advise you—don't go! There will be fighting. We have released our Turkish prisoners and they have been armed. They are preparing to fight the French!"

Dr. Mabel Elliott, physician in charge of the NER hospital at Marash, received a similar warning in Aleppo. She and a friend, Miss Morgan, were preparing to return to Marash. A British officer whom she knew well "went so far as to say that if [she] were his sister he would keep [her] out of Marash by force." Others, both American and British, advised her, "Don't go back to Marash. Don't leave the railroad!"<sup>10</sup> On their return to Marash—for they never questioned their responsibilities—they met the British garrison departing from Marash to Aintab and were invited to stand beside Colonel Rowecroft at the review of troops.

A few days later, while returning to Aleppo, I passed the ten-mile-long column of British forces. An English officer had estimated that the journey to Beirut would require twenty-six days, and still they had to go on to Egypt. Between Aleppo and Killis we met French troops, units of the 156th Division headed for Aintab. Only a day earlier one of the NER trucks passing over the same course had been fired on three times. Turkish Nationalist guerrillas, the *chété*, were beginning their attacks on French supply columns, and they were unable to distinguish American from French vehicles.

## PART TWO

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### THE MARASH REBELLION

## CHAPTER NINE

### THE FRENCH OCCUPATION OF MARASH

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When General Crawford, commander of the British forces at Marash, was notified that his troops were to be withdrawn at the end of October, he passed this information on to the Reverend Aram Baghdikian, president of the Armenian National Union. This body was composed of representatives from each of the three Armenian religious communities—Armenian Apostolic, Roman Catholic, and the Evangelical (Protestant) churches—each recognized by the Ottoman government as a legal *millet*. At that time, according to the Reverend Baghdikian, Marash was encircled by Turkish *chété* (“bands” of armed irregulars) numbering from twenty-five to thirty thousand men. The Union leaders decided to send a delegation to Adana to urge the French administrative officer that French troops should be sent before the British forces were evacuated in order to insure the safety of the Christian population. The roads were already unsafe, but Chairman Baghdikian, accompanied by Mihran Damadian, made the journey and presented his request to Col. Edouard Brémond.<sup>1</sup>

Independently the Armenian Catholic bishop Avedis Arpiarian, warned of the withdrawal by an English colonel whose wife was Catholic, decided to carry an appeal for protection of the Christian population directly to the high commissioner in Beirut. He left Marash the next morning by carriage, accompanied by his colleague the Reverend Pascal Maljian. They were received graciously in Beirut by High Commissioner Georges-Picot who agreed that a French force should occupy Marash before the British withdrew and instructed General Dufieux accordingly. The Reverend Maljian reports that an advance guard of twelve to twenty officers with an armed escort entered Marash on motor cycles.<sup>2</sup>

Colonel de Piépapé supervised the entry of French contingents into Marash, Aintab, and Urfa. The advance guard was a single company of two hundred men under the command of a captain.<sup>3</sup> As mentioned earlier, the senior commanders of the British and French forces, General Weir and Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie, had come to Marash to attend the formal ceremony of the transfer of authority to French hands. Lieutenant Colonel Abadie records that the Marash contingent included Captain de Fouquet's Fifth Company of the 412th Infantry Regiment, the First Battalion of the Armenian Legion, and a squadron of Algerian cavalry.<sup>4</sup>

According to the official Turkish account, the first contingent of French forces arrived on 29 October and "on the following day Marash was occupied by a company of the 42nd French infantry, a battalion of the Armenian Legion of the Orient, and a detachment of Algerian cavalry. These numbered approximately four hundred Armenians, one hundred fifty French and Algerians."<sup>5</sup>

An Armenian resident of Marash, Nishan Saatjian describes the arrival of the Armenian legionnaires.

Finally in October two French detachments arrived at Marash. There were two companies of the Armenian Legion with pointed caps and shining eyes, happy to greet the native Armenians on Cilician soil. Our joy and enthusiasm reached a peak, and the souls of our martyred brothers and sisters were flickering around us. These were happy days, to end too soon! <sup>6</sup>

The Turkish description of the same event is of interest.

The Armenians went out to meet the French with a display even greater than they had given the British, with a band and a bouquet of flowers. "Damn the Sultan! Damn the Turks! Long live the French and the Armenians," they were yelling. By their actions the Armenians were showing their gratitude to the French, who—they thought—were bringing their independence. The British, after turning Marash over to the French, all departed from Marash.<sup>7</sup>

Within two days after the French occupation, a telegram signed by eleven of the leading Turkish citizens of Marash was addressed to the commander of French forces at Aintab (the Marash detachment being subsidiary to the Aintab headquarters). The telegram stated that during eight months of British occupation no incident had occurred to offend Muslim feelings, religious or national. The Muslims had no objections to a French occupation, since they recognized the traditional justice and civilization of the French. However, the majority of the

new troops were Armenian, not French. And these Armenians, natives of the region "from the moment of their arrival had shown nothing but hatred for the Muslims." The telegram continued with details of abuse and insult, stating that in spite of protests to the French commander, such incidents continued to take place.<sup>8</sup>

The Armenians deny these charges. Pierre Redan suggests that since "the only attitude permitted the Christians in the past had been that of the bowed head," it was inevitable that the Turks would resent the attitude of the legionnaires, which was no longer one of subservience.<sup>9</sup>

When one considers that the recruitment of the Armenian Legion began at Port Said where the survivors of the Musa Dagħ battle had been housed, and that motivation for joining the French forces must have been revenge for the cruel deportation and massacres,<sup>10</sup> it would seem inevitable that clashes between some members of the legion and the Turks would take place. With the "souls of martyred brothers and sisters flickering around them" restraint could hardly be expected of every legionnaire, especially when faced with the contemptuous epithet *gavur*, or "infidel," which every Christian in Turkey at one time or another experiences.

An example of misbehavior on the part of legionnaires is given by the Turkish military historian Saral.

On 31 October Armenian volunteers were escorting French soldiers through the market in *Uzunoluk* ("the long street") and seeing some women coming out of a bathhouse tore off their veils. Two Turks who tried to protect the women were wounded. At this juncture an old man known as the "milkman Imam" shot several of the guilty Armenians and disappeared.<sup>11</sup>

An Armenian resident of Marash, discussing the causes of conflict between the Christians and Muslims, related to me another version of the same incident, without being aware of the Turkish account. An Armenian *rakiji* (one who distills a liqueur flavored with anise) was honoring the newly arrived legionnaires with gifts of his product. One of them, intoxicated by several samples of the *raki*, tore the veil from a Moslem woman coming from the bath. In the commotion which followed someone shot and killed an innocent legionnaire—not the guilty one.<sup>12</sup>

The major conflict between the Turks on one side and the French with their Armenian protégés was, however, not the result of incidents between members of the two groups; it had already been scheduled by the leaders of the Turkish Nationalist movement. The presence of an Armenian battalion, representing nearly three-quarters of the initial

French detachment, merely served to crystalize public sentiment among the Turks by creating fear that Cilicia might be ruled by the Armenians.

The Reverend Pascal Maljian recorded an episode which illustrates the animosities existing at that time between Muslims and Christians:

One Sunday in the autumn after Mass, Mr. Hovnan sent for me, asking that I submit a list of volunteers to be presented to the French commander. On my way someone threw a large jagged stone from a window to fell me. Fortunately the stone did no more than cut a deep gash in my right cheek, which required several sutures. The entire city was disturbed. Captain Joly—chief of the detachment of more than one hundred soldiers quartered at the Armenian Catholic Church—without considering the Muslim law sent fifteen soldiers to search for the criminal. A boy of fifteen or sixteen years was arrested and submitted almost to torture at the bishopric.

That same evening about 9:00 P.M.—my face bandaged—I was at the bishopric chatting with Captain Joly about this incident when we heard an explosion. It shook our stone building. The captain immediately sent soldiers to investigate. The explosion had taken place at a café where Turkish notables were accustomed to gather in the evening and discuss the events of the day. The café was only twenty-five paces from the spot where someone had made the attempt on my life, and where my blood had been spilled.

Hovnan Pasha had summoned several of the new Armenian recruits and demanded that my blood should not be allowed to dry without being avenged on that very Sunday afternoon. A young man, whose name I was never able to learn, had volunteered. He went there with his rifle and hid behind the trees in front of the café, which was illuminated by a Lux kerosene pressure lamp. He fired at the lamp, and taking advantage of the confusion when it flared up, tossed a German hand grenade into the café. The explosion wounded some twenty of the Turkish notables and killed another twenty.

On the following day four of the survivors brought to the French commander an accusation against me. My name remains in their annals as the "bomb-carrying priest," but Captain Joly was able to prove that he had been with me in my salon at the time of the explosion.<sup>13</sup>

## CHAPTER TEN

### PREPARATIONS FOR CONFLICT

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#### The Turkish Nationalist Movement

After the defeat of Ottoman forces in Palestine and the signing of the armistice, Mustafa Kemal Pasha alone among the Turkish leaders was determined to resist occupation of Anatolia, the Turkish homeland. An Allied fleet lay in the Golden Horn, and Allied troops occupied the capital. Mustafa Kemal, commander of the Seventh Army, asked for an appointment to Anatolia and was made inspector general of the Third and Ninth Armies with unusual powers intended to facilitate the restoration of order. Only a few of his friends knew that his purpose was to lead a national revolutionary army against the forces of foreign powers which had occupied his country. The Greeks had landed at Smyrna only four days before he reached the Black Sea port of Samsun on 19 May 1919. The Italians had occupied Adalia on the southern coast of Anatolia, while British and French troops were occupying several cities in Cilicia.<sup>1</sup>

Mustafa Kemal decided to move inland from Samsun in order to avoid observation by the British detachments stationed on the Black Sea coast. Within a month he had established his first resistance cell at Amasya, and there on 21 June he and three friends (one of them the former minister of marine affairs, Hussein Rauf Bey) signed a sacred alliance declaring their intention to resist occupation or annexation of any part of Anatolia by foreign powers and to create a national government independent of that in Constantinople which, under Allied control, was incapable of representing the will of the people.<sup>2</sup>

In order to test the reaction of the public to their program, the four who had signed the declaration of independence arranged to have Kiazim Karabekir Pasha who had been second in command to Kemal



on the Caucasian front, and was now commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps, to summon delegates from the eastern provinces to a conference at Erzerum late in July.

Since Kemal Pasha was openly disregarding orders from his government in Constantinople, his colleagues urged him to resign his military commission before attending the conference. This he did reluctantly. At the same time the expected notice of dismissal arrived, and the district governors were notified to ignore any further orders from him.

At Erzerum the delegates elected Mustafa Kemal chairman of the congress and proceeded to draw up a National Pact. This historic document affirmed the right of the Turkish nation to an independent existence—a right which was then threatened by three foreign powers—and the determination to resist any change in the frontiers of the homeland occupied by a Turkish-speaking majority. Non-Turkish minorities were to have no special privileges. The pact also announced the intention to form a provisional government composed of representatives elected by the people.<sup>3</sup>

When news of the Erzerum Congress reached Constantinople an order was sent to Kiazim Karabekir for the arrest of Kemal Pasha and his colleague Rauf Bey, but Kiazaim himself was an enthusiastic supporter of Kemal and his revolutionary plans and took no action.<sup>4</sup>

The next step was to assemble delegates from every area in Anatolia free of coercion by the sultan's government or by foreign powers in order to create the representative government demanded by the Erzerum Congress. The delegates were called to Sivas for another congress to be held 4–13 September 1919. Again Mustafa Kemal was elected chairman. The National Pact proposed at Erzerum, and strengthened by certain amendments was confirmed, and a representative committee was established to serve as a provisional government with Mustafa Kemal as its chairman.<sup>5</sup>

Confident that he had the support of the Turkish people, Kemal Pasha directed a barrage of telegrams from every corner of Anatolia to the government in Constantinople demanding the overthrow of the cabinet and the election of a new parliament. The grand vizier was unable to persuade the British and French officers stationed in Constantinople to support a campaign against the Nationalists, and finally the sultan yielded to Kemal's demands.

Within a month after the Sivas congress, the cabinet had resigned, and within two months a new parliament had been elected, with representatives from Kemal Pasha's group included.<sup>6</sup>

In Marash a number of officials were cautious and continued to

turn to the sultan's government in Constantinople rather than to Kemal Pasha. Soon after the arrival of French troops at Aintab, Urfa, and Marash, Mustafa Kemal telegraphed to the officials in these cities urging that they let Europe and America hear their protests over this intrusion.<sup>7</sup>

Dr. Mustafa was one of the most active of the younger Turkish leaders in Marash. Educated at the Imperial Military College of Medicine in Constantinople, he had practiced medicine first in Damascus, then in his native city, Marash, and soon found himself included among the Young Turk leaders. His brother Lutfi, trained as a pharmacist, was also a member of this group. After the exchange of troops and the French occupation on 29 October Dr. Mustafa, together with some friends, went to Albustan north of Marash where he could use the telegraph system without interference by the French censor. In this way he established contact with Mustafa Kemal and made arrangements for the organization of a National force in the Marash-Albustan area and for the stocking of arms and ammunition.

At midnight on 27 November 1919 a group of Turkish patriots gathered secretly at the home of Vezir-oghlu Mehmet to organize resistance to the French occupation. They elected a committee of eight, and the members took the following oath: "For the security of our Nation we swear to Allah to sacrifice our lives; and to punish by death—even if it should be our brothers—any treachery made against our organization; and to guard all secrets."<sup>8</sup>

In time this commission expanded its membership to thirty-five. At the same time another committee was being organized in the Shekerli and Hatuniyé sections of Marash. Realizing that one large organization might be discovered by the French, the group decided to have ten branches, each representing a separate district, and no one of these knew the names of members in any other group nor their activities. The chairman of the ten subcommittees formed a separate central committee which met in the Ulu Jami school. In this way the Committee for the Defense of Rights was established at Marash. Representatives were sent to all surrounding villages to establish branches of this organization. This permitted a census to be made of available manpower together with the number of rifles and the supply of ammunition in each village.

The fighting men in every village were organized in squads, each having its sergeant and two corporals who had had experience in the Turkish army. These squads were combined—four of them into a company—under the command of a veteran officer from the reserve

corps. Maps were prepared indicating routes to be used between various points. Thus a system of communication for intelligence purposes was created.

Mustafa Kemal's Third Army Corps in Anatolia was engaged in the defense of the area bordering the Black Sea against *Pontus* ("Greek") bands, hence it could offer no regular troops to take part in the attempt to oust the French. However, a message from the commander of the corps stated that certain officers could be released "on leave" for leadership in the Marash area. Among those who came to Marash was the Kurdish officer Kuluj Ali, companion and friend of Mustafa Kemal Pasha.<sup>9</sup>

### Armenian Preparations for Defense

During the period of British occupation the Armenian leaders in Marash became concerned with the failure of the commanding officer to protect their compatriots in the outlying villages. The peasants had already suffered losses far greater than those of the Marash people, for out of a prewar population of fifty-six thousand villagers, only two thousand had returned from exile.<sup>10</sup> Kishifli, a village which I had visited several months earlier on a hunting trip, had been destroyed in 1915, rebuilt in 1919, and now again was threatened by armed bands of Kurdish and Turkish irregulars. The villagers feared to work in their vineyards. The French military detachment which occupied Marash was far too small to be scattered in the villages, but in spite of this the commander refused to arm the peasants.

The Turkish military historian Saral states that the French recruited Armenians from the civil population of Marash and armed them, and that they could be seen drilling on the parade grounds of the barracks.<sup>11</sup> This is confirmed by the Reverend Pascal Maljian, who reported that a group of the local Armenians had been organized secretly to serve as volunteers and had received arms from the French commander.<sup>12</sup> Under the direction of Setrak Kherlakian, formerly a major in the Ottoman army, these volunteers were divided into seven groups and assigned to various quarters of the city for defense of the Christian population. Each week the district commanders met with a sympathetic French officer who acted as adviser in the plans for defense. Among the district commanders was a graduate of the Turkish academy in Constantinople, Avedis Seferian, who was destined soon

to be engaged in a death struggle with his Muslim neighbor, Evliy  Efendi. Since the latter has been cited for several exploits by the Turkish historian, Seferian's colorful background also deserves mention.

On his graduation from the military academy Seferian was honored by the Turkish minister of war, Enver Pasha, but on the same day was charged with treason because of activity in the Hunchak revolutionary society. He was sentenced to death by the court martial in Marash. Thanks to the intervention of influential relatives, he had escaped the hangman and found employment on the Baghdad Railway under an assumed Turkish name, only to be caught in the Ayran and Intilli deportations. From this he had escaped and settled in Damascus. Assured by the Franco-British promises of protection for repatriated Armenians, he had returned to Marash. There the Armenian committee for defense assigned him to command a group of volunteers in the zone in which he lived, between the citadel and the *konak* in the northwestern area known as the Koulagi Kourtlou Quarter. Across the street from his home lived the Muslim family of the lawyer Evliy , nephew of the Sheikh-ul-Islam.<sup>13</sup> The Turks were also organized for resistance to the French occupation, and Evliy  Efendi commanded the Turkish volunteers in his quarter.

The problem of Armenian defense was complicated by the fact that the Christians were not segregated in separate quarters. Further, the French authorities had supplied arms only to the few volunteers in training and not to the general public, with the result that fewer than two hundred rifles were found in the hands of the Armenians at the end of the conflict. The Turks, on the other hand, had access to the army rifles stocked by direction of Mustafa Kemal at the time of the armistice, and kept under seal by the local gendarmerie.

## The Flag Incident

Serious trouble between the Turks of Marash and the French forces of occupation developed over the question of civil administration. During the British occupation, the Turkish administration had been allowed to function without interference, but Georges-Picot, the high commissioner of France, ordered that the civil government of the Eastern Territory be placed under French control. This order was repeated by General Dufieux, who temporarily replaced General

Gouraud. But undoubtedly the policy had been initiated in Paris. Colonel Brémond, governor of the area, aware of the resentment which such a move would create among the Turks, responded that he was leaving to his subordinates in various localities the decision as to when the order should be implemented, since he did not have the force necessary to exact obedience in case of resistance.<sup>14</sup>

Meanwhile certain Turkish citizens of Marash who were loyal to the sultan had become disturbed over the rapid development of the Nationalist revolutionary movement. Among these were Bayazid Zadé (a descendant of the ancient Kurdish feudal lords of Cilicia) and other Kurdish, Circassian, and Kizilbach leaders. In order to oppose the Kemalist movement they telegraphed Colonel Brémond in Adana asking that the civil affairs of Marash be placed under French administrative control. The *sanjak* of Marash had already been included by the High Commissioner in the area assigned to Captain André as civil governor.<sup>15</sup>

Before the war André had been a student of Near Eastern languages and of Islam. Almost alone, with no French troops, he had gained the loyalty of the Turkish population and officers of the gendarmerie at his headquarters in Osmaniye. His reputation as an able administrator had reached Marash.

Captain André arrived in Marash on 24 November escorted by one hundred fifty of his own gendarmes, most of them Muslim. He was escorted to the *konak* by Bayazid Zadé, and there was introduced to the *mutasarrif* and other officials. That night a sumptuous reception was held in his honor at the home of Bayazid Zadé.<sup>16</sup>

Among the most influential families among the Armenians of Marash were the Kherlakians. They had adopted French culture, were Catholic, and had become wealthy through service as contractors for the sultan's government. Hagop Agha, the senior member of the family, and his brother Kevork Agha had been invited by the sultan Abdul Hamid to his palace and there had been decorated and showered with gifts. Captain André soon became a guest at the Kherlakian residence, where he met two attractive granddaughters of Hagop Agha, Helene, Hovsep's daughter, and Victoire, Setrak Efendi's daughter.

An amusing account of Captain André's social life is found in the official *Turkish War of Independence*. One evening after dinner with the Kherlakian family, Captain André suggested to one of the young ladies—presumably Helene, since Victoire was then only ten years of age—that they should dance.

"I don't like to dance in a city where there are no flags—neither French nor Armenian flags!" she replied.

On the morning of Friday 28 November the Turkish lawyer Mehmet Ali, whose window faced the nearby citadel, was astonished to see the French flag flying in place of the Turkish emblem on the citadel's tower. He sat down and wrote an emotional appeal to his fellow Muslims: "It is worthwhile that a little Turkish blood be shed to correct this insult!" He placed copies of this appeal in conspicuous places in the Ulu Jami, or "Great Mosque," to which the Muslims were already coming for the Friday prayers. The assembled crowd of more than a thousand agreed that there would be no prayers until the Turkish flag was replaced.

Silently the men began climbing the steep path to the gate of the citadel which had been formerly guarded by the stone lion of Marash. They overpowered the guards on duty, tore down the French flag, and hoisted the Turkish banner in its place. At this the Muslim population, watching from the rooftops, broke out into cheers. Some of the crowd went to the *konak* and asked that the *mutasarrif* should come to his office. There Ata Bey met with Captain André. During the interview the captain's interpreter, Vahé Khoubesserian, was heard saying to the Captain, "What a fuss to make over a piece of cloth!" According to the Turkish historian, this remark nearly cost the interpreter his life.<sup>17</sup>

Redan denies that the French flag was ever flown from the citadel tower, since this would have been contrary to military custom.<sup>18</sup> He states that on Friday at midday, Dr. Mustafa with a band of horsemen numbering about twenty galloped up to the unoccupied citadel and hoisted both the Turkish flag and the green religious emblem, or *tekke*. Then they disappeared, firing their rifles in the air and creating a panic in the city. A mob poured into the streets. The pro-French Bayazid Zadé was insulted and threatened with death. An eighty-year-old professor of theology, Dayyi Zadé Imam, who that morning had preached obedience to the French, was dragged by the beard in the mud.<sup>19</sup>

Captain André telegraphed to the commander of the Aintab-Marash Circle, Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie, asking for military reinforcements. The colonel replied, asking André to come to Aintab. On 30 November the captain and his aide left Marash on horse, never to return. The importance of the flag incident was that the Turks had defied French authority with impunity.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

### ASSIGNMENT TO MARASH

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On the Sunday that ended Captain André's governorship at Marash, Dr. Marion C. Wilson, the Near East Relief surgeon at Marash, and Paul Snyder, his quartermaster, came to Aleppo for supplies and personnel. The NER director in Marash and Miss Adeline Pears, a laboratory technician, had already departed from Marash, and Dr. Wilson was assigned to the vacant directorship. He had volunteered for service in Turkey as a surgeon, and he was not happy to find himself inheriting administrative work. Dr. Robert A. Lambert, the area director, attempted to solve this problem by assigning me to Marash as both administrative assistant to Dr. Wilson and replacement for Miss Pears.

Dr. Lambert, wishing to inspect the NER work in Marash, joined us for the trip. We spent the first night at Aintab. That same evening Captain André was in Aintab consulting with Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie about the precarious situation in Marash.

The next morning we proceeded through mountainous country toward Marash. As far as Aintab the country had offered little of interest or beauty, but now as we rounded a hill a breath-taking panorama of the northern end of the Amanus range opened before us some twenty miles westward. At the village of Karabiyikli ("Black Moustache") we found the entire population at the roadside, curious to see what foreigners were traveling by automobile—a rare sight since the British departure.

From Karabiyikli the road descended steeply through gorges to the plain of the Ak Su, or "White River," passing near the village of Pazarjik which already—unknown to us at the time—was becoming a center for the organization of the Turkish guerrillas. The old stone bridge over the Ak Su had been destroyed by the Marash Turks when

British forces first occupied Aintab in January, but Indian engineers had quickly laid down a wooden structure over which we passed.

Beyond the river, twelve miles distant, lay Marash at the foot of Akhyr Dag, embraced on either side by ridges in the shape of a horse-shoe open to the plain south of the city. In the midst of the city and dominating it rose the ancient Hittite citadel, capped with a walled enclosure which from time immemorial had served as a fortress. Here at the entrance had stood the basalt figure of the Marash lion, covered with undeciphered Hittite characters.

We entered the city at the Shahadié Gate, creating a panic in the narrow bazaars which were barely wide enough to accommodate the Reo truck for pedestrians had to press against the walls of the shops to let even loaded camels pass. In these bazaars were the workshops of artisans: the *kazanjilar* beating sheet copper into trays and pots, all confined to one area; shoemakers displaying the colorful and unique boots with the toe curved to a point, identical to the footwear on representations of Hittite figures. Goldsmiths here had made the city famous as early as the seventh century B.C., as shown by the silver vase mounted on a gold lion, now displayed in the British Museum.<sup>1</sup>

In 1920 the artisans were all Armenian. The Turks engaged in commerce, land development, and in civil administration.

A remarkable feature of Marash was the water supply. From three sources in the hills above the city an abundant supply of pure water rushed through the various quarters. The western branch (Sheker Deré) and the central one (Ak Deré) joined the eastern Kanli Deré ("the Bloody Stream") to emerge as one river. From these branches water was channeled into the houses. I was not able to determine in what manner waste from the houses was disposed of. Certainly this wonderful supply of water suffices to explain the existence of Marash from the dawn of history.

We crossed the bridge over the Kanli Deré, passed the German Hospital, and drove up the hill to the lower gate of the Girl's College of the American Board of Missions. We walked through the seminary compound—guarded by French sentries, for the French commander had taken the seminary for his headquarters—and entered a third compound. In this were two buildings erected as residences for the missionaries. The first of these was now the headquarters office for NER, with sleeping quarters above. I was assigned to a room adjacent to others for Paul Snyder and the Reverend James K. Lyman, who was the sole male member of the mission. Next-door was the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Wilson. The Wilsons generously shared their home



and meals with unattached male members of NER, such as Snyder and myself. The Wilsons were happy, of course, to have Dr. Lambert as a guest. Another guest was Dr. C. F. H. Crathern, who had come to open a branch of the YMCA in Marash. He was waiting for the arrival of an associate, Frank S. Johnson, for this post.

That evening at dinner Dr. Wilson suggested to Snyder that he take Dr. Lambert and me on a tour of the orphanages the next morning. During the afternoon he would show us the medical facilities. Escorted by Paul, we crossed the city to a hill in the Kumbet quarter where the German Hilfsbund Mission—undoubtedly stimulated by the great massacre of 1895—had erected an orphanage for boys in 1898 and named it Beitshalom, “the House of Peace.” There we found some four hundred boys under the care of an able staff of Armenian teachers headed by Miss Frances Buckley, an American Red Cross nurse. She was assisted by Maria Timm, the only remaining member of the Hilfsbund Mission. She, too, was a trained nurse. The affection given her by the boys was shown by the name they had given her—*Tanta Maria*.

The Beitshalom boys received a good elementary education. A few of the teachers had been trained in Germany, while the others were recruited from the local Boys’ Academy or the Girls’ College. The first German director, Herr Speaker, had the foresight to provide the orphanage with the equipment required for vocational training: looms for weaving, tools for shoemaking, equipment for carpentry, and so on. Thus many of the needs of the orphanage were supplied by the boys themselves. An outfit for fighting fire, a hand-operated pump and fire hose, was one of the orphanage’s prized possessions.

The same German mission had likewise established an orphanage for girls, Bethel, which we visited next. It was located immediately adjacent to and below the Wilson house; only a stone wall separated the girls from our compound. The organization was similar to that of Beitshalom, except that there were no foreign staff members and the vocational training program was geared to prepare the girls as homemakers.

The massacres of 1895 had aroused the sympathy of the English population as well as that of the German, and two other orphanages had been established by an English mission in 1898: Ebenezer for boys, and Beulah for girls, under the direction of Miss Salmond, who in 1920 was still in Marash, an invalid. At Ebenezer, too, the boys were taught the skills of various trades, including baking. The Ebenezer

bakery supplied all of the orphanages and the mission and NER staffs with bread.

Near East Relief had assumed the responsibility for the administration and financing of all four of these orphanages and had added a fifth, the Acorne Orphanage, commemorating the earlier name of our organization, the American Committee for Relief in the Near East. Altogether the orphans in the five institutions numbered about fourteen hundred.

The Ebenezer shops for vocational training also became the nucleus for a program of industrial work among the sixteen thousand Armenians who had returned from exile within recent months, most of them destitute and undernourished. Rather than hand out cash for relief, NER offered work. In order to obtain the maximum opportunity for labor, the manufacture of clothing started with the basic materials, raw cotton, and wool as it came off the sheep. Thus the steps of washing, combing, spinning, dyeing, weaving, and sewing employed many men and women. The products, clothing, mattresses, and *yorgans* ("quilts"), were distributed to the needy or sold in the market. Each phase of the industrial work was directed by Armenian *ustas*, or "masters of their trades."

During this tour of NER activities I met two other members of our staff, Evelyn Trostle and Minnie Dougherty, each of them busy supervising certain phases of the industrial work and distributing the products of that activity.

During the afternoon Dr. Lambert and I visited the German Hospital. The Hilfsbund Mission which had built Beitshalom and Bethel orphanages had also erected a fine hospital below the American Mission buildings. When the British forces occupied Marash the Germans transferred this institution to the Americans and returned to their country. The hospital was under the direction of Dr. Mabel Elliott, whose story of events in Marash reveals her sensitivity of spirit and the warm relationship she developed with the Armenian doctors and nurses and with the British and French officers.<sup>2</sup> Among the important staff members was Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazarian, known to his friends as Dr. Artin, a surgeon trained at the American Medical School of the Syrian Protestant College in Beirut. Mrs. Mabel Power directed the nursing service at the hospital. Stepan Chorbajian, graduate of the Syrian Protestant College's School of Pharmacy, was pharmacist, assisted by Luther Orchanian, who had served the Turkish army in that capacity for several years.

We called also at the Children's Hospital, directed by Miss Helen Shultz, a nurse. This institution (the importance of which will appear later) was located in the seminary compound, adjacent to the headquarters of the French commander.

One other small institution, the NER Rescue Home, housed young women who had been taken into Arab or Turkish homes during the period of exile and later released by order of the Allied commanders and of emir Feisal. Here, in the center of the city near the First Evangelical Church, lived eighty young women with Mrs. Gohar Shamlan, who served as matron.

The financing of all these activities became my responsibility. The funds, raised in the United States, came by way of Aleppo, and I soon learned that the simplest and safest method for obtaining cash was the sale of drafts on the Aleppo office. At this time the roads were unsafe for travelers, owing to the bands of guerrillas as well as deserters who had to live off the land, hence the Marash merchants competed for my drafts which could be cashed for Turkish gold in Aleppo and converted to merchandise in that great trade center.

On his departure Dr. Lambert reminded me of the urgency for an inventory of the orphan children such as I had made at Aintab. He entrusted the fine Graflex camera to my care, together with an ample supply of film, developer, and photographic paper. Paul was an enthusiastic camera fan and helped prepare a darkroom. Together we photographed the children, obtained the history of each one, and within a week completed the development of film and printing of group photographs.

Mr. Lyman took me to the campus of the Girls' College to introduce his colleagues of the American Board of Foreign Missions to me: Miss Ellen Blakely, head of the college, and the other American teachers, Bessie Hardy, Kate Ainslie, and Inez Lied.

Lyman had survived eight years in Marash, and these included the five harrowing years of war. He had learned the need for relaxation. Finding Paul and me together one Saturday morning, he said, "Would you like to join me hunting partridge this afternoon?" He was carrying a beautiful double-barreled shotgun made in France of Damascus steel—a gun left behind when the French consul Eddé fled from Marash at the outbreak of war in 1914. Nothing could have pleased us more. Between the Mission compounds and Akhyr Dagh was a barren plateau into which deep ravines had been cut by erosion. A variety of partridge known as the Anatolian rock pigeon assembled in large coveys near the ravines. They knew the range of a shotgun,

for the moment we approached the effective range they took off to the far side of the ravine. The partridge suffered few casualties, for we had only one shotgun. Within two months this area was to be raked with machine-gun and rifle fire, and we were to become the targets! During such expeditions as these Mr. Lyman gave us a good account of recent events and the problems which faced the population of Marash.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

### HARASSMENT OF THE FRENCH

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The Turkish defiance of French authority during the flag incident alerted the French command to the fact that their military forces in the outlying districts were entirely inadequate. Colonel Brémond had foreseen this when he warned the high commissioner that it would not be wise to displace the Turkish civil administration so long as the French lacked the force needed to insure obedience.<sup>1</sup> When Captain André appealed to Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie to reinforce the Marash garrison, the Aintab commander replied that his own troops were already too weak. It was important that the area commander should receive a firsthand report of the situation in Marash, hence the colonel sent Captain André on to Adana, knowing that General Dufieux was on his way there from Beirut, where he had served temporarily as high commissioner pending the arrival of General Gouraud.

The troops at General Dufieux's disposal included his own Blue Horizon (the 156th) Division of African troops, and the equally famous 412th Infantry Regiment, veterans of Verdun, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Thibault. The Fifth Company of this regiment was already in Marash, having formed part of the force which replaced the British troops late in October. General Dufieux decided to reinforce the Marash garrison by sending the Third Battalion of the 412th Regiment commanded by Major Roze des Ordon, and a battery of 65 mm. mountain guns. At the same time he reinforced the Aintab garrison by transferring Captain de Fouquet's Fifth Company there from Marash. This move was made on 21 December. When these troops crossed the Ak Su and began to climb the mountain road to Karabiyikli, they were ambushed in a defile known as the Gavur, or

"Infidel," Pass. This was the first clash between the Nationalist irregulars (*chété*) and the French forces.

The troops assigned to Marash moved by rail to Islahiye, the station nearest Marash. There Major Roze des Ordon set out on the three-day journey northward, leading his battalion of French infantry and artillery. Snow fell heavily with the result that the guns and carts were repeatedly mired and had to be extricated by the men. They reached Marash, exhausted, on 23 December.

On Christmas Eve another detachment of the 412th Regiment reached Marash by way of Aintab. It was the Tenth Company of infantry and the Third Machine Gun Company. The new troops were assigned various churches in the city as barracks, and the cavalry was quartered at the German Farm, which the Hilfsbund Mission had established. It was intensely cold.<sup>2</sup>

A cordial relationship between the French and American personnel was established on Christmas Eve during a dinner to which we invited the newly arrived officers. Later Major Roze des Ordon, the senior officer, came frequently to call on the Wilsons. Since he spoke no English and the Wilsons no French, the officer brought along an interpreter but was embarrassed to discover that he, too, knew no English! This difficulty was overcome when we discovered German as an intermediate. The interpreter converted French conversation to German, which I rendered into English. Thus we were kept informed of the political developments.

Another visitor who came frequently was a prominent Turk on whom Dr. Wilson had operated successfully after Turkish physicians had ruled that nothing could be done to save him. This grateful patient found Sunday noon a convenient time to call, thus benefitting from the food provided by Mrs. Wilson's able kitchen staff.

Although the 412th Regiment had possessed a set of the equipment required for wireless communication, this had not been forwarded from Beirut, with the result that the Marash commander could communicate with his superiors in Aintab and Adana only by means of the Turkish telephone and telegraph systems, or by courier.<sup>3</sup> Raphael Kherlakian, closely associated with the commander of the Aintab-Marash Circle as his aide and interpreter, reports that Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie telegraphed to his superiors asking for the installation of wireless equipment but received no answer.<sup>4</sup>

A few days after Christmas Major Roze des Ordon sent a courier escorted by Spahi cavalymen to Islahiye with a confidential report for General Dufieux, for he dared not entrust such messages to the

Turkish communications systems. The courier and his escort fell into an ambush near Islahiyé, and all were killed.<sup>5</sup> This was the first payment for the failure of the staff officers in Beirut to forward the wireless equipment.

Angered by the attack on the courier and the loss of his Spahis, General Dufieux moved to clear out the bandits, as the French had designated the guerrilla fighters, on the road between Islahiyé and Marash. On 2 January he assigned Major Corneloup of the Seventeenth Senegalese Regiment to the command of a detachment composed of the Second Company of the 412th Infantry Regiment, a company of the Armenian legionnaires, and two sections of machine gunners, and commissioned him to seek out and destroy the *chété* who had ambushed the patrol.<sup>6</sup> The general had underestimated the enemy strength and leadership. In the neighborhood of Sarilar, on the road between Islahiyé and Marash, the French force was caught in an ambush and suffered seven killed and twenty-one wounded.<sup>7</sup> For three days the French were boxed in at El Oghlou but finally disengaged themselves and reached Marash on 10 January. Meanwhile Major Corneloup dealt very harshly with the villagers of El Oghlou.<sup>8</sup>

The official Turkish report deals with this engagement in considerable detail. Captain Kuluj Ali, on leave from his regular command, had established his headquarters at Pazarjik, near the bridge over the Ak Su, and was directing the activities of the Nationalist forces. According to this report the French commander at Marash on 5 January sent a detachment of one hundred men with two cannon and some machine guns to meet Major Corneloup's force coming from Islahiyé. A Turkish force of sixty men commanded by Muallim Hayrulla prepared an ambush at the village of Killi, near El Oghlou, and surprised the Marash detachment, taking thirty prisoners. Two days later Hayrulla's men ambushed Major Corneloup's battalion five miles southwest of El Oghlou, near Jejeli. In retaliation the French destroyed Jejeli and its animals and food supplies. Although the French were superior in strength, several units of the Turkish Nationalists joined an effort to bar their advance toward El Oghlou.

At this point Muallim Hayrulla's men, coming from Jejeli, reached the hill of Tanish and began attacking the French vanguard. The Nationalist forces, under fire of French machine guns, found themselves in a very difficult position. In order to raise the morale of his troops—taking no precautions whatever—Hayrulla climbed a rock hill and while giving orders to his men was

wounded. He died shortly after being carried to Marash. Faced with this situation the Nationalist forces under his command were forced to fall back.<sup>9</sup>

In Marash we could hear the thud of distant cannon fire as the French besieged at El Oghlou defended themselves. The Turks in the city were excited, and the Armenians began burying whatever treasures they possessed.

A new French commander, General Quérette, had been appointed to command the 311th Brigade of troops quartered in the Eastern Territory and established his headquarters in Aintab. Thus the garrisons of Aintab, Urfa, and Marash came under his command while he himself was responsible to the divisional commander in Adana, General Dufieux. General Quérette had spent the major part of the Great War as a prisoner of the Germans.

When General Dufieux learned from a Kurdish chief that Major Corneloup had been attacked by Turkish *chété* near El Oghlou, he ordered General Quérette to transfer his headquarters to Marash, which appeared to be the center of revolt. This transfer was made on 13 January.<sup>10</sup>

Today the Turks of Marash tell how the general came through the streets of the city on horseback with an escort. Noting a group of men sunning themselves against a wall, he stopped and spoke to them through an interpreter, "I have come to Marash to make peace! If you want peace, come and give me your right hand." At once an old man sprang to his feet and approached the General, his *left* hand outstretched. The General was angry and rode off.<sup>11</sup>

General Dufieux became increasingly anxious over the fate of Major Corneloup and his men, who had departed for Marash on 2 January. When a week passed with no news, he decided to send more powerful forces to rescue the missing detachment and to strengthen the Marash garrison. For this purpose he ordered two separate forces to converge on Bel Pounar—one moving west from Aintab, the other north from Islahiye. Lieutenant Colonel Thibault assembled four companies of his own veterans of Verdun, the 412th Regiment, also the Second Battalion of the Armenian Legion, and half a squadron of African Scouts. These had already reached Islahiye when word came that Corneloup had finally reached Marash, but the mission was ordered to proceed.

At the same time in Aintab Major Marty was preparing his force: the Third battalion of the Eighteenth Algerian Sharpshooters, a



squadron of Spahi cavalry, a section of 65 mm. mountain guns, and an Alpine ambulance unit—together over fourteen hundred men. They set out on 13 January for Bel Pounar. At Sakjagöz, only ten miles from Aintab, they were ambushed by *chété* concealed among the rocks. During a clash lasting more than three hours the French losses were two killed and twenty-three wounded, but they were able to reach Bel Pounar, where they waited for Thibault's column. This attack was made by a detachment from Pazarjik commanded by Karayilanoghlu. Members of the Yamak tribe near Aintab had reported the movement of the French troops to the headquarters of Captain Kuluj Ali.

Major Marty's force stopped overnight (13 January) at Araplar, requisitioning shelter and food. The Muslim inhabitants complained of insolence shown them by the Armenian legionnaires which caused them to flee to a nearby village.

The next day the French were attacked at Sarilar by two Nationalist bands who dispersed the supply column and captured the provisions and munitions. Captain Kuluj Ali's report of 16 January stated that the French losses were fifty killed, including an officer, and about the same number wounded.<sup>12</sup>

Colonel Thibault and Major Marty joined their forces and proceeded to El Oghlou, finding the village completely empty. The villagers, having just experienced the visit of Corneloup's men, feared this powerful body of troops because Major Corneloup had punished them for allowing the *chété* full reign in attacking the French column. The French signaled the village chief with a white flag, and he and a few of his men were persuaded to come out of the hills and talk with the French commander. After assurances for peaceful conduct were given by both parties, the French purchased cattle and proceeded to Marash, reaching the city without further incident on 17 January.<sup>13</sup>

The need to shelter the troops from the severe winter weather took precedence over strategic considerations, and the French command requisitioned schools and churches in various quarters of the city. General Quérétte invited Lieutenant Colonel Thibault to join him in the seminary building of the American Mission, which had ample space for living quarters as well as offices.

A short time before the arrival of the reinforcements, General Quérétte had summoned to his office Raphael Efendi Kherlakian a counselor to the French commander in Aintab. Raphael Efendi had come to Marash to marry Helene Kherlakian, his cousin, and Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie had promised to attend and serve as

best man. General Quérétte had learned from the colonel that Raphael Efendi had reversed the relationships between French and Turkish officials in Aintab from outright animosity to cordiality, hence when Flye Sainte-Marie suggested that Kherlakian attempt to reconcile the conflicting interests of the Turks, French, and Armenians in Marash, the general gave his consent.

When he arrived at Marash, Raphael Efendi went to the important Imam Bayi Zadé, carrying letters of introduction from Bulbul Hodja, the Imam of Aintab, and from the Committee for the Defense of Rights which urged peaceful cooperation with the French. The Marash Imam rejected the appeal for peaceful cooperation, stating that the Armenians should join the Turks to fight the French. Kherlakian explained to the Imam why this was impossible and suggested that tension between the Christians and Muslims could be reduced if a commission were created with representatives from the two groups. The Imam appeared to accept this suggestion.

Meanwhile General Quérétte became angered over the attacks on French forces and concerned about the loss of supplies needed in Marash. He knew that the irregular Turkish forces were led by Captain Kuluj Ali but suspected that the Turkish leaders in Marash were supporting if not actually directing the attacks. Should he take action against Kuluj Ali, or against the Nationalist leaders in Marash? It was for advice on this question that he sought an interview with Raphael Kherlakian.

Kherlakian went to the seminary and found the general waiting for him with Major Roze des Ordons, his second in command. "My impressions of the general," noted Raphael Efendi later, "were never good: silent, taciturn, melancholy, a black sadness gnawed at him. It is said that during the first days of the Great War he had fallen prisoner of the Germans. Most striking of all, together with the sudden exhibition of his will, was the subsequent paralyzing hesitation." He continued his report on the interview and described how the general, with hands in his pockets, walking up and down the salon, declared that he had received orders to liquidate the Marash affair by taking into his own hands the government of the province. When he asked Major Roze des Ordons what he thought of this, the major replied that if he were ordered to do so, he could have control of the city within a quarter of an hour. The general considered while continuing his promenade and then turned to Kherlakian, asking his opinion. Raphael Efendi remarked that all of the Turks in the city and province as well as the *chété* had been trained in the art of war by four years of

military service; that they were well armed and even prepared in every detail for a military operation. Hence under these conditions it would be wiser to wait for the arrival of the French columns en route to Marash before giving the signal to take over the city. The general accepted this suggestion. Kherlakian then urged him to arm the Armenians against the probability of an attack on them by the Turks. General Quérrette rejected this, as had Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie in Aintab, on the grounds that it was the function of the French, and theirs alone, to maintain order, and to assure the security of the Armenians.<sup>14</sup>

Raphael Kherlakian reported also the story of negotiations with a Kurdish chieftain, which demonstrates the loss of substantial help from the Kurds because of the failure of the French high command in Beirut to supply the forces in Cilicia with motor transport.

Near the village of Pazarjik, the base from which the *chété* attacked French convoys between Aintab and Marash, lived a powerful Kurdish chieftain, Tapou Agha, with whom the Kherlakian family were on good terms. Knowing that the Kurds harbored some resentment at being treated as a minority group by the Turks, Raphael Efendi sent a trusted messenger secretly to Tapou Agha with the suggestion that he might find it to his advantage to support the French rather than the Turks. Kherlakian knew that the Kurd could easily supply three to four thousand warriors, and that these could neutralize the Turkish Nationalist bands, not only at Pazarjik, but also in the entire Marash area.

Tapou Agha agreed to collaborate with the French provided that he be given the French medal of honor, recognition of his supremacy over all Kurdish tribes in the province of Marash, and the necessary arms. Finally he insisted on going to Aintab incognito in order to arrange all details of collaboration with the French commander personally. He could not do this immediately, however, because of severe rheumatism and the very cold weather.

Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie realized the importance of this alliance and sent word to the chieftain that an automobile would be waiting for him at a secluded spot near Pazarjik at a definite hour in three days. However, only *one* automobile was available to the commander at Aintab, and it had been sent to Adana for gold, to return within two days. On the morning scheduled for the meeting with Tapou Agha, Aintab headquarters received word that the car had been irreparably damaged. Tapou Agha waited in vain at the appointed hour. A messenger conveyed the colonel's apologies and explanation and

promised that a new appointment would be made soon. The colonel hoped to secure a car from NER, but the director was unwilling to become involved in the affair.

Kherlakian notes bitterly that in Beirut each junior officer had an automobile at his disposal, but none could be spared for the outlying stations. Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie also had telegraphed Beirut asking that the wireless equipment belonging to the 412th Regiment be forwarded, but the general staff in Beirut ignored the requests.<sup>15</sup>

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

### DISASTER AT CHRISTMAS

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#### Armenian Christmas

Throughout January the villagers, both Armenian and Turkish, had suffered harassment by the *chété* who demanded food and animals. Armenian villagers were being killed a few at a time when they ventured outside the protection of the community. By mid-January entire villages were being sacked and the Christians massacred. Don-Kalé, a six-hour journey on foot north of Marash, was one of these villages. Nineteen of the four hundred inhabitants of Don-Kalé came to Marash for marketing, 'walking together for the sake of mutual protection. Among these was Garabed Akullian, who operated a small grocery store in the village with the help of one of his eleven boys, seventeen-year-old son Daniel. Daniel raised sheep and goats and was bringing some of each to Marash for sale. His father wished to replenish his stock of goods for sale in the village. While they were still in Marash news reached them that on 6 January all of the villagers had been massacred by the *chété*. Only the nineteen who had come to Marash had survived.<sup>1</sup>

The Armenians celebrate the birth of Christ on 19 January.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Wilson suggested that we should assist by means of an outdoor party for the refugee villagers such as those from Don-Kalé who were then camping in the Marash churchyards. Our household staff was consulted about suitable food, and Samuel, the general handyman, was commissioned to do the marketing. Dr. Wilson personally carried to the various refugee groups invitation cards which Paul and I had typed. Huge copper kettles were borrowed from the orphanage kitchens and set up in the yard beside our residence in the mission compound.

Samuel returned with a donkey loaded with squash, a sack of

bulghur (parboiled wheat), half a beef carcass, sumac (a substitute for lemon), fat, and a string of dried figs. The Ebenezer bakery sent over three hundred loaves of bread. Dr. Wilson brought back with him a number of village women who set to work preparing the meal, and by noon the kettles were boiling. First the meat was stewed, then chopped squash, sumac and salt were added and cooked, thus producing a dish known as *kabakli*. In other kettles the bulghur was cooked, then transferred to copper trays four feet in diameter, and over the bulghur was poured the melted fat. Each of the trays was ringed by six or eight persons seated on the ground. The villagers were expert at using the native bread as scoops for the stew. Enough food remained after satisfying the 275 guests to permit each one to carry back to his camp something for others.

At the special Christmas services held in each of the churches, the usual joyous mood was replaced by one of gloom and foreboding. The worshippers feared that the massacres in Don-Kalé and other villages presaged a repetition of the terrible events of 1895 and 1915.

Among the worshippers were Armenian legionnaires who had reached Marash only two days earlier after escorting Lieutenant Colonel Thibault's supply wagons from Islahiyé. One of these, Sergeant Krikor Ajemian, recorded in his diary his impressions of the service in the church where his battalion had been quartered.

Many of our family have been priests, and since childhood I have attended and taken part in church services many times, but the service at the Church of Asdvadsadsin on 20 January is unprecedented in my memory. The churchyard, the garden, and the school were packed with worshippers. The priest who conducted the mass was obviously moved, and his speech was touching—as though it was to be his last—so that he stirred the emotions of the worshippers. When the people sang it was with extraordinary feeling. The guns [of the troops quartered in the church] were lined up behind the altar. The priest was trying to encourage the people to be brave and alert.<sup>3</sup>

## Attacks on Convoys

Following his conference with Raphael Kherlakian and Major Roze des Ordons, General Quérette summoned the Turkish notables to meet

with him at the *konak*. According to the Turkish report, the general announced that he was assuming responsibility for defense of the country; that Kuluj Ali and other brigands like him were destroying the peace. Rifat Hoja replied, complaining that the French were doing nothing to stop assaults by Armenians on the Muslims and asking that if the French were so strong, why did they not punish Kuluj Ali? <sup>4</sup>

With this taunt in his memory, news of the clashes at El Oghlou and on the Aintab road aroused the general's anger. He would, indeed, punish Kuluj Ali! On 18 January he instructed Lieutenant Colonel Thibault, who had reached Marash only a day earlier, to list the troops and supplies needed for a ten-day campaign against Kuluj Ali's forces at Pazarjik. He specified that Armenian troops should not be used for combat but rather for the protection of convoys and for guard duty in order to avoid further friction between Armenians and Muslims. The Senegalese, unused to the severe cold of Marash, would remain in the city to protect the garrison. This left Thibault with his experienced veterans of the 412th Regiment and the Algerian cavalry. The force finally selected for the mission, scheduled to start moving on 21 January, totaled over two thousand men and 650 animals.<sup>5</sup>

An inventory of the provisions and munitions available in Marash showed these to be insufficient for both the garrison and a ten-day campaign at Pazarjik, hence it was imperative first to draw on the depots at Aintab and at Bel Pounar. At General Quérétte's request, the Aintab commander sent out a convoy of supplies for Marash on 19 January, the Armenian Christmas, with an escort of thirty recruits just arrived from France under the command of three sergeants. Six of these men had no rifles, and the others were supplied with only two packages of cartridges each. A day earlier General Quérétte sent from Marash a convoy of eighteen empty wagons headed for Aintab to bring back additional supplies. The two convoys would meet and pass each other between the Ak Su and Aintab. Obviously the nature of the guerrilla warfare being conducted against them had not yet penetrated the minds of the French commanders.

At Pazarjik Kuluj Ali learned through his intelligence service of the movement of the two French convoys and set up ambushes for each of them. And so on the morning of the nineteenth the train of empty wagons and its insignificant escort were caught in a surprise attack by the *chété* concealed among rocks in the Gavur Pass beyond the Ak Su. The muleteers and escort retired to Marash, abandoning their vehicles.

On hearing of this loss that afternoon, General Quérétte was greatly

disturbed, for he knew that the other convoy bringing munitions and food supplies from Aintab was on its way towards the same danger zone. At once he ordered Lieutenant Finch to select a squadron of forty Spahis, ride toward the convoy, and escort it back to Marash. Since it was already late in the day, they were to spend the night at the Ak Su bridge, where there was a French outpost, and proceed towards Aintab the next morning.<sup>6</sup>

The Americans were not aware of these events and prepared for a trip to Aintab. That morning, 20 January, Paul Snyder drove out of Marash at the wheel of his light Reo truck. Sharing the driver's seat with him was Dr. Crathern, who expected to bring back his colleague Frank Johnson to head the YMCA program in Marash. Other passengers were Lieutenant Counarai, a demobilized French officer; his orderly; the NER nurse, Helen Shultz; and Garabed Kouyoumjian, an Armenian merchant carrying a draft for two hundred thousand francs and a fat order for army supplies.

It is curious that the French commander could have permitted one of his own officers, to say nothing of the Americans, to set out on that road where his convoy had just suffered destruction. Perhaps he felt that Lieutenant Finch and his Spahis insured their safety.

On the plain of Pazarjik Snyder passed six wagons abandoned along the roadside and stopped to retrieve a twenty-foot length of rope which would be useful as a towline. His own account follows.

A mile further on more French wagons were seen. Beside one lay a dead mule in a pool of blood. Nearby was a soldier's helmet, and on the road a pile of spilled onions. Rifle shots could be heard on the mountain ahead, and as the car mounted the steep slope the shots became alarmingly loud. No one suggested turning back. The road began to turn in a gigantic half-circle around the cliffs a thousand feet above them on the left side. On the other side was a deep gorge. The firing came from the top center of the ridge. Suddenly the targets came into view—Lt. Finch's Algerian Spahis—wearing flaming red cloaks and mounted on white horses.<sup>7</sup>

The horsemen were returning the fire of *chété* concealed among the rocks and bushes on the ridge. Nothing less than mountain guns could have dislodged them. The Spahis were coming downhill, approaching the car. When Snyder attempted to turn the truck on the narrow road, the rear end came into view and the Turks could see the French officer and his orderly, both in uniform, seated inside. Immediately the rifle fire was aimed at the car, some of it at close range. The



truck remained at the same distance while it circled the hill, but the Turkish marksmen were not used to targets moving at forty miles per hour. One bullet broke two leaves of a front spring. Lieutenant Counarai threw Helen Shultz to the floor and covered her with his blanket roll. A bullet crashed through the steering wheel, destroying one of the spokes, and metal fragments drew blood from the faces of Snyder and Crathern. Miraculously they passed out of range into the Pazarjik plain with no one seriously wounded.

All but four of the Turkish villagers had fled from Pazarjik, fearing reprisals from the French, and these four begged to be taken away, but the car was already overloaded and the road was in bad condition. At certain stretches the passengers got out and helped pull the truck out of the mud, making use of the rope which Snyder had salvaged from the pillaged French wagons.<sup>8</sup>

That same afternoon Raphael Kherlakian was married to his cousin Helene, daughter of Hovsep Agha Kherlakian. A big church wedding had been scheduled, but the archbishop of the Armenian Catholic Church, Msgr. Avedis Arpiarian, feared that a large gathering of Armenians might offer to the Turks an opportunity to attack the Christian homes while the owners were absent. Such was the state of fear in the city! Hence it was agreed that the ceremony should be held as a family affair in the Kherlakian residence on the Boulgourjian Hill.

Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie had promised to assist at the wedding of his friend Raphael Efendi but found it necessary to telegraph General Quérétte, explaining his inability to leave Aintab and asking the general to serve in his place. Shortly before the wedding a courier from Adana brought special orders from the divisional commander, General Dufieux, that the Pazarjik and Marash affairs be resolved as quickly as possible, for all of Thibault's 412 Regiment were needed to quell disorder in Urfa and other areas!

The general went to the Kherlakian residence for the wedding. After the ceremony he returned on foot to his headquarters without an escort, and of course unaware of the Nationalist plan to strike within a few hours and to kill every Frenchman in sight.<sup>9</sup> At his office in the seminary he found Lieutenant Counarai, one of Snyder's passengers, waiting to tell him of the encounter on the road to Aintab. And while they were talking, a courier arrived from Lieutenant Finch's squadron. The cavalry unit had indeed met the convoy, he reported, and was escorting it to the bridge when it was attacked by some two hundred *chêté* in the mountain pass. It was, of course, the encounter which Lieutenant Counarai had just reported.

The general immediately ordered that all available cavalry units should move toward the convoy, and that a strong infantry detachment should follow for support at the bridge. After dark that evening Lieutenant Lager led a squadron of African Scouts and what remained of the Spahis out of the city. And at 5:30 the next morning, 21 January, the Eleventh Company of the 412th Infantry left to strengthen the post at the bridge. At midnight also Captain Fontaine had left Marash with his battalion of Armenian legionnaires to serve as escort for a convoy headed for Bel Pounar—a mission to be described in detail later. Thus by the morning of 21 January important units of the Marash garrison were no longer in the city.

The next morning at 11:25 one of Lieutenant Lager's Spahis returned with a report for General Quérétte. The cavalry unit had reached the bridge at 3:30 A.M. and there found their comrades of the Third Spahis who had suffered the attack witnessed by Snyder. Lieutenant Finch had been killed, together with seven of his cavalymen and five of the new French recruits sent out from Aintab. The convoy was a total loss. The *chété* had pillaged it of the supplies so badly needed by the Marash garrison.<sup>10</sup>

While the Kherlakian family were celebrating the marriage of Raphaël and Helene, Mrs. Wilson was busy preparing for a dinner to which she had invited the mission personnel as well as her NER colleagues. It was the third anniversary of her marriage to Dr. Marion Wilson.

The Turkish bey who so frequently visited the Wilsons in gratitude for the surgery which had saved his life, called once again that afternoon. "Tomorrow I'm going hunting with some friends. We hope to get some wild boar. May I borrow your rifles?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," replied Dr. Wilson. "Some of us hope to get out for hunting, too, and we may need them."

The significance of this request became apparent the next day, when the battle began—a battle in which the Christian population was to be exterminated.

In the evening we sat down to feast on roast goose. Everyone was excited over the adventure of Paul, Helen Shultz, and Dr. Crathern, who had so narrowly escaped death on the Aintab road. Had we known of the wounded suffering on the mountain pass beyond the Ak Su, or of the storm about to break in the city itself, it would not have been possible to celebrate anything at all.

## The Bel Pounar Convoy

General Dufieux, area commander at Adana, had planned to use Lieutenant Colonel Thibault's column first for the pacification of Marash and later of Urfa.<sup>11</sup> With this in mind he had established a munitions depot at the village of Bel Pounar from which roads led both northward to Marash and eastward to Urfa. A large convoy of camels and wagons loaded with munitions and other military stores had moved from Adana to Bel Pounar under guard of Armenian legionnaires, who had remained at the village to protect the stores.

When General Quérétte learned that his military stores in Marash were insufficient for a campaign against Kuluj Ali, he had attempted to correct this by drawing on the stores at Aintab (with disastrous results, as we have seen) and at Bel Pounar. The story of this hazardous mission and the ordeal of hardship and suffering endured by the brave legionnaires assigned as escort has been recorded by Sergeant Krikor Ajemian. The legionnaires were part of Thibault's column which had reached Marash on the eve of Armenian Christmas and had rested only one day.

At midnight, 20 January, Captain Fontaine assembled one battalion of Armenian legionnaires near the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths.\* On the outskirts of the city thirty-one wagons with their mules and drivers were waiting for the escort. On the two-day trip to Bel Pounar the convoy encountered no resistance. Undoubtedly they

\* Sourp Karasoun Mangantz, or "the Forty Sainted Youths," is the oldest of the Apostolic Armenian churches in Marash. It dates from about 1850. In Aleppo a church with the same name is said to have been established about 1770. According to tradition, in the late third or fourth century after Christ a group of Armenians were fleeing from ancient Armenia toward Sivas because of a conflict with their pagan ruler. They were pursued and caught, and forty young men who refused to renounce Christianity were thrown into a river and drowned. The mother of one youth succeeded in pulling her son from the water and carried him to a Turkish bath, but she was too late to revive him. On returning to the river she saw the bodies of the other youths floating, each with a halo; the fortieth halo was unclaimed. Here the legend diverges. In one version the guard's commander, observing the miracle of the halos, renounced his pagan belief and sacrificed himself in the icy water, thus acquiring the fortieth halo.

were observed by the enemy concealed on the crests of ridges, and their mission was understood. It was better for the Turks to wait for the convoy to return with loaded wagons and meanwhile to assemble strong forces for the attack.

On the return trip the column was well guarded. Two platoons formed the advance guard, and two others served as scouts on the flanks. Fifty soldiers marched beside the wagons, and another fifty followed as rear guard. As far as El Oghlou, where they camped, there was no sign of the enemy.

On the last leg of the journey the convoy had moved a little more than a mile toward the Ak Su when it was suddenly subjected to machine-gun fire from an unseen enemy. Among the casualties was one of the officers, Lieutenant Marshall, who was wounded but continued in command of his detachment. The troops returned fire in the general direction of the concealed enemy. Four more of Ajemian's comrades fell. The wounded lieutenant ordered the wagon train to keep moving across the Ak Su and on to Marash. While a machine gunner, already wounded in both knees, held off the enemy fire, Sergeant Krikor led his men on the run to the top of a hill from which they could better protect the convoy, but the machine gunner and eleven others were killed.

From the hilltop they could see the Turkish forces assembling on the foothills north of the Ak Su. When this force, led by officers in the uniform of the regular Turkish army, began to advance with drums beating, the legion's machine gunners opened fire. Most of the enemy was destroyed, and the remainder fled.

Fighting continued until evening. After dark the legionnaires buried their dead, loaded the wounded on mules, and crossed the river. The first mule lost its footing and was carried away downstream. By joining hands to form a chain the troops were able to cross. It was very cold, but the men were obliged to keep moving in their wet clothing.

In the distance Marash could be seen with fires blazing all over the city. Without doubt there was fighting, so the convoy decided to take shelter in buildings of a farm called Atilar. As they approached the farm they were attacked by guerrillas, two of whom they captured. The next morning the legionnaires found themselves encircled and under heavy attack by Turkish infantry and cavalry. Fighting continued all day, and twelve legionnaires were killed. One group led by Lieutenant Marshall broke through the ring of Turkish fighters and attempted to enter the city only to come under fire as they reached it, losing all of their wagons.

Those remaining at the farm waited for night, and under cover of darkness an advance guard probed the entrances to the city. Attacked at one point they withdrew and found a safe path to the Tash Khan ("Stone Warehouse") where they deposited their wounded and settled their mules.<sup>12</sup> Only a small fraction of the convoy's escort was accounted for, and Captain Fontaine, the commander himself, was among the missing. A week later, according to my diary, the sound of fighting on the plain below the city could be heard. One of the French officers at the seminary told me that they suspected Captain Fontaine was fighting his way into the city. On 3 February a messenger reached French headquarters with news that the captain and three hundred of his men were on the outskirts of Marash. Later we learned that Captain Fontaine and the major part of his forces had taken possession of a Turkish village where they defended themselves. In it they found many of the captured French wagons with large supplies of food. Before leaving the village they destroyed what they could not carry and fought their way back to the city.

Thus the expedition to Bel Pounar proved to be a disaster. Only a few wagons reached the city safely. The Turks were so elated over the capture of nearly thirty wagonloads of munitions and food that they had the audacity, as Colonel Thibault phrases it, to send General Quérétte an ultimatum demanding the surrender of all troops with their arms and baggage within forty-eight hours.<sup>13</sup>

During the days in which Captain Fontaine's battalion of legionnaires were fighting their way back from Bel Pounar, dramatic events were taking place in Marash.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### THE MARASH REBELLION

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On the morning of 21 January General Qu  rette took stock of his position. He was short of ammunition, but he expected that this defect would be corrected when the large convoy which he had just sent to Bel Pounar returned with its wagonloads of supplies. He knew that another convoy already en route from Aintab would almost certainly suffer an attack by Kulu   Ali's guerrillas, for Lieutenant Counarai and Snyder had reported the engagement with the Spahis on the road beyond Pazarjik, but he had not yet learned the convoy's fate. The time had come, he decided, to break any links existing between the local officials and the guerrilla forces outside the city.

The general summoned the officials and leaders of the Muslim community to his headquarters. Before they arrived he assembled his battalion commanders, informed them of the tense situation, and ordered that all troops be prepared for action immediately after their morning meal. He assigned strategic points which were to be seized, but only after he had given the signal.

At 11:25 A.M. news of the total destruction of the Aintab convoy reached him. Half an hour later the Turkish notables arrived. One can imagine the general's mood.

The Turkish representatives included the deputy *mutasarrif* Jevdet Bey, Chief of Police Arslan Bey, the president of the municipal council Haji Bey, Gendarme Commander Ismail Hakki, and the president of the chamber of commerce and several of the Muslim religious leaders. Among the latter were Shishman-ogh  lou Arif, Kojabash-ogh  lou Haji Bey, and Rifat Hoja. According to the French intelligence agents, each of these men was involved in agitation against the French. As soon as the group had gathered, General Qu  rette sent his messenger

to the battalion commanders, giving the signal for seizure of the specified dominant posts.

General Quérétte then charged the Marash officials with complicity in the attacks on the convoys. The Turks admitted no responsibility and blamed these events on outlaws. They consented, however, that the city should pay an indemnity to the French in the form of supplies. The Turks complained again that the French had violated the terms of the Mudros armistice, and that the Armenian troops were taking advantage of their French uniforms to molest the Muslim population. They were angered when the general announced that he would take over the civil administration.

At the close of the conference Quérétte announced that six of the group were to be detained, partly as hostages but also for further discussion of means for reconciliation, and that the others could leave. Those detained included the deputy *mutassarif*, the gendarme commander, and the president of the municipality. They were placed under guard in one of the rooms of the seminary, in the central compound of the American Mission.

The Turkish notables had scarcely left the mission premises when the sharp report of rifle fire was heard, followed immediately by firing from every quarter of the city. The insurrection had begun.<sup>1</sup>

That morning I had been reminded that wheat was needed urgently by Ebenezer Orphanage, and that for several days our buyers had refused to enter the market place, fearing disorder. I decided to purchase the wheat myself, and set out for the *arasa* ("grain market") with Peter Jernazian as interpreter. He was a New York jeweler who had recently returned to the city of his birth for a visit. Dr. Crathern joined us, for he wished to telegraph the American consul in Aleppo, complaining that on the previous day he had been fired on, even while waving the American flag. First we went to the telegraph office, and then through the covered bazaar to the *arasa*, which we found closed. The city was deserted except for groups of heavily armed Turks who were all headed in one direction. On our return through the bazaar, as we approached the Ulu Jami, or "Great Mosque," where one path led to the citadel and the other to the American Mission, we noticed that the armed Turkish civilians were taking the steep path to the fortress. Jernazian, better informed than his American companions as to the significance of the silent city and the movement of the armed Muslims, suggested that we get back quickly to our own quarters. We crossed the bridge over the Kanli Déré, then on to the German Hospital where we greeted the French sentry who guarded the entrance,

and up the hill to the American Mission compound, just in time for our noon meal. As we seated ourselves we heard a shot fired in the region of the hospital. Within seconds rifle fire broke out over the entire city. The siege of Marash, the first major battle in the Turkish War of Independence, had begun.

It was apparent that the insurrection had been carefully planned. Groups of armed men occupied houses at street intersections and shot down French soldiers on the street and sentries at their posts, making use of loopholes prepared in advance. Anyone seen moving was shot, for it was only the Christians who knew nothing of the plan. In the patrols used for policing the city composed of both Turkish gendarmes and French soldiers, the gendarmes turned suddenly on their French companions and killed them.

The orders given by the general for the seizure of certain strategic positions could not be carried out, for the Turks themselves performed that maneuver only half an hour before the French zero hour.

When the French cannon came into action, shelling certain houses in the city, I photographed the shell bursts and the resulting conflagration from the upper balcony of the Wilson house. A quarter of a mile below me was the German Hospital, where Dr. Wilson had been operating since early morning. Mrs. Wilson was concerned for his safety, so Paul Snyder volunteered to run down and bring back a report. He also wanted to borrow a pair of field glasses. A French officer whom he met in the seminary compound expressed the opinion that there was no danger! As Paul proceeded down the hill a soldier sheltered in an adobe hut called to warn him, but Paul did not understand the French and continued toward the hospital. Rather than walk through a plowed field he took the longer route to the rear corner of the hospital compound—a move which undoubtedly saved his life, for he had unknowingly avoided the area covered by Turkish snipers. As Snyder turned the corner and approached the front gate, a sniper fired twice but missed as his target began to move fast. The gate stood open, for the French sentry lay dead in such a position that it could not be closed. Dashing through the opening Paul confronted seven Senegalese soldiers raising their guns against the unexpected visitor.

The hospital had been under fire for an hour. Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power began moving their patients to the floor for greater protection from the stream of bullets fired from across the street. One of the soldiers stationed at the hospital, ignoring the protests of Dr. Elliott, placed a machine gun on the upper balcony, but the moment he opened fire he was felled by a bullet which passed through his chest



without striking a major artery. Snyder waited for darkness before climbing over the rear wall to report to Mrs. Wilson that her husband planned to remain at the hospital in view of the emergency need.

Additional information about the first shots fired in this insurrection came from the head nurse at the hospital, Miss Osanna Maksudian. At midday she left the hospital and had gone only a short distance when she noted a Turkish gendarme escorting four Muslim women to a house. When they were safely inside he turned and fired his rifle into the air three times. Immediately fire replied from every quarter. This story is consistent with that given by Hovsep Der Vartanian, who states that it was the police commissioner himself who gave the signal. Immediately after his return from the conference with General Quérétte, he fired his rifle beside the house of Jeilan-oghlu in Bektoutiyé Street.<sup>2</sup>

The Reverend Materne Muré, a Belgian priest of the Franciscan order who had served in Marash for thirty-five years records in his account of the Marash war that immediately after hearing shots in the street near the monastery (Bektoutiyé Street) he went to the window which faced the citadel. There he saw "men falling into military formation on the parade ground. It was the band of insurgents. On command of the gendarme sergeants they carried out some exercises, brandishing their rifles; then like madmen they rushed into the city to attack the *gavurs*."<sup>3</sup>

The Turkish military historian gives the following account of the beginning of hostilities.

On that day French soldiers had been stationed on the roads and in front of the government buildings in readiness for battle. Those [the Turkish representatives] returning from the assembly were met on the streets by groups waiting for the meeting to end. The crowd was excited. The rage which arose from General Quérétte's arrest of the *mutasarrif* and the Marash notables—capricious and without reason—reached a climax on 21 January. At this moment the sound of a rifle shot was heard. A bullet fired by a Frenchman or an Armenian wounded a Turkish gendarme. A large detachment of French troops marched in the direction of the *konak* in order to occupy it. These were met by the fire of the Turkish National forces who were in trenches at Kizilkirlik and were repulsed and scattered. All over Marash the sound of rifle fire was heard, and the French began raining down cannon and machine-gun fire on every side.

At this moment Police Chief Arslan Bey, chairman of the Com-

mittee for the Defense of Rights, encouraged by orders of Mustafa Kemal Pasha, made the following proclamation to the people of Marash, "Comrades, war has begun. With the grace of God, in the spirit of the Prophet, and with the self-sacrifice of believers, be resigned to everything! Our country shall not be surrendered to the foe as long as a single person survives. From us, perseverance; from God, help!"

In this manner the national struggle began in Marash.<sup>4</sup>

Lieutenant Colonel Thibault records that after 22 January his ability to take action was very limited, for General Qu  rette himself directed all operations and gave orders directly to the commanders of detachments, bypassing the colonel.<sup>5</sup> Thibault had commanded a regiment at Verdun, while the general had spent the war years in a German prison camp. The strategy adopted by the general required each detachment to enlarge its area of control by expelling the enemy from the houses occupied nearby. The implication in Thibault's comment is that he would have adopted a more aggressive policy had he been given some freedom of action.

Actually the Turks themselves were following the same strategy more successfully than the French. Thibault speaks of "the vigilance and boldness of the rebels, who seemed to be animated by an ardent offensive spirit."<sup>6</sup> They set fire to large sections of the city in order to approach the buildings occupied by the foreign troops. In this process most of the Christians remaining in their homes were massacred. Those who fled to their churches or to schools came under the protection of the French troops quartered in those buildings, and of the few Armenians possessing arms. It has been estimated that approximately three thousand Armenians were killed during the first few days of the battle.<sup>7</sup> Those who survived had gained the security of a church, or the Beitshalom Orphanage, or the American Mission compound. Later we learned of a few isolated groups who defended their homes successfully until the end of the conflict.

From the moment the battle began, communications were cut between the commander and the posts at which his troops were established in various parts of the city. Not a single item of equipment for communication was available. The wireless sets belonging to the 412th Regiment had been retained in Beirut for the security of General Gouraud. Not even carrier pigeons were available. Hence the only means of communication was by courier, and a number of these died performing their duties.

The telegraph wires to Aintab and Adana were cut, but not before

General Quérétte had alerted Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie in Aintab, and the latter had passed his message on to General Dufieux in Adana.<sup>8</sup> Other messages sent by courier failed to reach General Dufieux except for one received on 12 February when the whole affair was over.

The Turkish historian describes their operations during the first days of battle.

From the very first days fires began in the city. On the second day of the war the French subjected the city to a more violent form of fire. With artillery they set fire to and demolished the Turkish houses in front of the barracks and those at Punarbashi. Near this section some Armenians of the *Tekke* church were in a position where they could fire with ease in several directions. For this reason on 23 January the fighters under orders of Evliyé Efendi proceeded to annihilate those in the church.

The bloody fighting which continued in Marash never frightened the Turks. A hero named Mulhush Nuri volunteered to burn a house which the Armenians had turned into a fortress and to annihilate those within it. While doing this he himself was killed. The joining of the defense lines was achieved by the destruction of the Armenian house, which had been an important obstacle between areas where the fighters of Marash were stationed.<sup>9</sup>

It was Saint George's Church, one of the Armenian Apostolic churches which Evliyé Efendi had attacked. Fifty soldiers, including twenty Armenian legionnaires, had been quartered there. Father Muré records the following.

The first massacre took place in the Christian quarter called Sheker Deré, situated in a small valley behind the citadel held by the Turks. The Armenian Church of Saint George and all houses in that quarter were set on fire. One company of the French, aided by courageous Armenians, was able to take refuge in another quarter. The women, children, and old men—obliged to remain—fell under the cutlass of the Turk. And to avoid the trouble by burying the dead, they dragged the bodies to a lime kiln which was in operation and threw them in.<sup>10</sup>

Why did the troops abandon the helpless Armenians to their fate? Were they quartered in the church merely for their comfort, or for the

purpose of protecting the community? Other churches were burned under similar circumstances.

From our position in the mission compound we witnessed this conflagration but were ignorant of the fact that Saint George's had become the funeral pyre of some thousand Armenians. Along with Saint George's Church went the destruction of the Armenian houses in that area. One resident who surrendered to the Turks and survived, Leah Maraslian, told me of her experiences.

At noon on 21 January Leah, a young widow, left her classroom at the Central School and walked home through the deserted streets. Her thoughts were on her three-year-old son Edward. Two days earlier she had asked him, "Edward, what would you like to have for Christmas?"

"A Daddy and a dog!"

The boy's father, a student at the Marash Theological Seminary, had been drafted into the labor corps of the Turkish army early in the Great War and marched off to Aintab where he was last seen. One member of that detachment had reported that they were marched to the bank of a river and lined up to be shot. Wounded, he fell, feigning death, and thus escaped.

Leah noted that no shops were open. At home she sat down to lunch with her father, an uncle, her sister Araxie, and Edward. While they were eating, rifle fire broke out all over the city. Several neighbors ran to Leah's house seeking greater security. The house was in the Bayazitli quarter, which first came under heavy attack by Turkish insurgents led by Evliy  Efendi, and within a few days Leah, her family, and her neighbors found themselves encircled. A Turkish neighbor called to them, "Give yourselves up and we will protect you!" They had no arms for defense and therefore no choice but to surrender. The Turks ushered them down the street toward the Ulu Jami. Rounding a corner they found a large group of armed Turks in the area facing the mosque. Suddenly there was firing, and Leah, dazed with disbelief, saw her companions falling.

"Are they going to kill us?" cried little Edward. Leah recalls no fear, only shock and disbelief. A gendarme pushed her toward the gate of the mosque, urging, "Get inside—quickly!"

Leah, her father, uncle, sister, and son were among the few who got inside and survived the *ch t * fire. Later, under escort of gendarmes, they were transferred to the municipal prison at the *konak*, there to remain for the duration of the siege. Each day a few more were pushed through the prison door until the bare, windowless room could hold no more. In this way approximately one hundred Armenians were

saved by the local government, while others were slaughtered or burned to death in their houses. Estimates of the number killed in this manner vary from two to four thousand.

Those sheltered in the prison slept on the cold concrete floor without bedding or cover. They were offered one meal each day but had no utensils with which to eat. The food was dumped into their hands or laps. An old Turkish guard in compassion offered Leah some onion shells for use as dishes. For two days she ate nothing, having seen mouse droppings in the food. Twice guards came to take away several of the younger women. A corner of the prison yard represented the toilet "facilities." The less one ate, the fewer the visits to this loathsome corner. Leah lost forty pounds.

"Do you know what hunger is?" she asked me. "It is when you want to grab a crust of bread from your dying child!"

No change of clothing, no opportunity to bathe, and lice multiplied. Edward developed a fever and died.<sup>11</sup>

Why had the Turks protected this small group? Was it out of compassion on the part of a few? Later the *mutasarraf* claimed that the insurgents had taken things into their own hands, and that the government was powerless to stop the fighting and the massacres but saved as many as possible.

As the bands of irregular fighters continued their mopping-up operations, the Armenian families realized that this was a time for collective security and made preparations to move to one of the churches in their quarter, Saint Stephen's, or the Church of Asdvadsadsin.\* Saint George's was already in ashes. Neighbors cut holes in their garden walls and dug trenches in order to move freely from house to house without exposure. Abandoning their household possessions, they crept under cover of darkness to one of the churches, or to a neighborhood stronghold such as the house of Dr. Khatcher.

Each of the churches, and in fact every home, was surrounded by a high wall built of mud bricks. Our orphanages, too, were located within walled compounds, hence each of these became a place of refuge. Since Beitshalom Boys' Orphanage was located on a hill dominating the eastern quarters of the city, the French commander had quartered three sections of machine-gunners there—in all some eighty soldiers of the 412th Regiment. When the fighting ended three weeks

\* Sourp Asdvadsadzin, or "Holy Mother of God," is known to scholars as the Church of the Pancreator. Hereafter it will be designated the Church of Asdvadsadzin.

later, survivors of the Christian population were found in only four such compounds. All others had been killed or had fled to Islahiyé.

The story of the Marash battle thus becomes the separate stories of the various strongholds as told by individual survivors. With rare exceptions those who remained to defend their homes did not live to recount their experiences.

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

### EVENTS IN THE MISSION COMPOUND

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The Franciscan order of Terre Sainte had established churches in a number of the villages near Marash which were populated almost exclusively by Armenians. The village priests were supported by the mother church in the city and considered themselves protégés of the Belgian father Materne Muré, who resided in the monastery. He tells of the fate of the priests and their flocks in the villages.

The columns of smoke and the sinister light from the first conflagration [Saint George's Church] gave notice to the Turks of the villages where our Fathers lived that the Holy War had begun. It was the twenty-third of January. The Turks, giving free rein to the sentiments dictated by their beliefs, lashed out against our chapels, our hospices, and against the Christians who had gathered together at the foot of the altar, praying and listening to the last words of comfort from their pastors—our unfortunate brothers! Three of them were killed by revolver shot; two others were burned alive, their flocks perishing with them in the flames. In a short time our missions at Yenije-Kalé, Don-Kalé, and at Moujouk-Deresé were destroyed. The dead in our villages numbered about a thousand.<sup>1</sup>

Sergeant Krikor Ajemian wrote in his diary on 19 January, "The Armenians of Fundijak were massacred, and a few survivors took refuge in the school buildings next to the Church of Asdvadsadsin [in Marash]. They are cooking in large pots." <sup>2</sup> Fundijak had a population of about fifteen hundred.

A Boston paper dated 5 June 1920 reported information sent by Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazarian, surgeon in the German Hospital of

Marash: "The first village to be attacked was Jamstel, six being killed, while two hundred and fifty fled." <sup>3</sup>

Christians living near Zeitun fled to that town, whose Armenian population had such a reputation for daring and readiness to fight that the Turks hesitated to attack them. For the moment they were spared.

Once the insurrection had started, few individuals in the city could know more than what happened in his immediate vicinity, for there was no city-wide system of communication. Refugees who reached our compound brought news of the areas from which they escaped. We in the walled enclosures of the American Mission were fortunate in having contact with the French commander and his staff. Major Roze des Ordon, commander of the garrison before the arrival of General Quérétte, had been a frequent visitor at the Wilson home. He had been our guest also at the Christmas dinner in the hospital, hence it was possible for even the youngest members of the NER—Paul and myself—to chat with the officers on duty in the seminary headquarters. From them we learned some of the news which came from their posts in the city.

On the afternoon the fighting began, 21 January, I was with Major Roze des Ordon in the seminary when a Turk entered the room. "Look!" said the Major, "there is the governor of Marash." It was Jevdet Bey, the deputy *mutasarrif* and one of the hostages held by the general. It seemed that he had some freedom of movement in the seminary building. After three days the general released him, hoping that he could arrange a cease-fire, but Jevdet Bey telephoned from the *konak* that matters had gone far beyond his control, and unhappily he could do nothing. In a report to Staff Colonel Salaheddin, commander of the Turkish Third Army Corps, Jevdet Bey complained that during his imprisonment he had been left to sleep on dry boards with no mattress.

Artillery and machine-gun fire woke me the next morning. A few hundred yards west of the Girls' College, French cannon were shelling forces in the hills north of our compound—our favorite hunting ground for partridge. Now the figures seen moving on the snow-covered hills were birds of a different feather! The Turkish military historian reports this engagement as the attack by the Bertiz Nationalist Forces. This official account reveals the fact that from the beginning the fighting was not merely a local rebellion undertaken by the Turks of Marash but represented the opening of the Nationalist movement, the goal of which was to drive the French armies from Anatolia. Men-



tion is made of the Marash leaders Dr. Mustafa and his brother Lutfi, a pharmacist accompanying the commander of the Bertiz detachment.<sup>4</sup>

This attack drove the French from their outposts in the hills north of Marash and from Merjimek Tepé ("Lentil Hill") on the western side. The Turkish account notes the capture of the French troops on this hill, but two years later, when an agreement for the exchange of prisoners was made, no French soldiers were yielded. The Turkish attack could not reach the barracks or the mission compound in the face of intense machine-gun fire, but the French transport animals quartered outside the walls suffered heavily. The Turks had effectively closed the roads to the north.<sup>5</sup>

Colonel Thibault makes no mention of the loss of the important hill which dominated the city from the west. It is probable that the French commander considered it impractical to station troops there during the severe winter weather. Three weeks later French forces were to battle for possession of this strategic position—known to the Armenians as Saint Toros Hill—in weather even more severe than that of 22 January.

From the balcony of my residence we sighted a body of armed men moving in formation on the crest of a hill east of the city above the German Farm. Undoubtedly it was the vineyard south of the Dedi Pasha house mentioned in the Turkish account. I reported our observation to the French headquarters. Immediately General Quérette, Lieutenant Colonel Thibault, and three other officers came with me to the balcony to identify the position, for it dominated the eastern flank of their headquarters, and no French troops had been stationed there. The general ordered a mountain gun to be set up in the shelter of the seminary wall. The small mountain gun arrived on muleback, and while Dr. Crathern, Paul, and I stood by, excited by this development, the first shot was fired. The *chété* disappeared when the shell sailed over their heads. After nine more shots the general, who personally directed the whole operation, decided that the enemy had been destroyed.<sup>6</sup> Three weeks later Paul and I inspected the position and found carefully prepared trenches in which the Nationalist troops had taken shelter.

From that position our compound was subjected to machine-gun fire each time the French cannon went into action in front of the seminary, for both the Wilson and Lyman houses were in the direct line of fire.

Mrs. Wilson's concern over the safety of her husband ended when he returned that night, having climbed over the rear wall of the

hospital compound. He announced that he had decided to convert the Children's Hospital, located next to the seminary in the central mission compound, into an emergency hospital for the wounded and to do his surgery there. This arrangement would permit him to work within one hundred yards of his home. After dinner he prepared a list of surgical equipment and supplies and asked me to take this to the hospital and send the supplies back with a soldier who would accompany me. The implication that I should remain at the hospital was confirmed when Dr. Wilson added that I could be of help to the two American ladies there. As we left the security of the mission compound to cross no man's land, my escort and I were equally nervous, especially after he fell with a great clatter of helmet and rifle on the wet stones. Since Snyder's narrow escape had shown that the gate to the hospital compound was covered by snipers, we explored the rear wall and found it possible to enter by climbing an overhanging tree and dropping inside. We landed in the German missionary graveyard, encountering no challenge from the sentries. We found ten Senegalese soldiers comfortably sheltered inside the hospital. The French corporal who had accompanied me warned them that if we could enter so easily, so could their enemies. From that time we were challenged on entering by way of the wall.

The head nurse escorted me to the operating room to collect the surgical supplies. We carried only a candle, but three shots, meant for us, rang out from across the street. The nurse located the needed articles in the dark, and I assisted the corporal over the wall with his bundle. It was already late. A mattress had been placed on the floor for me. It was obvious that the two ladies had no problems requiring my help. After all, they had been running the hospital for months.<sup>7</sup>

The next morning I learned that Miss Ellen Blakely had been seen at the window of a house facing the hospital, directly across Government Avenue. Miss Blakely and Inez Lied of the American Mission had been visiting friends when the fighting began and were among those who had been reported missing. From a window old Melkon, the orderly, pointed out this house as well as a square blockhouse built of mud brick from which snipers fired at the hospital. It was they who had killed the French sentry and an Armenian deacon who had gone into the street to bring in his cow. His body still lay there. I sketched the houses in that area from Melkon's window, noting the position of Miss Blakely and that of the snipers. A few hours later Melkon was killed at that window.

A sharp exchange of fire began behind the hospital. Melkon took

me to a third-floor window and pointed out a group of Turkish houses on the western edge of the plowed field. The occupants were firing on the French in the Beula Orphanage opposite, below the seminary. As we watched, the French launched rifle grenades through the windows of the Turkish houses, and firing ceased.

I crossed the courtyard to the pharmacy. Near the gate lay the body of the sentry, for his comrades refused to bury him without orders from their commander. Unconsciously seeking an excuse to escape from this place, where there seemed to be no need for me, I found it urgent to get a burial permit for this poor soldier and to organize an expedition to rescue Miss Blakely and Miss Lied. The danger of crossing no man's land seemed lessened, thanks to the rifle grenades launched into the Turkish position a little earlier.

I drew several shots making my two hundred twenty-yard dash to the shelter of the mission compound's stone wall. The French officers took my sketch showing Miss Blakely's location and that of the snipers. Soon high-explosive shells struck the blockhouse.

Since there was no indication of an early end to the fighting and considerable danger of an extension of fire and massacre, Paul and I decided to go after Miss Blakely and Miss Lied as soon as it became dark. Moreover, Dr. Wilson needed more supplies from the hospital, and Dr. Elliott needed tinned milk. Major Roze des Ordons agreed to provide an Algerian soldier as escort to answer any challenge from French sentries. It was evident that the night would never become dark while the city was on fire, but we set out with two sacks full of condensed milk and entered the hospital by way of the tree over the wall. Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power seemed genuinely glad to see us. They had been disturbed by the shelling of the blockhouse so near the hospital and over the death of Melkon who had been curious to observe what damage had been done and had looked out of the window. The snipers had not been annihilated by the high-explosive shells, and he was the third casualty caused by snipers across the street.

Luther Orchanian, the pharmacist's assistant, led us through a hole in the wall to the home of Levon Yenovkian next-door. He and his family had moved to the basement and had barricaded all doors and windows. We knocked lightly on his cellar door, but he feared treachery and would not open until convinced of our identity and mission. Finally he admitted us, placed a candle on the floor, and prepared a map showing the course we should follow and which areas must be crossed swiftly and quietly.

We passed down a narrow alley, then quickly across the main street—the most dangerous area—to the house of Stepan the dyer. From there we went through passages from cellar to cellar, through a French first-aid post to the corner house opposite the snipers' post. There we found the two American ladies comfortable among their Armenian friends, but more than willing to return to the college. Miss Blakely had misgivings about the dangers involved, but nevertheless returned with us to the hospital.

We picked up Dr. Wilson's surgical supplies, then boosted the ladies over the wall and into the arms of the Algerian escort while a dog barked furiously, notifying the Turks in the neighborhood that something unusual was taking place; but we encountered no fire.

Miss Blakely reported that the Reverend Asadour Solakian, pastor of the Third Evangelical Church, was among those who had taken refuge in the quarter we had just visited. He had been caught away from home at the outbreak of rebellion, and was greatly concerned about his wife and two children.<sup>8</sup>

Mr. Lyman was worried by the fact that the mission buildings had become an objective for attack by the Turks, because the French had taken the Theological Seminary for their headquarters. It was apparent that the most vulnerable point was the eastern wall of the compound in which the Wilson and Lyman houses stood. Below this was a Turkish quarter, lying in a ravine. Lyman considered it advisable to identify our houses as American, rather than French, by hoisting the Stars and Stripes. He invited me to help, and together we nailed the flag to a pole, climbed to the roof, and began nailing the pole to a dormer window. Immediately Turkish bullets struck the tiles around us, scattering fragments in our faces; but we hammered away, bending the nails in our haste, until the flag was secure. Mr. Lyman recalled the uproar caused by Captain André's raising of the French flag on the citadel tower, but how could we know that the insurrection in Marash was the first step of a national movement to oust *all* foreign powers?

Later that afternoon I discovered that again I was being studied in the sights of a Turkish rifle. I stood beside a French sentry on the northern side of the Lyman house, looking towards the hills where the *chété* must have been concealed but seeing none. Suddenly I was startled by the *zing* of a bullet as it ricocheted off a rock directly in front of me. Without taking a step I picked up the hot bullet. The sharpshooter had aimed a trifle too low. I took my souvenir into the

house to brag about my narrow escape, then I returned to join the sentry but found him being carried away on a stretcher. The next bullet had passed through his knee.

That afternoon the French, for the sake of better defense, decided to destroy an Armenian quarter which was threatened by the Turks. At dusk Lieutenant Counarai led the Armenians from that area to the college yard then set fire to the vacated houses. The new refugees, one hundred fifty of them, raised the total in the college compound to about one thousand, and these had to be fed.<sup>9</sup> The French took no responsibility for this task other than to supply a horse or mule to be slaughtered each day. In fact, the French had no food for these animals which had been brought into the compound for safety, for those left outside were being shot by the Turks. Inside the compound they chewed the bark off the trees and slowly starved. From minarets Turkish snipers fired into the compound, wounding both the animals and the crowded refugees.

On the sixth day of fighting, Paul and I were approached by several men in the college compound. When Saint George's Church was burned, they had been among the few who succeeded in reaching the college, while two hundred others were still defending themselves in the house of Dr. Khatcher Keshishian. Was it not possible, they asked, for the French to send soldiers at night to escort these refugees to the barracks?

"Why don't you ask the commander?" we replied.

"He cares nothing for what we say—we are Armenians! But if you speak, he will listen."

Snyder and I presented the problem to Major Roze des Ordon, explaining that Dr. Khatcher's house lay only a few hundred yards across the ravine below the barracks. After some hesitation the major promised to consider the matter. Later in the evening he gave his decision, "I can give you four men at midnight." We were surprised at the implication that we should lead his men and suggested that he send an officer.

"Impossible! We cannot spare any more," he exclaimed. We were not aware of the losses that the French had already suffered: Lieutenant Finch on the Aintab road, Second Lieutenant Boissy at Beitshalom, Major Marty at the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths, and Lieutenant Froideval at the Franciscan monastery.

Any attempt at rescue without a guide who knew the house and its approaches would have been senseless, and in order to find one I went to the basement of the Lyman house, where each evening a group of

Armenian men gathered. I found them seated on the floor around a charcoal brazier and explained the situation, stating my own intention of going on this mission. Without hesitation one of the men stated that he knew the area and was willing to serve as guide if he could be given a rifle. There was a murmur of astonishment, for the volunteer was a Turk known in the Muslim community as Patlak Zadé Mohammed Efendi. He was one of the few Marash Turks who had dared to become a Christian and had been baptized with the name of the martyr Stephen. Knowing that his fellow Muslims considered him a traitor, he had come to Mr. Lyman for protection when the fighting began.

One of the Armenians also agreed to join us. I had rifles for the two men, and my own Colt-38. Unfortunately Dr. Wilson learned about the expedition and spoke to me sharply, "As director of this outfit I forbid you to go on this errand! What would happen to our work here in Marash if the Turks should find an American engaged in combat? Or if they find your body?"

I was not convinced whether my duty lay in obedience to my director or in helping to save the two hundred Armenians, and so I went looking for Mr. Lyman. On the way to the college I stopped at the emergency hospital. In the operating room a nurse was preparing for three operations. On the table lay a girl of striking beauty, her knee shattered by a bullet. In a corner of the room was a little girl with two bullet wounds. And on a stretcher lay a pregnant woman who had been knifed in the abdomen. "Where were you when this happened?" I asked the older girl. Her name was Mariam Haydostian.

"I was in Dr. Khatcher's house!" At once I knew that our mission was already too late. Although she was in great pain, the girl told me how that afternoon the armed defenders of the house had used their last cartridges. The Turks, noticing that their firing had ceased, called to them to surrender, "We will not harm you. Our war is against the French, not the Armenians. Give up your arms and we will protect you." The Armenians expected nothing but treachery, but what choice had they? They handed over their rifles and were ordered to leave the house. As the men stepped outside their hands were tied and they were led away and shot.

"Then," sobbed Mariam, "the Turks came into the house with knives and axes to kill the women and children!" There is no need to describe the shambles that followed. Only four escaped. Mariam jumped through a window and was shot as she ran toward the ravine, but in the darkness she crawled up to the French trenches where

Armenian legionnaires found her. The little girl had been hit twice as she ran after Mariam, once in the hand, the other bullet passing through the flesh of her thigh.

"And this woman on the stretcher—was she too in Dr. Khatcher's house?" I asked.

"Yes. She is the wife of Asadour Solakian, the pastor. She was there with her two children and her sister." When the Turks came in to slaughter, she had taken the baby in her arms while her sister took the other child, and they tried to escape through the doorway. Mrs. Solakian was stabbed repeatedly as she pushed through the crowd, but she continued to run even after a bullet struck her. At the ravine she fell in the stream and lay there. A Turk found her, saw that she was dying, but stooped to slay the child in her arms. Her cries reached the legionnaires in the trench at the crest of the ravine, and in the darkness they crept down and carried her to the hospital. Her sister and the five-year-old child were never seen again.

Dr. Wilson's examination of Mrs. Solakian revealed seven knife wounds, one of which had cut into her liver. A single fragmented bullet had come out in three different places. Her baby was stillborn that night. Dr. Wilson considered it best to delay surgery until morning.

Meanwhile Paul and I went down to the quarter below the German Hospital to search for her husband, for Miss Blakely had reported seeing him in one of the houses there. When we located him he sensed immediately that we brought bad news. We told him merely that his wife was wounded and that we had come to take him to her.

"And where are my children?" he demanded, almost hysterically. Fortunately we did not know that both had been slain, but he appraised our silence accurately. I have never seen a man so crazed with grief. Others who knew him as their composed pastor now scarcely recognized him.

The next morning Dr. Wilson did all that he could to patch up Mrs. Solakian's knife wounds. Snyder gave the anesthetic, and I was assigned some minor duties in the operating room. The patient died that afternoon. Some of Solakian's congregation who had taken refuge in the college compound prepared a grave on the slope in front of the seminary building, only a few feet from the emplacement for a 75 mm. cannon. The burial was necessarily held in complete darkness. The pastor was a broken man—his wife, two lovely children, and an unborn child had all been destroyed in one tragedy, along with some two hundred others who perished without burial services.<sup>10</sup>

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

### THE SHEIKH'S QUARTER

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On the morning of 23 January Dr. Crathern and Mrs. Wilson surveyed the city through field glasses. "I am worried about Frances Buckley," said Mrs. Wilson, "alone with four hundred boys! Do they have enough food? And the Rescue Home—what has become of those seventy-eight women with their babies?" While studying the city from her balcony, Mrs. Wilson noticed a commotion in the area midway between her and Beitshalom Orphanage called the Sheikh's Quarter. Cries of "*Aman! Aman!*" could be heard—the cry of distress, a cry for mercy. Massacre had begun in that quarter. Later we learned from one of those who had escaped, a teacher in the orphanage, what had happened that morning. What we ourselves witnessed at close range was the arrival of a few survivors behind the walls of Ebenezer Orphanage, located only one or two hundred yards from us, across a ravine in which were Turkish homes.

I joined a group of Armenians watching the drama. No one could approach the orphanage gate, nor could it be opened, for it was exposed to the fire of marksmen in the ravine. Armenians beside me, unaware of this danger, called to the fugitives sheltered behind the orphanage, "Come over to us!" As they came, the Turks opened fire. Already exhausted by their long run, they came stumbling over the exposed space, bullets striking all around them. The first two had a good start before the Turks noticed them, and they got across safely. Next came an old man who tried to dodge the bullets by stooping over. He stumbled repeatedly and obviously was wounded, but he too reached safety. Then followed an old woman and a boy, brother of one who had already crossed safely. Hit in the leg, the boy dropped into a ditch. The woman, halfway across, screamed as the bullets



struck the hillside around her then stopped, faced the marksmen, and cried to them, "Stop it!" We kept yelling frantically for her to hurry on. She reached the shelter of our wall, grazed by several bullets, and collapsed exhausted.

The wounded boy waved a rag from the ditch, but no one dared go to him. Finally he crawled unseen to the protection of the wall of Ebenezer and knocked on the rear gate, but those inside could not cross the exposed courtyard to open it. After lying against the wall all day, his opportunity came. General Quérétte and Lieutenant Colonel Thibault strode into our yard, leading half-a-dozen Senegalese soldiers with several sacks of grenades. They climbed over the wall of Mrs. Wilson's chicken yard to a position on the edge of the ravine and began raining grenades on the Turkish positions, so close that stones were hurled up on the balcony where I stood. During this attack I saw that the wounded lad was taking advantage of the diversion, for he was hopping on one leg along the orphanage wall to the lower gate. Unfortunately it was locked. I rolled up an old newspaper to form a megaphone and yelled across to the orphanage, calling for Frère Alexis, the director. He answered me at once. "*Kapuyu aç! Open the gate!*" I called. He ran to open the gate just in time to let the boy in, but not before he came under fire again. After dark he was brought to the emergency hospital, but a few days later he died of tetanus.

That same night one hundred twenty other Armenians reached Ebenezer, all of them from the Sheikh's Quarter which had come under attack of the *chété*. One of the five fugitives who had run the gauntlet of fire above the ravine was a teacher at Beitshalom Orphanage. When the fighting began on 21 January he had been visiting in the quarter attacked by the Turks. Only a few of the Armenians had rifles, he said, and after the second day they were obliged to withdraw as the *chété* pressed the attack. With his own eyes he had seen women and children being slain with knives.<sup>1</sup>

### Dicran Berberian's Story

Among the fortunate six thousand Marash Armenians exempted from deportation in 1915 were the members of the Berberian family. In general the Turkish officials did not deport physicians or artisans needed for community services, while the intellectuals, especially those capable of leadership, were deported. Abraham Hoja, head of the

family, was a prominent teacher. It seems probable that the American or German missionaries had interceded on his behalf, for the family moved with their five children to the security of the American Mission compound. Miss Salmond employed the mother, Shamiram Hanum, as matron of her Beula Girls' Orphanage.

When British forces occupied Marash at the close of the Great War, the Berberian family returned to their own house. On two sides they had Turkish neighbors, with whom they were on good terms. The eldest son, seventeen-year-old Dicran, rented a shop in the Bedesten, or "Covered Market," and began a career as grocer. On the morning of 21 January he went with his brother Haroutune to the market despite the entreaties of his mother who understood the tense situation. Dicran promised to return promptly if the shops were closed. Although none of the stores had opened, and few customers had dared to come out, the brothers opened their shuttered windows and prepared for business. Two soldiers passed and warned them that it was not safe to be in the streets. General Quérette's order that all troops be prepared for action had already been given. The brothers decided to go home by way of the Franciscan monastery, for they were acquainted with one of the French officers stationed there. Lieutenant van Coppanole gave them the same advice, "Go on home! The situation is critical." But the path-way home led them through the Sheikh's Quarter and past the house of their uncle Hagop Shamlian the tanner, and they were invited to stay for lunch. The aroma of freshly baked bread helped them forget the promise made to their mother. Lunch was just over when they heard a rifle shot, followed by a fusillade. It was already too late to go home, and too late ever to see their parents, sisters, and little brother. Their uncle's house had been built with unbaked bricks of mud and straw, scarcely thick enough to stop a bullet, and the upper bedrooms were constructed of wood; but in the basement there was a large bath, and in this all nine of them took refuge.

Some seven hundred Armenians lived in the Sheikh's Quarter. An organization for defense had already been formed, and at once the members set to work breaking holes in walls and digging trenches across the narrow alleys in order to communicate with each other. Those having arms took the posts assigned to them by the district leaders. Four soldiers had fallen in the streets with the first shots fired. An Armenian dragged the wounded men into his house and sent word to Dr. Vartan Poladian, who lived in that quarter. Just before the call came for his aid to the wounded soldiers, his wife Leah had ventured from the safety of her basement to bring cushions from the

living room above and was killed by a bullet from the citadel. In view of this the doctor did not wish to leave his motherless children alone, especially his two lovely daughters, one of whom Dicran was later to marry. However, he agreed to attend the wounded if they could be brought to him. Dicran and four companions decided to do this, but the moment they entered the street they came under fire and had to wait for darkness.

Within a few days the defenders had used up nearly all their ammunition. Although everyone believed that the French would eventually dominate the situation, no one knew how soon peace would be restored. The majority wished to take refuge in the monastery, but some were unwilling to abandon their homes to be pillaged and burned. Dicran was commissioned to write a letter to his friend Lieutenant van Coppanole, asking for troops to defend them. A nine-year-old boy volunteered to carry the letter by night to the monastery and returned safely with the reply: the lieutenant could spare no troops!

On the eighth day of fighting Dicran was asked to write another letter telling the officer that they could hold out no longer and were coming to the monastery that very night. The brave boy risked his life a second time to carry this message and returned with the reply that the French would cover their move with fire. At eight o'clock the French attacked the Turkish positions in that quarter with machine-gun fire while the seven hundred Armenians hurried down the slope of the Kanli Deré, waded across the ice-cold stream, and climbed the steep hill to the monastery. Finally they came to the exposed plaza and raced across it to the gate which stood open for them.

The Franciscans, Father Muré among them, assigned them a portion of the corridor in the school building. The number of refugees housed in the compound had by this time reached nearly three thousand, and more were still to come. Meanwhile Dicran and his brother knew nothing of the fate of their parents, their two younger sisters, and five-year-old Emmanuel.

Several months after the fighting was over, Dicran was assigned to assist the pharmacist at the German Hospital, at that time filled with Turkish wounded. He quickly learned his duties and spent his spare time studying the properties of drugs. After three months of employment his chief was hospitalized with typhoid fever, and Dicran was left alone to operate the pharmacy for no graduate pharmacist was to be found in the city.

One day a Turk came with a prescription for quinine capsules. Dicran recognized him as a next-door neighbor from the Divanli

Quarter. After exchanging greetings, Dicran asked him, "Do you know what happened to my parents? Did they remain at home during the fighting?"

"They stayed in their house for three or four days," replied the Turk, "then they went with other Armenians to a house near the cemetery. We besieged the place and threatened to burn it if they did not surrender, but we were afraid the house next to it—a Muslim's home—would also burn."

"And then?" asked Dicran.

"We finally broke in. A group of people—fifty or more—were huddled together in one room. Your father asked permission to read from a book and to pray before surrendering. We let him do so. He stood up, read and prayed, and then we slaughtered them all—men, women, and children. We didn't waste any bullets on them! We killed them with axes and picks."

"I don't believe you! You were our neighbor!" replied Dicran.

"You don't believe me? Whose watch is this?" He pulled a watch from his pocket and held it up. Dicran recognized it as his father's. "Your father also had a small Browning automatic, with six cartridges. None of them had been fired!" said the Turk, astonished that Abraham Hoja had made no attempt to defend himself.

"What did you do with the bodies?"

"We dumped them all in a ditch and covered them."

Greatly disturbed, Dicran turned away to fill the prescription. As he weighed the quinine the thought came to him that he might mix a little arsenious oxide with the quinine. It would be very simple. Then came the picture of his father refusing to use his Browning even in self-defense. "My father would never take revenge even against those who slaughtered helpless women and children," he said to himself, and he put the bottle of arsenious oxide back among the dangerous drugs.<sup>2</sup>

## The German Farm and the Kouyoujak Quarter

Although the British commander General Crawford had warned the Armenian leaders that between twenty and thirty thousand Turkish irregulars were within striking distance of Marash,<sup>3</sup> the Turkish military historian places the number at about one-tenth of these figures. Five or six detachments from Pazarjik, Albustan, Bertiz, and Marash were posted on the roads leading to Marash, while in the city were

between fifteen hundred and two thousand armed fighters.<sup>4</sup> In order to augment the fighting force, the authorities liberated the criminals held in the Marash prison, explained the situation to them and the need for their services, and gave them weapons.<sup>5</sup>

During the night of 24 January Turkish cavalry from Albustan attacked the French positions at the barracks, but were driven off by machine-gun fire.

With their batteries situated on the dominant ridges of Marash, the French in the vicinity of the barracks kept the city and the National forces under fire, causing serious losses to our fighting men. The Nationalist forces were gradually strengthened. The Representative Committee [in Ankara] was kept informed of the situation, and contact was maintained with Mustafa Kemal. Dr. Mustafa in particular performed this duty successfully through the headquarters he had established in the place called Janjak, west of Marash.<sup>6</sup>

On 25 January another detachment of four hundred men from Pazarjik were posted in the region of the Arabkirli Farm east of Marash, coming under the command of Captain Kuluj Ali. At the German Farm in this area was a detachment of eighty [French] troops. Attacked strenuously from several directions, the farm changed hands and the French who survived were taken as prisoners of war. Captain Kuluj Ali pushed back all of the French and Armenian detachments in the eastern section of the city, taking some prisoners, and occupied the German Orphanage and the Kouyoujak Quarter. In this area were stone houses belonging to the wealthy Armenians which had been fortified by the French. Consequently these houses were cleaned up.<sup>7</sup>

Actually the German Orphanage, Beitshalom, was never taken, although it was attacked repeatedly. After the fighting was terminated we found the farm buildings burned to the ground.

Captain Kuluj Ali's men had indeed destroyed the beautiful stone houses of the Kouyoujak Quarter. These were the homes of the well-to-do merchants, among whom the Kherlakians were prominent. When the *chété* attacked the Kouyoujak Quarter they were unable to break through the defense organized by Setrak Kherlakian and so adopted their favorite alternative. They set fire to Turkish buildings when the wind was favorable and succeeded in destroying the entire section.

Raphael Kherlakian has given a vivid account of the events which followed.

When the quarter in which we lived was burned, two thousand Armenians followed us by night to the house of my father-in-law [Hovsep Kherlakian] on the hill known as "the Boulgourjian's"—a house which became famous for its heroic resistance. It was a house of three floors, with an enclosed courtyard. Two thousand Armenians took refuge there, all on the lower floor, for nearly a month! No one dared go to the upper floors for provisions—not even for a moment in the night—so intense was the Turkish fusillade. Four Armenians fell under their fire, one of them my aunt, for having gone upstairs.

Within a few days the food was exhausted. There was nothing left to feed the two thousand! The last cat and the last horse had been eaten. There was an icy wind, and snow claimed its victims. Dysentery had started. Several assaults on the house by thousands of *chété* were repulsed by the ten Armenians with rifles—the only fighters—commanded by Setrak, my cousin.

The French soldiers quartered in the First Protestant Church next door, not familiar with this kind of war, fell without firing a shot. Among those poor young men some, gravely wounded, were cared for in their last moments by my poor wife, who took the place of their mothers in France. Some died of gangrene, for there was neither a doctor nor any medication.<sup>8</sup>

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

### DEVASTATION AND MASSACRE

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#### Koulaghi Kourtlou and Sheker Deré

From Saint Stephen's Church on 20 January a procession of mourners went to the cemetery carrying on a bier the body of an Armenian legionnaire who had been killed by a sniper firing from the minaret of a mosque. The Turkish authorities had made no move to find the culprit, nor did the French commander take any steps to force an investigation. This caused great resentment among the Armenians, who felt that the Turks were testing the ability of the French to punish such an incident.

On his return from the cemetery Khatchig Der Vartanian, who had been one of the pall bearers, deposited the wooden framework on which the body had been carried in the courtyard of Saint Stephen's Church, not knowing that it would soon serve for the escape of his sister Makrouhi—bride of a few months—and his mother. Aware of the tension in the city, Khatchig urged his sister to move to his home near the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths where a large detachment of Senegalese troops was quartered and where her brother Yervant served as interpreter to the commander, Major Corneloup. Disregarding his advice, Makrouhi was busy the next morning assisting her mother-in-law in the preparation of a feast for her relatives and those of her husband, Arsen Der Ohannesian, when shortly after the noon hour the unusual quiet of the quarter was shattered by a fusillade of gun fire. People caught in the streets were screaming and running for shelter, many to the nearby Church of Saint Stephen. Arsen took his bride and his mother across to the church compound without stopping to carry food or bedding. That evening hundreds of Armenians from the Bektoutiyé Quarter came to the church. They barricaded the doors

and stretched out to sleep on the floor, using the church carpets for mattresses. Only a few steps away there was food in abundance, the banquet prepared for the family gathering, but no one dared move outside the door.

A week passed. The Turks had begun a systematic campaign to clear the quarter of Armenians, burning their homes and killing the inhabitants. Finally they set fire to a group of houses close to the church, and a few survivors escaped to Saint Stephen's. They were shocked and exhausted but cried to those already in the church, "Run! Run! They will burn you alive if you stay here!"

This created a panic among the five or six hundred refugees. It had become dark. The great door was opened and many ran into the yard, but to open the main gate would be suicide, for across the street snipers were waiting in the Turkish reformatory. Could they climb the high wall and escape into the side street?

While the crowd milled about, Arsen noticed the bier last used to carry the dead legionnaire to the cemetery. It could serve as a ladder, with the crossbars for steps! Placing it against the wall, he directed his mother and wife to remove their shoes so they would make no noise when they dropped over the wall to the stone paved street. Some twenty-five other refugees followed, each one helping to boost the one ahead over the wall. Outside the Turks were busy carrying water to save their own houses from burning. In small groups the Armenians slipped quietly down the alley to the street leading to the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths.

Arsen discovered that his mother was missing and did not know whether she had gone ahead or had been left behind. Reaching the foot of the citadel and Cutthroat Lane, they decided to take shelter in the house of Arsen's cousins—Der Sahag's house. They climbed a wall in the rear and entered the house, finding only a small boy and his grandfather who was unable either to walk or talk because of a stroke. The others had fled to the Franciscan Monastery. For a week Arsen, Makrouhi, and six others hid in the basement, going to the kitchen for food only at night. An Armenian neighbor kept watch over them, as well as over his own household, and finally persuaded them to join his family for better protection and comfort. There, too, was an Algerian soldier caught away from his base on 21 January.

At midnight a daring young Armenian came to them from the Franciscan Monastery for his sister, knowing her to be there. As they left together for the monastery, the others decided to risk the journey, for it was even more dangerous to stay. Shortly after they set out in



the darkness the one armed man in the party accidentally discharged his rifle. All over the neighborhood Turks began shooting—their technique for scaring off would-be aggressors. Some of the group turned back and were never seen again. Makrouhi hung on to her husband's arm and ran on, passing a mill and the body of its Armenian owner in the street which runs along the Kanli Deré. They climbed the forty or fifty steps up the steep slope to the high-walled monastery, perched like a castle on the ridge, and approached the main entrance with its barricade. Would the defenders shoot, assuming them to be enemies? "Armen! Armen!" they shouted to identify themselves as Armenians, and a French soldier called back for them to approach and enter. Only three of the group had reached the monastery: Makrouhi, Arsen, and the son of Der Sahag's neighbor. In the monastery they found Der Sahag's family, who had gone there on the first day of fighting. Father Joseph assigned them to a room on the second floor, already occupied by twenty-five others.<sup>1</sup>

Those who remained at Saint Stephen's—said to be about five hundred—died in the flames as the church was burned on the following day. Makrouhi's sister Nevart had fled with her two children to Saint Sarkis Church in the Kumbet Quarter when fighting began. A number of the men who took refuge there were armed, and under the leadership of Sarkis Ghadeyan resisted the attacks of Turkish insurgents for some time. As the forces opposing them grew in number they decided to abandon the church and move to the nearby orphanage, Beitshalom, where eighty French soldiers were quartered. The move was made successfully at night. In the orphanage Nevart found her brother Hovsep among the three thousand Armenians who had sought refuge there. Finding Saint Sarkis without defenders, the Turks looted and burned it.

Safe in the monastery, Makrouhi knew nothing of what had happened to the other members of her large family. At that time her mother-in-law, two sisters, and two brothers were among those who had taken refuge in the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths. Her brother Hovsep, a teacher, had gone to his classes at Beitshalom Orphanage and was unable to return to his wife and three sons. In his history of these events he states that he never saw them again.<sup>2</sup> Another account by Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazarian, surgeon at the German Hospital in Marash, published in the Boston journal *Bahag*, records that the band which slaughtered approximately three thousand Armenians in that area was composed of Turkish, Kurdish, and Cherkez villagers led by Bayazid Zadé Shukri and the sons of Kadir Pasha.<sup>3</sup>

Also members of Saint Stephen's Church were the Chorbajians. Boghos, one of five brothers, lived with his wife and seven children in the Divanli Quarter close to the home of Abraham Hoja Berberian. Of these only the eldest son, Karekin, survived, for he was not at home when the siege began. Hovsep, son of Baghdasar, who lived near the Belediyé ("Municipal Building") relates his experiences. At the outbreak of hostilities he was in the home of an uncle at Boghaz Kesan and remained there for eight days, helping in the defense. When it became clear that greater security was to be found in the Franciscan Monastery with its garrison of French troops, some of those in the Chorbajian residence agreed to attempt to reach that haven. Since success depended upon moving quickly and silently at night, it was decided that the elderly and the very young should remain in the residence. At nine p.m. fifteen of them set out by way of the Turkish cemetery and reached the Monastery safely.<sup>4</sup> Two weeks later Hovsep was to witness an episode of historic importance.

### The Church of Asdvadsadzin

Shortly after the burning of the Church of Saint George and the destruction of the Armenian community in the Sheker Deré Quarter, the *chété* turned their attention to the buildings in the Church of Asdvadsadzin compound. The defenders there numbered only thirty-one legionnaires, a strange distribution in view of the fact that half a mile distant in the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths was a powerful force of some eight hundred soldiers under the command of Major Marty. Among the latter was Sergeant Krikor Ajemian, who faithfully kept up his diary.

The burning of Sourp Asdvadsadzin was a horrible sight. Two days ago the Turks set fire to the orphanage and burned the three hundred fifty orphans in it. Their cries still pierce my heart. We could not go to their aid because of the barbed wire and the enemy machine-gun fire. It reminded me of the massacre of the two thousand children by Herod. Fourteen of our legionnaires, led by Stephan, and three hundred of the people were able to escape and join us, leaving seventeen legionnaires still there. Sergeant Baghdasar Odabashian, although wounded, decided to stay with the people and kept his seventeen comrades with him even though

all had the means to escape. For two days they waved flags signalling for help. Together with other sergeants we asked Major Marty for permission to go to the aid of these people but were refused.

This morning the Turks succeeded in opening two holes in the roof of the church, poured kerosene inside, and set the church on fire. Those who tried to escape were shot by the Turks. Poor Ghazaros Adamian! He came out of the church, fired on the Turks, and then turned back into the fire.<sup>5</sup>

From the Franciscan Monastery across the city, Father Muré watched the conflagration through his field glasses. First he noted the destruction of the presbytery, then on the following day the school, and on the third day the church itself. "The Christians who ran out were slaughtered, while those who stayed perished in the flames. Almost no one of the fifty soldiers and two thousand Christians was saved."<sup>6</sup>

Nishan Saatjian reports that a twelve-year-old girl had volunteered to carry an appeal for help directly to General Quérette and by a miracle reached him safely, but without result. Likewise two legionnaires from the besieged church succeeded in approaching Major Marty to appeal for arms, but they were refused. Knowing that it spelled their end, they returned to the church. One hundred civilians who had taken refuge in the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths volunteered to rescue those in the besieged church if only they could be armed, but Major Marty was unwilling to weaken his own force by relinquishing so many rifles. The next night Major Marty met his own death. While he walked in the courtyard of the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths, a sniper's bullet struck his chest. He was buried with military honors next to the tomb of Archbishop Mugerditch Aghavnoun.<sup>7</sup>

### The Soap Factory

On their way to the Christmas service at the Apostolic Church of Saint George on 19 January, the family of Ohannes Kusajukian noted that the Turks were digging trenches around the *konak*, the seat of government for the district of Marash. Ohannes Efendi and his brothers operated an establishment engaged in the production and distribution of soap and of food products made from olive oil and from grapes. The factory, warehouse and stables were located in the

Turkish quarter immediately south of the citadel. On one side rose the minaret of Ulu Jami while on the other was a Turkish bath. The buildings faced the Sheker Deré which assured a plentiful supply of water. Across the stream was the Second Evangelical Church in the Armenian quarter. The family residence had been constructed of wood as a second story on the stone walls of the soap factory.

When the fighting began, many friends and relatives of the Kusajukian brothers came to the soap factory for refuge, and soon nearly eighty persons had crowded into the spacious living quarters, where they were assured of food sufficient for a long siege; for below them were the storerooms filled with dried fruits, olive oil, and *tarhana* (a dried product made from parboiled wheat and yogurt).

For nearly eight days they were not molested but were keenly aware of the devastation across the Sheker Deré where all homes in the Armenian Quarters were burned. They must have witnessed also the burning of the churches of Saint George and Asdvadsadzin, both nearby. It is probable that the location of the soap factory in the heart of the city close to the Ulu Jami and the covered market accounted for the reprieve, for the Turks were busy cleaning up the Armenian residences and strongholds north and west of the citadel. But finally the *chété* encircled the soap factory and in spite of its defenders broke into a store room where they found kerosene. With this they set fire to the wooden second floor, forcing a retreat to the ground floor with its stone walls. The horses in the stable died in the fire, but two iron doors prevented the fire from spreading to the factory area. Here the men blocked the main outside door by rolling the huge cylindrical stone used for pressing oil from olives against it. The women emptied every available vessel, including jars of the precious oil, in order to carry water and save the lower structure. The Turks, seeing that no one ran from the burning building, concluded that all had perished, and went on to new conquests.<sup>8</sup>

### Avedis Seferian versus Evliyé Efendi

The area assigned to the Armenian volunteers commanded by Avedis Seferian lay between the *konak* and the citadel. The Seferian property, enclosed by a wall of mud brick, was situated directly across a narrow street from a similar walled compound owned by Evliyé Haji Evliyé Efendi, the highest ranking of all Muslims in Turkey—the Sheikh-ul-

Islam. His nephew, a lawyer also named Evliy , commanded a group of Muslim fighters from this quarter. Although the two families had maintained good relations as neighbors over a period of many years, the political events in 1920 had placed them in opposing camps. About one hundred fifty Armenian residents of the quarter had taken refuge in the three Seferian buildings. After three days of fighting the Turkish band commanded by Evliy  Efendi had encircled the Seferian compound and demanded the surrender of its defenders. The Armenians understood that surrender meant death, despite the promise of protection. Avedis Efendi took counsel with his group of fifteen fighters and with the leaders of the unarmed refugees. He proposed that they should create a diversion by setting fire to Evliy  Efendi's house. The Turkish fighters would certainly attempt to save the property of the Sheikh-ul-Islam from burning, and this might provide an opportunity for the Armenians to escape either to the Tash Khan in the covered market, or possibly to the Church of Asdvadsadzin.

Avedis and his helpers made several bundles of clothing, each one weighted with a stone, and soaked them in kerosene. One by one these were set on fire and tossed across the street on to the house of Evliy  and his uncle the Sheikh. The house caught fire. Shouting to each other to help, the Turkish fighters set their rifles aside in order to carry water. Evliy  himself directed the fire fighters. One of the Armenians spotted Evliy  and fired. Evliy  disappeared. The marksman insisted that he had hit him.

While this action was taking place, refugees had been slipping out of the Seferian compound to seek shelter elsewhere. Avedis and his fighters remained until the last to cover their retreat. After dark they divided into groups of three or four, altered their headgear to resemble that of the Turks, and sauntered into the street talking like Turks instead of using the somewhat simpler dialect used by the Armenians. They found it impossible to reach any of the churches, which were already under attack, but took shelter in an Armenian house near the Bedesten. Within a few days this was besieged and set on fire. Those who ran out were shot down, and only a dozen of the three hundred in the building escaped. Avedis and two armed companions made a dash for shelter. Two of them fell, but Avedis reached the Tash Khan and only there discovered that his trousers were covered with blood from a flesh wound in his thigh.<sup>9</sup>

The Turkish historian Saral records the following:

Muallim Evliy  Efendi, who had been fighting since the beginning of the Marash events, took with him enough fighters to clean

out the French from the Tash Khan and captured it. After this he turned northward and continued the mopping up, one by one, of the houses near the barracks where French and Armenians had taken shelter, but an enemy bullet made this son of a Turk a *shéhit* ("fallen patriot").<sup>10</sup>

The historian was in error about the Tash Khan, which remained in French hands throughout the siege.

## Appeals for Help

By the fifth day of the rebellion, General Quérétte became concerned over the fact that no help had been sent him by General Dufieux, the divisional commander, in response to the message he had telegraphed by way of Aintab on 21 January. He decided to send couriers to Adana, these being his only means of communication, for the telegraph lines had been cut. On that Sunday afternoon Lieutenant Colonel Thibault and Major Roze des Ordons came to the Wilson house. Mrs. Wilson served them with tea, assuming that they had come for a social call. It had been a very noisy Sabbath with the French artillery in action. We had seen the shelling of the Ulu Jami, pieces of masonry flying as high as the minaret when high-explosive shells landed on the dome of the mosque. The colonel explained that Turkish fighters had been firing from the minaret.

The purpose of the visit was revealed when the colonel turned to Paul, "Mr. Snyder, I understand that you have a German rifle—a Mauser. We need one to complete the disguise of a courier to Islahiye. Would you be willing to exchange it for one of our French rifles?" Paul agreed to the exchange and brought his rifle. Five of the Turkish-speaking legionnaires had volunteered to make the dangerous trip disguised as Turkish gendarmes. Weeks later we learned that only one of them reached Islahiye.

Our confidence in an ultimate victory for the French forces diminished day by day as we witnessed one Armenian center after another go up in flames while the French commanders refused to engage their troops in any effort to save the Christian population. American personnel and their relief work were also in danger of destruction, for the French officers were occupying mission property. For some time Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman had been searching for a courier willing to carry a message destined for American diplomatic offices in Aleppo or

Constantinople. An opportunity came unexpectedly from the most unlikely quarter.

Early on 31 January a stalwart blond Armenian in the dress of a Zeitun mountaineer came asking for Dr. Wilson. Nine of these famous fighters had reached Marash, avoiding Turkish forces by using trails across the mountains. They had had several skirmishes with *chété* during the trip but had known nothing of the major conflict in Marash until they came in sight of the burning city and heard the rifle fire. They had come for rifles and ammunition so that their own people could defend themselves; Zeitun was also surrounded by *chété*. Villagers around Zeitun had come into the town for protection.

While our visitor was talking with Dr. Wilson, the other Zeitunlis were asking General Quérette for arms which at first he refused but consented to give when he learned of their fame as fighters. They promised not only to defend Zeitun but to take the offensive and put the *chété* to flight. In gratitude the nine Zeitunlis attacked a Turkish position near the barracks, burned several houses, and claimed to have shot nine of their enemies. Two of them were wounded, but they promised to make another raid that night. Dr. Mabel Elliott recorded in her diary on 1 February,

Yesterday two Zeitun men came through the trench from the French barracks, both with flesh wounds. They are magnificent men, mountaineers, tall, strong and very proud. They told me, as I dressed their wounds, that the men of Zeitun are fighting again. . . . They want to go back tonight. Zeitun can hold out forever, they say, if only they have ammunition.<sup>11</sup>

Aram Hadidian, an employee of NER who knew that the Americans were looking for a courier, suggested to me that the Zeitun men might undertake such a mission. He brought two of them to me and we discussed the problem. I asked, "What city could be reached where there is an American consul, or a missionary, with access to the telegraph line?"

"Hadjin!" replied one of the Zeitunlis. "Your organization had a station there. There is also a telegraph office."

Hadidian was incredulous. "Hadjin is more than one hundred twenty-five miles from here, and there are several mountain ranges to be crossed. Can you do that in the winter?"

"If we cannot do it, no one can. We can reach Hadjin within seven days."

Together we went to consult Lyman and Wilson, who approved

heartily and authorized me to reward the Zeitunlis. The message, typed on thin paper which could be concealed in their clothing, read as follows,

Situation in Marash desperate. Reign of terror in city since January 21. Hundreds of men, women and children massacred daily. No power to stop this as French are distinctly on defensive, forces and munitions inadequate. Americans have little hope if French are overpowered, as soldiers defend from our property. No assurance of help as large forces bar all roads. Leave nothing undone to relieve situation, as lives of all Christians are seriously threatened. Our auto and flag fired on repeatedly January 20. Our institutions under fire and many refugees and orphans wounded. Food short. Notify Arnold and Bristol.<sup>12</sup>

Major Arnold, personnel director for NER throughout Anatolia, had an office in Constantinople, and we felt that a telegram to that city had a better chance of getting through than one to Aleppo. Further, Arnold would undoubtedly pass the message on to Dr. Lambert in Aleppo and to NER headquarters in New York.

I also prepared a draft, chargeable to the Marash station, authorizing payment of twenty Turkish gold lira to the courier on delivery of message. As the Zeitunlis left they said, "Till death! If we cannot deliver the letter, no one can."

We learned later that they carried letters also from the Armenian leaders of Marash and from General Quérétte, each appealing for help. Of the five Zeitun men who set out for Hadjin, only two reached the city, delivering the messages on 10 February.

On 13 February Dr. Peet in Constantinople had just put his signature to a letter addressed to Dr. Barton in Boston when a telegram was handed to him, dated Hadjin, 11 February 1920. It had been transmitted in English, identical to the message quoted above. Dr. Peet added a handwritten postscript to his letter, enclosed a copy of the telegram, and stated that copies were being sent to Admiral Bristol and Major Arnold.<sup>13</sup>

At this stage of the siege the Armenian population was concentrated in eight compounds, four of which formed a semicircle: Beitshalom Orphanage to the southeast, The First Evangelical Church, the Franciscan Monastery, and the Armenian Catholic Church. These were close enough to each other, it seems, to have enabled the French detachments quartered in each of them to dominate the area between, provided they could communicate and coordinate their attacks. How-



ever, the Kanli Deré which flowed across the city from its source—Kirk Geuz—cut through the semicircle, passing under a bridge just south of the monastery. The French had failed to secure control of this bridge, over which passed the main street between the southern gate of the city and the German Hospital. The Turks placed strong forces in buildings commanding each approach to the bridge, thus cutting communications north and south, and east and west. Major Corneloup commanded large forces in the southern area, where the Church of Forty Sainted Youths housed several thousand refugees.

The course of events at each of these defense posts, where records were made by eyewitnesses, follow. The Armenians in Saint Sarkis Church had already abandoned it, moving to Beitshalom Orphanage. Those in Saint George's, Saint Stephen's, and Asdvadsadzin churches had been killed as these buildings burned.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

### PLACES OF DEFENSE AND REFUGE

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#### Beitshalom, "House of Peace"

The women employees at Beitshalom Orphanage were astonished and disappointed by the announcement on 21 January that their weekly visit to the Turkish bath in the Divanli Quarter was canceled. No explanation was offered for the loss of this privilege. Without doubt, Second Lieutenant Boissy, who commanded the detachment of machine gunners quartered in Beitshalom, had warned the orphanage directress Frances Buckley that disorder was expected, for General Quérette had issued orders for the seizure of certain objectives in the city on that very morning, and each detachment had been prepared for action.

During the next three weeks Miss Buckley found a few moments each day to make hurried notes in her diary recording the tragic events.<sup>1</sup> These notes form the basis for the account which follows. In addition to her normal family of about three hundred fifty boys, more than three thousand Armenian residents of that area had fled to Beitshalom when fighting began shortly after noon that day, bringing the population within the orphanage walls to thirty-five hundred; soldiers, orphan boys, staff, and refugees included. Assisting Miss Buckley were the Hilfsbund nurse Maria Timm and Headmaster Ohannes Kazarossian of the teaching staff.

A number of the refugees reached the shelter of the walled compound already wounded. Every corner of the orphanage classrooms, shops, and storerooms was filled with people. The high walls protected those on the ground floor, but rooms on the upper stories, including Miss Buckley's quarters, the infirmary, and an attic, were exposed to rifle fire from the minaret of a nearby mosque and from a Muslim

cemetery which stood on a hill above the orphanage. Stairs to the infirmary rose unprotected from the central courtyard within the walls, and Turkish sharpshooters kept this under observation. In these exposed areas there were many casualties.

On 22 January a woman carrying her baby came running to the orphanage gate and was shot as she turned the corner of the building. The baby, wrapped in a bundle, fell from her arms and rolled just beyond the dead mother's feet. "We can hear her crying, but no one can go to her. It is dreadful! French soldiers will try to bring her in tonight,"<sup>2</sup> wrote Miss Buckley. But it was not so simple. Turkish snipers across the street kept a close watch and fired the moment the door was opened. The baby's cries ceased after a few days. Later a little girl and boy came to the orphanage for protection but both were killed near the gate. These bodies were recovered only five days later.

On 24 January Miss Buckley and Miss Timm, both trained as nurses, were caring for the wounded in the infirmary when a battle began for control of the cemetery above the orphanage. Since the infirmary was in the line of fire, only those lying on the floor were safe, so that the dressing of wounds had to be postponed.

A number of French and Armenian soldiers were brought in wounded, and among them was the commander, Lieutenant Boissy who was dying. Command of the detachment passed to *Adjutant* ("Sergeant Major") Malboeuf, who was assisted by *Aspirant* ("Officer-in-Training") Bernard.

The Turkish military historian states that on 25 January the German Orphanage was taken by the Nationalist forces.<sup>3</sup> It was indeed attacked, but not taken, on that day. From across the city we in the college compound could see *chété* gathering in the Turkish graveyard of the Kumbet Quarter, but when they moved against the orphanage, the defenders drove them off with rifle and machine-gun fire. Miss Buckley wrote in her diary that "this day has been what Sherman said war is! . . . The early morning was quiet, so two old women started out for a walk! One was shot dead, and the other was brought to us, seriously wounded. She cannot live the night through."<sup>4</sup>

Miss Buckley had been too busy to note in her diary that repeated attempts had been made by the Turks to burn the orphanage buildings by throwing bundles of rags soaked in kerosene onto the roof. One can imagine their amazement when a powerful stream of water from the much admired but never used fire engine inside the walls put out the flames. "Our big boys are keeping the orphanage from burning," wrote Miss Buckley. "Even the little boys beg to help with the pump-

ing.”<sup>5</sup> Providentially one of the master workmen who had built the orphanage, Kaspar *Usta* (“Master”) was at this time a refugee within its walls. He understood very well that the Turks would next cut the orphanage’s water supply. He knew also that water for the Turkish quarter which lay on the slope below the orphanage passed underneath the courtyard and could be tapped. Under his direction the boys dug a trench across the courtyard until they came to the watercourse. From this they filled every available vessel, as well as the fire engine’s reserve tank.

As anticipated, the water supply was cut off on the following day, and burning rags were once more thrown upon the roof. When it caught fire there was a great shout from the Turks. Then came the stream of water from inside, where there should have been no water! The Turkish cries of victory were hushed. We witnessed this drama from across the city.

One day when there was a high wind the Turks were once more attempting to set fire to the orphanage. The sergeant major thought that they might well succeed and gave instructions to Miss Buckley what to do in case they were burned out. The children were to go out by one door, and the refugees by another with the soldiers. This meant, wrote Miss Buckley, that thirty-five hundred people were to be turned into the streets to become targets for the Turks. The attempts at arson, however, ceased, and later a Turk told us that they had given up because Allah had intervened and supplied water even after the source had been cut.

On 29 January fighters in the orphanage observed a group of Turks in the adjoining cemetery preparing to bury a prominent religious leader and shot all of them. The sergeant major was angry and gave strict orders that none but *armed* Turks were to be fired on.

On 4 February the refugees in Beitshalom were terrified by the explosion of shells in the orphanage. The Turks had brought cannon to the heights above the cemetery to subdue the Beitshalom defenders. One shell landed in Miss Buckley’s dressing room without exploding. Another started a fire in the carpentry shop. Headmaster Ohannes was wounded, but an exploding shell killed *Aspirant* Bernard, who had survived four years of war in France, including the siege of Verdun, only to die in Marash. After two days French artillery near the barracks shelled the Turkish emplacement and silenced its fire.

## The First Evangelical Church

Of the three Protestant churches in Marash, the First Evangelical Church was the largest. Its dynamic pastor, black-bearded Badveli Abraham Hartunian, was no stranger to violence, for he had already passed through several massacres, once being left for dead after falling under the blow of a Turkish ax. The story of his deportation from Marash and his experiences during exile have been reviewed in an earlier chapter. Badveli Abraham was living with his family in one of the five structures within the First Church compound under the same roof as the grade school. Each of the Marash churches supported a system of education for its members, and the First Church had an extensive program beginning with a nursery school and culminating in the Boys' Academy, from which the graduates could enter either Tarsus College or the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut. The great auditorium of the church seated one thousand persons.

During the first afternoon of the insurrection some two hundred Armenians from neighboring houses took refuge in the First Church, and approximately a thousand more were added when the Kouyoujak Quarter was burned. The French commander had quartered about three hundred soldiers in the compound.<sup>6</sup> During the first evening of battle Hartunian's confidence in the French was shaken when the officer in command ordered his men to prepare for transfer to the Armenian Catholic Church, about two hundred yards distant. However, when the troops began to march out of the compound, several were wounded by Turkish fire, and the move was canceled. It was obvious that the officer's concern was only for his own men.

On 26 January the officer commanding the French detachment decided to burn the houses close to the wall of the compound in order to prevent the enemy from occupying them. To the dismay of those within the compound the wind changed, endangering the church buildings. Fearing that the wooden bell tower would first catch fire, they hurriedly cut the supporting pillars and pulled it down. That fire was extinguished, but on 2 February the Turks succeeded in setting fire to the school building. The French troops were drawn up in preparation for flight. In panic the pastor gathered his wife and children and fled from the compound, fearing Turkish bullets less than the fire, and miraculously reached the shelter of an abandoned house. Later

they were amazed to see that the other buildings remained intact and after dark crept back to a structure in the center of the campus.

Again on 6 February a band of Turks, one of them bearing a long pole tipped with a bundle of flaming rags, attacked the compound but took to flight when a French bullet felled the pole carrier. On that day two French airplanes flew over the city, and that night the 300 French soldiers were replaced by 100 Armenian legionnaires.

On the following day most of the Nationalist forces were engaged in defending the western quarter of the city against the attacks of French reinforcements led by Colonel Normand, but the Turks who had encircled the First Church made a final attempt to destroy it together with the refugees inside. They set fire to a Turkish building close to the wall. A strong wind carried the flames to the church, and despite the fervent prayers of its pastor, it burned to the ground. The refugees and legionnaires displaced by the fire crowded into the two remaining buildings which were packed so tightly that no one could sit down. The only food available was the meat of the French mules, which they ate almost raw and without salt.<sup>7</sup>

## The Rescue Home

Across the street from the First Evangelical Church compound was the Rescue Home which housed the eighty young Armenian women who had lived in Arab or Turkish homes during the period of exile. Once the fighting began, no one of our personnel at the college, hospital or Beitshalom could possibly reach it. Badveli Abraham begged the French commander at the First Church to bring the women and their six babies over to the church under cover of darkness, but the officer ignored the request.

On 5 February a group of Turks knocked at the gate of the Rescue Home, posing as Armenians who had come to help those inside. The gatekeeper, Minas Bederian, admitted them, whereupon he was seized and taken away to be killed. Others entered and killed the matron, Mrs. Gohar Shamlian, in her room.

For the next two weeks Miss Buckley at Beitshalom, Badveli Abraham, and all of us in the college compound understood that the women had been killed, for the building had been seen burning. And so we were astonished and relieved when one day the Turks returned the girls to our care. They had been taken to a mosque, and then to a

Turkish village, where one of the babies died of starvation, and all suffered from hunger and cold. A few of the women had been molested by the guards appointed to protect them. Three girls who had gone into the city on 21 January before fighting began were never seen again.<sup>8</sup>

We wondered why the Turks had departed from their usual custom of killing the Armenians. In no other case was a building taken and the inhabitants spared. Perhaps it was because no one had fired in self-defense, or that each of these women had once accepted Islam and lived in a Muslim home for several years.

### The Franciscan Monastery

One of the few places of refuge which survived the onslaught of Turkish Nationalists was the group of buildings belonging to the Franciscan order. The architect who had planned these structures undoubtedly considered the need for security. The beautiful church, monastery, and school built of stone were perched on the crest of a steep ridge above the Kanli Deré and could be attacked only from the front. The gate to the walled enclosure opened on a broad plaza which placed any aggressor at a disadvantage. During the French occupation of Marash a strong detachment of troops was quartered here.<sup>9</sup>

Under the direction of Captain Benedetti the buildings were strongly fortified. A barrier was set up on the plaza in front of the gate in order to cover all approaches with machine-gun fire. The windows were blocked with stone brought in at night by parties of the refugees. The young men were eager to participate in such raids for stone, lumber, and food. The need for food was imperative. One night an Armenian who had ventured out to seek food in the abandoned Armenian houses found a pail of *pekmez* ("grape molasses") and on his return was wounded in the wrist. He never let go his prize, and later his friends, while enjoying this delicacy, discovered that it was enriched with blood.<sup>10</sup>

In order to open communications with their headquarters and to have access to the stores at the military barracks, Captain Benedetti ordered the construction of trenches to the German Hospital and beyond to the American College—a distance of about half a mile. This task was accomplished at night by the troops and refugees. From the trenches the French attempted to break through the Turkish positions.

In one daring raid against what they called "the White House," Lieutenant Froideval was killed. At the same time the French detachment in the Bedesten attempted to open communications with the monastery. Thanks to the initiative of the officers in the monastery, the detachment maintained communications with General Querétte, and Dr. Mabel Elliott in her book *Beginning Again at Ararat* records frequent visits by Lieutenant van Coppanole.<sup>11</sup>

When fighting began, Armenians in the districts surrounding the monastery flocked to it in such numbers that eventually thirty-seven hundred were sheltered in the three buildings. The French captain armed thirty of these to defend the monastery, since his own troops were needed to protect the trenches. The civilian fighters performed their task effectively, firing night and day to let the enemy know that any attack would be costly. One day four French soldiers were seen approaching the bridge over the Kanle Deré in broad daylight. General Quérétte had sent them as couriers to the Armenian Catholic Church, unaware of the fact that the Turks commanded both approaches to the bridge. Sentries in the monastery saw them fall. That night Captain Benedetti ordered his legionnaires to recover the bodies. Four young Armenians brought them in, but one of them, Haroutune Deyermenjian, was fatally wounded.<sup>12</sup>

Among the Franciscans in the monastery were the father superior, also Father Joseph and his colleague the Reverend Materne Muré, who had come from Holland thirty-five years earlier. These priests had extended the work of their order into a number of villages near Marash. During the siege Father Joseph supervised the distribution of food, one meal a day, to the refugees. Since this was barely enough to sustain life, the officers contributed from their own rations enough food to provide an afternoon snack for three hundred children.<sup>13</sup>

Among the refugees were a number mentioned earlier: Dicran and Haroutune Berberian, Dr. Poladian and his family, part of the Chorbajian family, and Arsen and Makrouhi Der Ohanessian, who had escaped from Saint Stephen's church before it was burned. Makrouhi noted in her diary that one corner of the monastery yard was used for the burial of those who were killed. Among these were Lieutenant Froideval, the four couriers killed at the bridge, and the legionnaire wounded while recovering their bodies.<sup>14</sup>

Father Materne Muré recorded in his diary the dreadful scene when the Church of Asdvadsadzin was burned, and later the burning of the First Evangelical Church quite near the monastery. On 1 February Lieutenant van Coppanole hoisted the French flag on the monastery



tower. Father Materne, looking over the city with his field glasses, counted fifteen French flags flying in various parts of Marash. This, he judged, was intended to identify the French positions, and it raised his hopes that reinforcements were expected.<sup>15</sup> There were few in the city who did not turn each morning toward the Islahiyé road, hoping to see a relief column.

### The Armenian Catholic Church

The Armenian Catholic Church—Sourp Purgitch, or “Church of the Savior”—was the seat of the Catholic Patriarchate in the Diocese of Marash. It had been built in 1857 when the need for a place of refuge was not foreseen, hence the site selected was not one of the city’s seven hilltops but a space within a triangle of streets in the heart of the city, near the bridge over the Kanli Deré. Four buildings, the cathedral, the bishopric, a boys’ school and a girls’ school, formed a solid square which enclosed an open court. The compound lay midway between Ulu Jami and the First Evangelical Church. On each side was a mosque, and from their minarets the Turks could look down into the courtyard and into the windows of the bishopric and the school buildings.

When the French first occupied Marash they placed one company of the Armenian legion in the Catholic church, and later the Ninth Company of Lieutenant Colonel Thibault’s 412th Regiment was added, all under the command of Captain Joly. The Reverend Pascal Maljian generously turned over his own chamber to Captain Joly, with the result that he was unable to change his clothing for the duration of the siege and got little sleep.

At the outbreak of the insurrection, Armenians living in the central quarters fled to Sourp Purgitch regardless of their faith. Even a number of Turks took shelter in this church, at least one of these being a convert to Christianity. Others included Suleyman Efendi, formerly an officer in the sultan’s army; and the family of Tabak Zadé Mehmet Efendi. These were received by the Catholics and protected as guests.<sup>16</sup> The total number of refugees was estimated by Father Pascal to be about three thousand. The Archbishop set up a system of self-government, selecting leaders among the refugees to head committees for the distribution of food, and to maintain hygiene, discipline, and defense. The winter supplies of food intended for the regular staff of the church and schools were made available to all, and priority was

given to the children, the wounded, the women, and others, in that order. Among the leading defenders were Stepan Aghazarian, Hagop Ketenjian of Aintab, Krikor from Furnous, and, in the last days of the siege, Setrak Kherlakian.

Turkish snipers poured rifle fire into the buildings from the minarets of mosques which stood on all sides of the compound. In the spiral stairways of the minarets narrow apertures had been left between the stones to provide light and ventilation, and these were used by the *chété* as loopholes for sharpshooters. The defense committee urged Captain Joly to capture the mosques, but he rejected this proposition on the grounds that religious institutions were not to be attacked. After many had been wounded a daring courier, Stepan Aghazarian, carried a request from the Armenians to General Quérette that the minarets be destroyed. A few high-explosive shells were fired at the minaret of the Ulu Jami, but they exploded impotently against the solid masonry of the tower as I could see from the shelter of the gun emplacement in front of the seminary.

The defense committee also considered it advisable to tear down the boys' school, for if the Turks should have succeeded in their efforts to burn it, the cathedral itself would have been destroyed. The French categorically refused to permit this defensive measure. When after many attempts the Turks actually set fire to the school, there was a panic. The priests and refugees threw themselves into the dangerous task of fighting the conflagration while the Turks poured a fusillade of bullets into the courtyard, killing a number and wounding many. Garabed Kuskonian, who had spent fifty years in the service of the church, died of his wounds. Father Pascal and one other priest suffered flesh wounds. Providentially the wind changed and the fire burned itself out.

It was fortunate for the wounded that young Dr. Parsegh Sevia had also taken refuge in the Catholic church. The supply of disinfectants and bandages had long since been exhausted, for the French had not foreseen the conflict and had neglected to provide an adequate stock of medical supplies. Under the direction of Archbishop Avedis the nuns prepared bandages for Dr. Sevia's use.<sup>17</sup>

## The Covered Bazaar

The French commander recognized the strategic importance of Uzunluk Street which connected the government buildings on the

northern slope with the gateways to the Islahiyé and Aintab roads in the southern Shahadiyé Quarter. Near the Great Mosque it connects with the Bedesten, a bazaar covered with a roof to protect the shopkeepers and their customers in all kinds of weather. In this bazaar lay the great stone warehouse—the Tash Khan—for the storage of grain and merchandise, and a separate warehouse for inflammable materials. Large bodies of Senegalese and Algerian soldiers were quartered in the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths near the southern end of Uzunoluk Street and Armenian legionnaires were housed in the Tash Khan. On the morning of 21 January, by order of General Quérette, French troops were to be posted at all important street intersections to insure a safe line of communications between the staff headquarters at the seminary and Major Corneloup, who commanded all troops in the southern quarters. As noted earlier, the Turks forestalled the French attempts to control the city streets with the result that General Quérette was never able to communicate with Major Corneloup. The battalion of legionnaires was assigned to the defense of the Bedesten, and to the union of forces in the southern sector with those in the Armenian Catholic Church and the First Evangelical Church. Success in this endeavor would come close to restoration of communications with the general, for the troops in the Franciscan Monastery had dug trenches reaching as far as the seminary. Only the bridge over the Kanli Deré would then remain in Turkish hands.

Although the Bedesten was under control of the French forces, the Turks never gave up efforts to capture or destroy it. They climbed to the roof which covered the streets of the bazaar, poured kerosene through holes and started fires—a strategy they had found so effective in destroying various churches. They had a serious setback, however, just at a time when they were preparing for a major assault. Sergeant Ajemian, secluded in his favorite grotto, was writing in his diary when two of his men came for him, greatly excited. From apertures in the walls of the shops they had observed a sizeable body of Turkish Nationalists assembling for a large-scale attack in a manner similar to what the legionnaires had observed several weeks earlier between El Oghlou and the Ak Su.

We ran through demolished buildings and burned shops until we reached an open place where ten days earlier I had been wounded. One or two hundred meters below us was a huge gathering, including a group of horsemen, with drums, horns, flags, and lots of noise, as though in preparation to attend a Turkish wed-

ding. This was their method for stirring up enthusiasm for an attack.

Entrenched in our position, with bandoliers of cartridges beside us, we were ready to open fire with our machine guns. Without waiting for the enemy to strike first, we opened fire. The Turks started shouting and crying as they had done at the battle near El Oghlou. The flags, drums, and horns all went into confusion. The first victims were the horsemen. Wounded horses were trying to stand up. The enemy had no time to fire even one bullet. Those who were preparing to exterminate us were lying on the ground.<sup>18</sup>

The scene of this drama, which occurred about 3 February, was probably the open market which lay between the two arms of the Bedesten north of the grain market. The legionnaires were jubilant over this affair, which came soon after the shameful loss of the Church of Asdvadsadzin, in which Major Marty had refused to intervene.

Just at the time French reinforcements were approaching the city, the troops in the Bedesten were nearing their goal of forging a union with those in the Armenian Catholic Church and the First Evangelical Church.

Last night we reached a new position where misfortune was awaiting us. A French battalion took over the defense of our position at Bedesten. It was obvious that our displacement had not gone unnoticed by the enemy, for they kept up a barrage of fire until morning. Without suffering any losses we reached the big French church (Sourp Purgitch) and from there the Protestants' assembly hall. On the way we saw countless corpses.<sup>19</sup>

The Turks were concentrating their efforts on the destruction of the First Church and its school buildings. The legionnaires who had replaced the French detachment on 8 February were quartered in the great assembly hall along with a multitude of refugees when it caught fire and burned to the ground, as I have already described. Ajemian gives a vivid account of this event and the narrow margin by which several thousand refugees were saved. The sergeant lost not only his personal belongings but also his beard in this fire.

Encouraged by their success, the Turks attempted to complete the job, for two buildings remained intact, and there were the multitude of Christians to be killed.

Machine guns in the minaret of the nearby mosque—the Gavlak Minaré, or Bare Minaret—were firing on us without pause. Officer

Saillant ordered my detachment of twenty-five soldiers to occupy the mosque. I prayed, then led the attack, knowing that if I could reach the mosque alive, the others would follow. I made the sign of the cross and dashed through a trench, trusting in God, and reached the mosque unhurt, my coat torn by a bullet. I signaled to my men, who dashed for the mosque and occupied it. In no time the minaret was in our hands. Only Yeghia fell, wounded in the head, but after first aid he regained consciousness and asked for water.<sup>20</sup>

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### MEDIATION & A MILITARY REVERSAL

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#### An American Offer of Mediation

On the morning of 5 February, Mr. Lyman, Dr. Wilson, and Dr. Crathern obtained General Qu  rette's permission to interview the Turkish hostages whom he was holding at the seminary. All of them were government officials or religious leaders. As a result of this conference a letter was addressed to the Turkish Nationalist leaders with an offer of American mediation whenever the Turks were willing to discuss terms. That evening after dark Paul Snyder and I went to the German Hospital, each on a separate errand. Mine was to have the offer of mediation forwarded to the Turkish *mutasarrif* by way of the nearest Turkish house.

At the hospital I learned of a Turk, Hanifi Efendi, who could be reached with the least exposure. There had been no firing from his house, located across a narrow street from the *Kiraat-han  *, or "reading room," where Nathan Koumrian and others lived close to the hospital. One could easily call to Hanifi Efendi from an upper window of the *Kiraat-han  *. Dr. Elliott asked one of her staff to deliver the message, and one day later a courteous reply came from the *mutasarrif* stating that the conflict was not an affair of the local government but a national issue, hence any offer of peace must go to the national leaders. This exchange of letters served to open a channel for communication.

Paul Snyder's errand was to assist one of the French officers to rig up a device for optical signaling. He showed the officer the gasoline-powered Delco generator and the storage batteries used for lighting the hospital. The officer borrowed one four-cell battery and a tungsten lamp. By linking these to a telegraph key he could send signals at night. The next day he borrowed also a spark coil which Paul, hoping

to build a wireless set, had discovered among the instruments in the college physics laboratory. It had taken fifteen days for these ideas to germinate!

That night I made a second trip to the hospital, escorting three sick Armenians from the college. One was an old woman wearing the thinnest of rags. Since it was very cold I threw my overcoat over her as she was being carried on the back of another Armenian. Later I found that certain members of her little colony of lice had chosen to remain in the warmth of my coat. Fortunately we had a supply of Keating's powder with which I freed myself of these dreaded typhus-carrying pests.

Early on the sixth of February the sound of an airplane overhead woke me. A great shout arose from the refugees in the college compound, for this suggested that help was at last on its way. Mrs. Wilson, confined to her bed with a severe cold, heard the commotion and, noting that everyone, including her husband, had rushed out of the house, assumed that the *chété* had finally overcome the French defenders and were massacring the refugees. Her screams, muffled by laryngitis, added to the excitement.

The biplane circled the city, dropping leaflets intended for the French into Turkish quarters. A second airplane came during the afternoon. Both were greeted by Turkish fusillades, and the pilots reported that the Turks were good marksmen. Certainly they were able to report that the French were besieged in a number of posts marked by the tricolor.<sup>1</sup>

Sixteen days had passed since the siege had begun in Marash. We wondered why it was taking so long for General Dufieux in Adana, and the supreme commander in Beirut, General Gouraud, to provide measures for relief.

### General Gouraud's Ambassador

In Beirut General Gouraud first became aware on 8 January that the French forces in Anatolia had not been welcomed by the Turks and Kurds. The Turkish Nationalist leader in the area of Urfa, Ali Saib, sent an ultimatum to the commanders of French forces in the eastern area notifying them that if they should not evacuate the territory they had occupied contrary to the terms of armistice within a brief period, they would be driven out by force of arms. Ali Saib, indeed, had scheduled a revolt for 15 January.<sup>2</sup>

General Gouraud dismissed the threat as a bluff. In the belief that calm could be restored by friendly conferences, he decided to send an ambassador to the cities of the eastern area. For this mission he summoned to Beirut from Adana an officer of the Engineering Corps, Colonel Robert Normand, described as a small nervous man, hard on his horse.<sup>3</sup> The general instructed the colonel to go to Diarbekir, stopping en route at Mardin and Urfa with a message of good will in order to restore friendly relationships with the civil and military authorities. He was to represent France as loyal and friendly to both Muslim and Christian.

Thus, according to French historian Paul du Vêou, the general thought that one officer could take the place of the artillery, Spahis, and wireless equipment which had been provided by General Foch for Cilicia and which he was hoarding in Beirut.<sup>4</sup>

For his escort Colonel Normand selected a French lieutenant as secretary, a Turkish lieutenant colonel as interpreter, six Turkish and one Circassian gendarmes, an old Kurdish brigand, and set out on horseback for Urfa. En route he stopped overnight at Aintab as the guest of Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie, whose civilian adviser, Raphael Kherlakian, recorded the event. After an hour's conference with Colonel Normand, his host appeared to be in a mood of great anxiety. The Armenians would have to be very prudent, he told Raphael Efendi, if they were to avoid massacre, for it was certain that France would send no more troops to Cilicia.<sup>5</sup>

In view of the fact that the Nationalists were prepared to strike, it is amazing that the colonel reached Urfa and Mardin (although not Diarbekir) and returned to Beirut alive. At Mardin a crowd wished to attack him, but the *mutasarrif* said to them, "If ten thousand French should come, we would kill ten thousand; but it is not worth staining our honor to kill two guests!" While Normand was asleep in Urfa, his own small escort of gendarmes fought off assassins, but actually it was his host who saved him by refusing to allow the killing of a guest. On leaving Urfa he narrowly escaped a trap set for him in the very ravine in which the entire Urfa garrison was slaughtered a month later.<sup>6</sup>

When he made his verbal report to General Gouraud, the latter exclaimed, "What a silly idea of Caix's [Gen. Robert de Caix de Sainte Aymour, secretary to General Gouraud] to send you to Diarbekir!" thus disclaiming his own responsibility.<sup>7</sup>

General Gouraud realized that the Urfa garrison was in a precarious situation but was not yet aware of the crisis in Marash. Convinced of the need for immediate action, he ordered the formation of a column to make a show of force in the region of Urfa. From the troops at his



disposal in Lebanon he assigned for this expedition a battalion of Algerian infantry, a squadron of Spahi cavalrymen, a battery of mountain guns, and a unit of wireless telegraphic equipment—possibly that belonging to the 412th Regiment besieged in Marash but never sent to it.

At this point the urgent need for use of the Beirut-Aleppo railway was obvious, but the greater part of it, from Ryak on the Beka'a Plain to Aleppo, lay in territory set apart for an independent Arab state according to the Anglo-French-Russian agreement concluded in London on 16 May 1916. Now, in January 1920, General Gouraud asked the Emir Feisal for permission to move his troops northward on the railway, but the Emir gave no answer, and after three days' delay they were shipped by sea to Mersin . How costly each day of delay was to the French garrisons of Marash and Urfa can be seen in retrospect. The expedition disembarked at Mersin  on 30 January and moved on to Adana the same day.<sup>8</sup>

Meanwhile General Dufieux had learned of the gravity of the situation in Marash. One of the five Armenian couriers disguised as Turkish gendarmes—possibly the one carrying Snyder's German rifle—had survived the hazardous journey to deliver General Quer tte's appeal for reinforcements. Marash was in more urgent need than Urfa, and a much larger force than that sent from Beirut was required. General Gouraud gave his approval to General Dufieux's new plan.

## A Relief Column for Marash

Colonel Robert Normand was placed in command of a column composed of three battalions of Algerian infantry, four squadrons of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, and an ambulance unit. But what had become of the wireless equipment? Had General Gouraud's staff in Beirut neglected to load this on the freighters carrying the expedition to Mersin ? The fate of Marash was at stake.

The column was ordered to assemble at Islahi   and start on the three-day march northward on 2 February. Again precious time was lost. The Turkish revolutionary movement was not confined to Marash, for *ch  t  * had begun harassment earlier by tearing up the railway between Alexandretta and Islahi  . The artillery, which had disembarked from Alexandretta, reached Islahi   on 4 February, and an infantry battalion from that port arrived on the fifth delayed by being derailed on a bridge.

Still more disastrous was the loss of more than half of the transport animals. Two hundred fifty camels had been herded together under the guard of Turkish gendarmes to carry munitions and food supplies for the Marash garrison as well as for the expeditionary force. General Dufieux had ordered that top priority be given for eighty charges of ammunition. On the morning of 5 February, when the main column was to start marching northward, it was discovered that one hundred thirty-five of the camels were missing. The gendarmes themselves must have been responsible for this act of sabotage. Clearly they were collaborating with the Turkish Nationalist forces. Since munitions had top priority, food supplies had to be sacrificed, and the column set off with no food whatever for the animals. Both men and animals would have to live off the land.

One battalion of Colonel Normand's column had started two days earlier in order to relieve two companies of Armenian legionnaires besieged at Bel Pounar, where they guarded a depot of military stores. There they found the legionnaires encircled by two hundred Turks, who formerly had been partisans of the French and had been armed by them. Major Bouvet's battalion drove the *chété* into the hills and sustained a loss of only one man wounded. The legionnaires joined Normand's column and proceeded toward El Oghlou on 6 February. During that march they encountered some resistance and pursued the *chété* into the hills, searching at the same time for Captain Fontaine who had been reported to be hiding there. Actually Fontaine had found his way to Marash on 4 February. During this search the French soldiers came upon looted French equipment. One item which captured Colonel Normand's attention was a drinking mug on which was engraved the sad prophecy, *This Quart Which Is Your Pride Shall Become Your Coffin!*<sup>9</sup>

The villages of Sarilar and Baba-burunu were burning, set on fire by the Turks as the French force approached. The herds of cattle found at each village were confiscated to provide meat for the soldiers.

Two airplanes returning from Marash where they had been riddled with bullets dropped instructions for sending coded communications. That evening Colonel Normand ordered the firing of a salvo from his 75 mm. cannon to announce his approach. Hopes of reinforcements had been raised by the airplanes circling over the city, and these hopes were confirmed by the sound of distant cannon fire, which we heard in Marash.

As the column proceeded toward the Ak Su on 7 February, the advance guard was attacked by Turkish forces from the crests of mountain ridges. These troops wore the regular Turkish army uniform. The

Spahis charged toward them while machine gunners and infantry followed. One soldier and a horse were killed, and an officer was wounded. They were attacked again at the crossing of the river, but the *chété* were driven off by shellfire—an advantage which the Bel Pounar convoy did not have on 24 January.<sup>10</sup>

By mid-afternoon the advance guard halted two miles from the southern entrances to Marash, and there on the open plain the French troops made their camp. That same evening, 7 February, a small detachment led by Lieutenant Thuillier and armed only with hand grenades reconnoitered the southern entrance to the city and found their way to the commander of the French forces in the southern sector. Lieutenant Thuillier gave Major Corneloup a verbal message from Colonel Normand and then returned to his camp, accompanied by Second Lieutenant Dumaine of Corneloup's battalion. Thus liaison was established between the two forces. According to Normand the message was an *invitation* to Corneloup that he join the camp outside the city unless he had orders to the contrary.<sup>11</sup>

### Normand Raises the Siege of Marash

Each morning the Reverend James Lyman started the day by inspecting through his field glasses the road running south from the city toward the ford over the Ak Su and beyond toward El Oghlou. On 7 February he noted a cloud of dust where the road winds around the mountain beyond the river. Anxious to share the good news, he summoned Paul and me to his balcony, where the beautiful vista was seasoned with occasional snipers' bullets. At first I could see only the cloud of dust, but then a brilliant flash appeared within the cloud, and thirty seconds later came the report of a French gun and a puff of smoke appeared high on the mountainside where shrapnel had burst.

Two hours later the road from the Ak Su clear across the Att Ichi Plain was filled with troops. By three o'clock in the afternoon we could see the column deploying on each side of the road. There they set up artillery and began to shell the Saint Toros Hill (known to the Turks as Merjimek Tepé, or Lentil Hill). This dominated the citadel and the entire city, and it was here that the Turks were entrenched in a position secure from the fire of French cannon at the barracks. Now shrapnel from the south bursting on the crest of the hill sent the Turkish troops flying for shelter to the northern slope where they

came into full view of the Marash guns, which immediately came into action.

From his encampment Colonel Normand noted the French flags over the seminary of the American Mission, the Franciscan Monastery, Beitshalom Orphanage, and two buildings in the southern quarter of the city. The Turkish flag was flying on the citadel.

The need for a system of communications between General Qu  rette and the commander of the reinforcements was now urgent. The French captain who had borrowed the Delco battery came again to Snyder for a stronger lamp. Paul dismantled one of the headlamps from the Reo truck and after dark helped set up the equipment on a hill north of the barracks. The lamp was connected to the battery and a telegraph key in such a way that a message could be flashed in Morse code. A cannon was fired to attract the attention of sentries in the camp, and the lamp signaled until acknowledgment came in the form of an answering flash. A message prepared by General Qu  rette was then transmitted to the commander of the relief column. Adjutant Movses Der Kaloustian of the Armenian Legion assisted with the signaling.<sup>12</sup>

That night Colonel Normand issued orders for the following day. First of all Merjimek Tep   was to be taken and the colonel's headquarters established there. His forces were then to clear the way to the barracks in which part of the Marash garrison was quartered.

Early on Sunday 8 February, the Ninth Battalion of the twenty-second Algerian Infantry, commanded by Major Bernard, moved directly against the hill, while Major Jozerau's Eleventh Battalion of the twenty-first Algerian Infantry followed in support, covering the flanks. Three squadrons of Spahi cavalry accompanied the two infantry battalions, and every piece of artillery went into action.

The troops found the approach very difficult, for in that area there were rice fields with irrigation ditches and marshes. Two hundred fifty Turkish infantrymen were entrenched in the area, supported by about one hundred cavalrymen and a number of machine guns. However, the French assault was made with such speed and decision that the hill was in French hands by nine o'clock. A battery of 65s was immediately placed on the hill, and at ten o'clock Colonel Normand moved his command post there.

In the seminary compound, standing close to the cannon emplacement, I watched this engagement with excitement but without understanding the objectives. Turkish rifle fire could be seen coming from the minaret of the Ulu-Jami, and this again became a target for the French gunners.

The Turks still held a trench only half a mile distant from the main French camp. This was captured in the afternoon by direct assault after heavy shelling. Spahi cavalymen pursued the Turks when they fled from the trench. One of them surrendered while the others, more lion hearted, chose to die. The prisoner complained bitterly that the Marash notables had incited the population to rebel, and this had caused the city's ruin. He volunteered the information that Turkish reinforcements consisting of three battalions of infantry and a battery of 105 mm. cannon were expected from Diarbekir.<sup>13</sup>

During that afternoon other detachments of the relief column moved northward as far as the foothills of Akhyr Dag, clearing the area of the enemy. It was more difficult and costly to dislodge the Turks from their positions in the Karamanli and Sheker Deré ravines, where it became necessary to bombard the houses from which the Turks sought to defend the city.

The troops of the Marash garrison had also taken the offensive that morning. A detachment of the Tenth Company led by Captain Bonnouvrier fought its way towards Merjimek Tepé and captured the Turkish gendarme post. Late in the afternoon Major Bernard's assault troops reached the same point, thus completing the union between Colonel Normand's forces and General Quérétte's headquarters.

At 8:50 P.M. the Colonel sent Lieutenant Thuillier, accompanied by Second Lieutenant Doumain of Corneloup's Seventeenth Senegalese, to General Quérétte. The General reciprocated by sending Captain Vermillard to Normand's command post. Not knowing that this liaison had been established, Captain Bonnouvrier on his own initiative made his way to Colonel Normand at 11:00 P.M. On his return to General Quérétte he confirmed the astonishing order which Lieutenant Thuillier had already brought.<sup>14</sup>

In his own account of this operation Colonel Normand records, "The colonel had already that evening [8 February] transmitted to General Quérétte by optical signals the orders of General Dufieux and advised the immediate evacuation of Marash if the latter could not be pacified without delay." He defended this decision on grounds that his troops had exhausted their food supplies, and that a restocking of the Marash garrison could be accompanied only by a convoy moving under strong escort for which the military resources were not available. It would be just as easy, he continued, to evacuate the city and return later with a force richly provided with munitions and rations and strong enough to guarantee future security as it would be to send in a convoy. For these reasons a decision had to be made not later than 9 February.<sup>15</sup>

At this point in his account, Colonel Normand writes, "Major Corneloup, informed of the situation and invited to join the camp unless he had orders to the contrary, made his decision immediately and arrived the same evening at the bivouac with all of his forces and his wounded." <sup>16</sup>

## CHAPTER TWENTY

### CORNELOUP'S WITHDRAWAL

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From the accounts given by individuals living in the various centers of refuge it is obvious that orders had been issued for secrecy in the withdrawal of Corneloup's forces and the abandonment of the refugees.<sup>1</sup>

At the First Evangelical Church the French captain ordered his sergeants to post sentries and attend a conference. During the day the sound of heavy fighting west of the city had been heard, and the officer explained that reinforcements had arrived. It was clear that victory was at hand, but strange orders had come from Major Corneloup. Sergeant Krikor Ajemian was unable to continue his diary that night and made the next entries while sitting in a corner of the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths.

I have neither the heart nor the energy to write anything. We deserted the assembly hall [of the First Church] one day after victory! . . . When night fell and we were resting, an officer called me by name and ordered me to assemble my twenty-five soldiers in the street and be prepared to move at midnight. When I asked for the reason he replied, "You will be told later!" At midnight I was ready with my men. I was overcome with a feeling of apprehension, that is obvious, but I hoped that it was not to be an evacuation at the moment the Turks were defeated. . . . The people were weeping and giving us their blessings. . . . The wounded were being transported to the place where the new column was camping.

Without any incident we reached the Bedesten and went on to the Tash Khan. A white flag, large as a sheet, was waving on

the citadel. We heard some sporadic cannon fire. The Turks were resisting in only a few positions, and not wholeheartedly. They were demoralized and in a mood for complete surrender.<sup>2</sup>

Some legionnaires, unhappy about the orders for secrecy, sent warning messages to places where groups of Armenians were known to be defending themselves.<sup>3</sup> Such a message reached the Second Evangelical Church. After dark on the night of 8 February a brave orphan girl crossed the Sheker Deré from the Second Church carrying an urgent message for the refugees in the Kusajukian soap factory. She had been instructed to swallow the note if caught by the Turks, for it stated that the French troops were about to withdraw from the city. The writer advised that women and children should move immediately to the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths, while the men remain to insure no attack from the rear. By moving silently in the darkness, the band of some fifty women and children passed the area covered by snipers in the minaret of Ulu Jami and turned into a street which led to their haven. At this moment their pent-up emotions could no longer be suppressed and the children ran screaming toward the gateway of the church which was guarded by a Senegalese sentry. He opened fire with his machine gun. The women screamed "Armen!" to identify themselves, and a legionnaire at the gate silenced the gunner; but a number of the Armenians had fallen, and one aged woman turned and fled back to the soap factory, reporting that the French were killing the Armenian women and children, hence the men had better stay where they were. By this time the Turks in the vicinity had become aware of the fact that a number of Armenians had survived the burning of the soap factory. On the next morning they attacked in force. Seven of the thirty-two men attempted to escape by running from the building, but only four reached safety, and all those who remained in the factory died in the flames when the factory was finally set on fire.<sup>4</sup>

### The First Evangelical Church

Late in the night of 7 February someone shook the pastor. "Badveli! The legionnaires and their French commander have gone! Who will defend us?" The troops had, indeed, withdrawn secretly during the night, leaving only their wounded behind. The refugees could now



depend only on the few civilians who possessed outdated weapons. These men took the positions abandoned by the troops.

When dawn came the pastor surveyed the smoldering ruins of his beautiful church. That morning news came to him that the Turks were sending their families out of the city to seek protection in nearby villages. The decisive blows struck by Colonel Normand's forces had already convinced them that the French were about to avenge the losses suffered during the previous weeks.

The Armenians—learning that the city was now evacuated by the Turks—rushed out from their imprisonment and began to help themselves to everything they could carry out of the empty Turkish houses. They soon reached our center with the news and our people, too, ran for booty. In a few hours our two buildings were filled with food, clothes, house furnishings, etc. I was displeased by all this. I did not like the conduct of my people, but I could not have prevented it. At nightfall, as if to avenge the deeds of the Turks, the Armenians set mosques and Turkish houses on fire and killed a few Turks they found here and there. The Armenians were rejoicing at the defeat of the Turks—not knowing that the French were in the process of evacuating the city.<sup>5</sup>

When Badveli Abraham was informed that the troops quartered in the First Church had secretly withdrawn, news of this was immediately passed on to the neighboring Boulgourjian house, where Hagop Agha Kherlakian and his family had taken refuge and his son Setrak commanded the defenders. It was decided that Hagop Agha, his son Joseph, and Joseph's nephew Raphael should confer with their Archbishop Avedis Arpiarian in the Armenian Catholic Church, Sourp Purgitch. This they reached safely by using trenches which had been dug on a pathway which was not exposed to the Turkish guards on the Kanli Deré bridge.

Events in this church on the preceding evening have been recorded by the Reverend Pascal Maljian.<sup>6</sup> Captain Joly had said to Father Pascal, "Pascal, I pity you! You are tired. Take my chamber tonight and have a good sleep!" Assured of safety by the presence of the military force and being in great need of sleep because of the wound in his thigh, the priest accepted the offer. After all, it was his own chamber! At about three o'clock in the morning someone woke him abruptly, "What have you done? We are abandoned—ruined by the French!"

"This is ridiculous!" retorted Father Pascal, but he went to the garrison quarters to see for himself. Aside from the civilian defenders there remained only a few wounded French soldiers. On the mess tables were the officers' abandoned silver and table service. Munitions were lying around, a little here and a little there. Father Pascal woke the archbishop and the leaders among the Armenians, and together they discussed the situation until dawn. Almost unanimously they accepted the bishop's conclusion that this was part of a maneuver to end the conflict. Doubting this, Father Pascal decided to go personally to the camp of French reinforcements outside the city, no matter what the risk, in order to learn the truth. He and three volunteers, armed to the teeth, took the road "between water, fire and a fusillade".<sup>7</sup> They reached the camp safely, for this was the day after a great part of the Turkish population had evacuated the city. Father Pascal found Captain Joly and reproved him for his deception. The captain was greatly embarrassed. He had been sworn not to let the Armenians know of the withdrawal. The priest wrote a letter to Colonel Normand, commander of the relief column, asking for an explanation of the French withdrawal. Was it for purposes of maneuver, or were the French preparing to abandon the city? He wished to advise his bishop and quiet the fears of the refugees. A reply came, written on the page of a notebook by the colonel's clerk, and it was evasive. Father Pascal found messengers among the refugees who had already come out of Marash with Major Corneloup's forces, but as they left the camp with a message for the archbishop they were turned back by Senegalese riflemen, who had been ordered to allow no one to return to the city.<sup>8</sup>

After Father Pascal's departure Hagop Agha Kherlakian, distinguished representative of the Armenians in parliament, discussed the significance of the troop withdrawal with Archbishop Avedis Arpiarian and some of his associates. The Kherlakians indignantly rejected the rumor that the French were preparing to abandon Marash. It was an insult to French honor. They believed that the French officers, whom they had entertained lavishly, would have given them warning of such a move. During this conversation Raphael noticed that the bishop was greatly disturbed but unable to explain the cause. Later, reported Raphael, "we learned that the French detachment in the Armenian Catholic Church had informed our Archbishop of the evacuation under the seal of secrecy, and had begged him to accompany them. The worthy bishop had refused, preferring to die at the head of his flock."<sup>9</sup>

During the next two days the Turks, aware of the withdrawal of the

French detachment, attacked the church with increased fury. The bishop and his counselors asked Setrak Kherlakian to assume command of the civilian defenders, for they knew that he had served in the Turkish army as a major.

Setrak Agha first took stock of the available arms and discovered that although a number of the refugees possessed rifles, they had concealed them in their bedding rather than participate in the fighting. Altogether the new commander found that the armament with which he had to confront the Turks included two machine guns and eighty rifles, sixty of which were modern. Only ninety of the men volunteered to serve as defenders of the mass of refugees, who by this time numbered nearly four thousand. Setrak Agha organized the defense of the compound and took steps to prevent the Turks from using the nearby Turkish bath, the *Kelbeyi hamam*, which had strategic importance. When he learned that the sentry stationed in the bath had been wounded, Setrak Agha himself dashed to the *hamam*, caught three Turks preparing to set fire to the church, and killed all of them.<sup>10</sup>

The French troops quartered at Beitshalom Orphanage and those in the Franciscan Monastery did not participate in the withdrawal on the night of 8 February. Both detachments had maintained communications with General Qu  rette. Miss Buckley recorded in her diary that each night a brave legionnaire crawled from the orphanage to the seminary headquarters with a report.<sup>11</sup> She had seen Colonel Normand's column as it approached the city and noted that as the Turkish population was in flight the refugees went out foraging for food and loot in the Turkish quarters. She was overjoyed at the arrival of Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazaraian who had fled from the First Evangelical Church when it burned.<sup>12</sup>

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

### BETRAYAL OF A TRUST

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A delegation of Armenians came to Mr. Lyman's residence on the morning of 9 February. "Is it true that the French are planning to leave Marash?" they asked.

Dr. Crathern, Snyder, and I were with Mr. Lyman, and we laughed together. "Why should they leave? They are winning the battle!" Our visitors stated that the refugees in the college compound were in a panic of fear because of this rumor. Shortly after this, refugees who had come to the college from the German Hospital during the night brought a message from Garabed Agha Bilezikjian stating that a letter from the Turkish leaders was on its way to the Americans, whom they were asking to serve as mediators between them and the French.

At noon Major Roze des Ordon, accompanied by an aide, came to meet the American personnel of NER and the mission. Crathern, Snyder, and I went with him to the Emergency Hospital where we picked up Dr. Wilson and proceeded to the college, for Mrs. Wilson, upset by the rumors, was insisting on seeing her husband. Mr. Lyman then arrived with Dr. Elliott, Mabel Power, Helen Shultz, and Evelyn Trostle. We remained standing, sensing that the major brought bad news. Someone asked whether there was any truth to the rumor that the French planned to withdraw.

"It is true that we have been ordered to leave Marash! It came as a surprise to us. The general received the order only this morning. Our troops at the other end of the city got the message yesterday and have already gone." He explained that Colonel Normand had been instructed by General Dufieux that if order could not be restored by 9 February, all troops should return to Islahiyé.

Mrs. Wilson noted in her diary that night, "We gave not a sign, but

our hearts were cold, for we knew that this meant the massacre of the remaining Armenians.”<sup>1</sup>

“Major! The Turks are ready to surrender!” exclaimed Mr. Lyman. “They are asking that the Americans act as mediators.” He proceeded to tell about the letter from the Turkish leaders.

“If this is true, the general may reconsider evacuation. Where is the letter?” After a moment of embarrassed silence, Mr. Lyman explained that the letter had not yet arrived; that news of it had reached him only that morning.

“Without the letter we cannot hope to change the plan. We have been ordered to prepare for evacuation tonight. And we advise you Americans to go out with us,” the major stated.

“And what will become of the Armenians when you leave?” demanded one of the ladies.

“If they should try to follow us, the Turks would understand that the movement of troops is not a maneuver but an evacuation of the city. Then no one would get out alive. You are not to tell the Armenians that we are leaving!” He added that the French commander would turn over to the mission all of its stock of flour, together with eight hundred fifty Turkish gold lira (equivalent to about thirty-seven hundred dollars) to be used for feeding the refugees.

The missing letter had become of paramount importance—the only means to persuade the French that a victory had been won. Someone had to make the hazardous trip to the hospital in broad daylight to trace the letter. Snyder and I had each made the trip in daylight during the first two days of battle and had drawn fire from the Turkish houses near the hospital. I volunteered and set off at once, encountering no fire, for the Turks were busy getting out of the city. At this time the Nationalist troops were engaged in the heaviest fighting of the entire siege, battling against Colonel Normand’s forces in the northwestern area.

Before leaving the college I learned from Dr. Elliott that on the previous evening, 8 February, a letter had been thrown from the house of Hanifi Efendi but had failed to clear the wall of the *Kiraat-hané* and had fallen in the street. No one dared to go outside to recover it. Dr. Elliott had been consulted and suggested that a second letter should be written. This message was conveyed to the Turks, and somewhat later a Turk called across to the *Kiraat-hané* “Don’t shoot!”

“*Pek iyi* (“very well”)—don’t you shoot!”

“Give this letter to Garabed Agha Bilezikjian.” A small packet came hurtling over the wall. In it were two letters weighted with a stone,

all wrapped in a cloth. One letter was from a Turk who stated that he had protected fifty Christians in his home, but that other Turks had forced him to surrender them, and all had been killed in the street outside his house. The other letter was addressed to Mr. Lyman, urging that the Americans intervene and persuade the French not to kill the Turkish women and children. Dr. Elliott was puzzled to learn that the letter had not been delivered to Mr. Lyman, and yet the contents were already known to the refugees in the college compound.<sup>2</sup>

At the hospital I found that Garabad Bilezikjian's house lay about one hundred feet across the main street, facing the house of Levon Yenovkian, which in turn adjoined the hospital. Evidence that this was a dangerous crossing stared me in the face, for there lay the bodies of the deacon and a number of others, unburied for nearly three weeks. My successful dash across the street and later my safe return were undoubtedly due to the fact that the Turkish fighters were all engaged by Colonel Normand's Algerian infantrymen.

Garabad Agha stated that he did not have the letter, but suggested that I ask Nazaret Bilezikjian who lived nearby. He showed me how to reach his house by an underground passage without exposing myself to fire.

Nazaret Bilezikjian denied a little too vehemently any knowledge of the letter. Suspicious, I challenged him in Turkish, "Give me the letter! I know that you have it!"

He hesitated, then turned to a table, withdrew the letter from a drawer, and handed it to me with this statement, "You Americans keep out of this! Let the Turks get the punishment that they deserve!"

I raced back to the college. Not a shot had been fired at me during the entire excursion. A translation of the letter showed it to be an appeal, signed by two of the Turkish leaders, that the Americans intervene with the French to spare the Turkish women and children. It indicated clearly that the Turks were ready to make peace.

The letter and its translation were taken to General Quérétte. The general suggested that we invite the Turkish leaders to send representatives to confer with him as soon as possible. This was done on the afternoon of 9 February, through Hanifi Efendi, the Turk from whose house the letter had been thrown.<sup>3</sup>

Early that morning Colonel Normand's troops attacked the Turkish positions in the western and northern quarters of the city in order to eliminate danger to the French forces scheduled to withdraw that night. Major Bernard's battalion began the operation under cover of fog, but this lifted suddenly, exposing the men to an intense fusillade

from the Turks. A French officer, Second Lieutenant Herviou, was killed at the head of his platoon. The Algerian troops, aided by cannon and machine-gun fire from General Quérette's troops in the barracks, finally broke the Turkish resistance, and the Nationalist forces began to leave the city. Colonel Normand noted this exodus and how easy it would be to slaughter the masses in flight but instructed his artillery officers to lob a few shells over their heads as a gesture of French generosity.<sup>4</sup>

We hoped that the Turkish representatives would appear that evening, or at the latest next morning, 10 February. It was not yet known, of course, whether the evacuation could be postponed. Members of the American Mission and NER met at the college that afternoon to solve the problems facing us individually and as a group. First of all, should we leave with the French as they advised? It was agreed that each should make his own decision. The missionaries, Mr. Lyman and the Misses Blakely, Hardy, Ainslie and Lied, one by one indicated without hesitation that they intended to remain in Marash. Miss Salmond, the English missionary, was crippled and had no choice. Dr. Mabel Elliott, Mrs. Power, Miss Shultz, and Miss Dougherty of NER wished to leave with the French. Miss Evelyn Trostle, Dr. Wilson, Paul Snyder, and I decided to stay in Marash. Although Dr. Crathern of the YMCA announced his intention to remain, Dr. Wilson insisted that he should accompany the American ladies on the march and give aid as far as possible to any refugees who might follow the French.

Mrs. Wilson writes of her own quandary.

I tried to get Wilse to escape with me, for I thought how terrible it would be if the *çete* came to our compound to massacre the 1,250 Armenians and we had to stand helpless and watch it go on. He himself expected this, and that after the French left no more relief work would be done, but he was determined to stick to his job, and no amount of persuasion from me moved him one jot. He felt, as Director of the NER and as a doctor—being the only one left—that it was his duty to stay. He would lose all self-respect and never be able to look himself in the face if he left his post. I was having a hard time with myself.

Dr. Wilson tried to persuade his wife to leave under the protection of Major Roze des Ordon, who guaranteed to see her safely to Islahiye. "However," writes Mrs. Wilson, "I decided I may as well be killed in Marash as to leave Wilse here, for I would have worried myself to

death wondering if he were still alive. So I decided to share the same fate, whatever it might be, with him." <sup>5</sup>

Since Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power intended to leave, Dr. Wilson asked me to take charge of the German Hospital. I moved there after dark and found the compound filled with frenzied Armenians. The wards were in disorder as parents came for children, some of them very ill. Captain Arlabose, the military surgeon to the Sengalese infantrymen, was moving his wounded from the dressing station below the hospital and carrying them through the German Hospital compound to the barracks.

The nurses and orderlies came to Dr. Elliott to ask what they should do. When they saw that she was packing a few belongings they needed no further answer. The entire staff, with the exception of one faithful servant, gathered warm clothing and some food in blanket rolls, providing themselves with the bare necessities for survival on a sixty-mile journey on foot over mountains in the midst of a violent snow storm and intense cold. Seeing this the patients rose from their beds and prepared to leave, ignoring the prospects of death from exposure. Such was their fear of what the Turks might do after the French, supposedly their protectors, had departed. <sup>6</sup>

After darkness fell, this pathetic group moved quietly from the hospital up the hill to the college, there to await the departure of the troops. Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power remained at the hospital, expecting word from Captain Arlabose concerning departure time. Thirteen patients remained where there had been more than one hundred twenty five an hour earlier. The next morning we found one of these, an elderly woman, sitting frozen beside an open window. She had taken off her clothing, choosing this easy way out. Burial was impossible, for the ground was frozen, so this poor woman became the first of several to be laid out in the open near the wall of the compound. <sup>7</sup>

General Qu  rette had expressed his intention to ask for a delay in the evacuation in order to allow time for a meeting with the Turkish leaders. Since he could not communicate with Colonel Normand, he ordered that the wounded be moved out of the city to Normand's camp under cover of darkness and that other troops should hold themselves in readiness, awaiting further orders. <sup>8</sup>

The general faced a dilemma. As senior officer and commander of the Marash garrison it was his responsibility, not Colonel Normand's, to decide whether or not Marash should be abandoned. On the other hand the colonel, having overcome Turkish resistance in Marash, had



the right to return to Islahiyé. Colonel Normand had explained why he could not remain. His men were on half rations and were suffering from the intense cold—eighteen degrees centigrade below zero—with no shelter. His transport animals were starving, and he was obliged to go to the relief of the Urfa garrison.

General Quérette had to determine whether he could hold Marash after the departure of Colonel Normand's column. His supply of munitions sufficed for only another four days of battle. Every attempt to replenish his military stores from Bel Pounar and Aintab had been thwarted. According to Normand, no convoy could be expected from Islahiyé in the near future because of lack of troops to protect it. Even if peace could be established, there was danger that the Turks might take heart and renew the fighting when they saw the departure of the relief column. Further, Turkish reinforcements were said to be on their way from Diarbekir.

Most damaging of all was the fact that Major Corneloup had already withdrawn his forces, thirteen and a half companies, from the city and had joined Colonel Normand's column without authorization from his commander. Could these troops be ordered back? This dilemma should have been solved by consultation with the area commander in Adana, General Dufieux, but the wireless equipment had not been included in Normand's convoy!

Undoubtedly the fate of the Armenians remaining in the city must have weighed heavily on the general's conscience. At nine o'clock that night he himself went on foot, with one aide as guide, to confer with Colonel Normand on Saint Toros Hill, although he could have requested the colonel to come to him. It was snowing heavily and extremely cold, and the journey required crossing the ravine which a few hours earlier had been dominated by the Turks. Knowing that the trip was hazardous, he turned over his command to Lieutenant Colonel Thibault. At 11:00 P.M. he returned to his headquarters and informed his staff, who had waited anxiously for him, that he and Colonel Normand had agreed to delay the evacuation until noon the next day in order to give the Turks an opportunity for surrender. Failing this, the troops would leave the city that night, 10 February. All equipment which could not be moved over the rough terrain was to be destroyed. The wounded who could not be moved were to be turned over to Dr. Wilson.<sup>9</sup>

That evening I went to the barracks in order to locate the stores of flour which Major Roze des Ordonns had given us. I followed the same course which General Quérette had taken from the seminary and came

to the conclusion that none of the refugees would agree to transport the flour, for the path through the trenches was rough, and the weather abominable. The flour could be moved later.

None of us in the hospital slept that night, for we expected orders any moment for the troops to move. Also we hoped that a representative of the Turkish leaders might come in response to our invitation. The next morning a new patient came to the hospital. An aged woman had been shot through the abdomen while crossing no man's land behind the hospital, thus demonstrating that it was still a dangerous area. She had crawled in agony along the shallow trench to the hospital, which was all but abandoned. Dr. Elliott could do no more than ease her pain.<sup>10</sup>

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

### VICTORY FOR THE NATIONALISTS

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#### The Withdrawal of French Forces

The deadline for decision to withdraw, noon of 10 February, passed with no response from the Turks. General Quérétte gave the order to destroy equipment which would be useless in retreat. The refugees in the compound were not surprised to see the troops burning or burying surplus equipment, for they had learned of the plan for withdrawal even before the second in command, Lieutenant Colonel Thibault, had.

At the Franciscan Monastery on the night of 9 February the French officers were seated at the refectory table having their evening meal when Father Muré noticed that they were greatly disturbed and asked what troubled them.

Captain Benedetti replied, "My Father, I have received orders to evacuate the monastery, but I command you not to tell anyone!" He explained the need for secrecy. The troops could withdraw safely only if the Turks were ignorant of the purpose of the movement. If thousands of refugees were to follow them, the Turks would understand it to be withdrawal, and no one would get out alive. The captain insisted that the Franciscans should accompany them and asked them to be prepared when the final orders were given.<sup>1</sup>

Armenians who survived the destruction of the churches of Saint George and Asdvadsadzin had joined many others in the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths where a company of Major Corneloup's Senegalese Seventeenth Regiment was quartered together with two companies of Armenian legionnaires. Thanks to Sergeant Ajemian and other legionnaires, these refugees were informed of the plan to evacuate and attempted to follow the troops out of the city. When the

colonial troops, on instructions from their French officers, attempted to drive them back, certain Armenian officers intervened and secured permission for them to follow at a distance of one kilometer.<sup>2</sup> Nishan Saatjian credits this intervention to an officer known to the legionnaires as Colonel Simonoff, a Russian who had escaped from a German prison camp to join the famous French 412th Regiment.<sup>3</sup>

On 10 February at 6:00 P.M., three couriers crossed the city from French headquarters to Beitshalom Orphanage with orders for immediate evacuation. Sergeant Major Malboeuf of the detachment (the higher ranking officer had been killed) called Miss Buckley to the pantry and gave her the bad news. Miss Buckley sent for her two most trusted associates, Maria Timm and Headmaster Kazarosian, and asked for their advice. Miss Timm thought they should follow the French, and the officer stated that they could do so. Understanding that "they" included not only the staff but also the orphans and the refugees, Miss Buckley felt that "this would mean the death of hundreds of the underfed and poorly clothed people—three and a half thousand of them," for the temperature was far below freezing, and snow was falling.<sup>4</sup>

Sergeant Malboeuf promised to send word back from the barracks if he thought it best for Miss Buckley to join them and departed with all of the troops. Civilian volunteers and the older orphans among them took over the guard posts vacated by the French. The ladies remained in the pantry throughout the night waiting for the message. In reply to further suggestions that they should join the French, Miss Buckley stated, "If the sergeant-major sends for us we will go! If not, we can only continue to trust in the Good Lord."<sup>5</sup>

In Bethel Girls' Orphanage there were a number of the older girls. Fearful of what might happen to them at the hands of the undisciplined Turkish insurgents when the French withdrew, we decided to send all girls over fourteen years of age together with some of their teachers out with the French. Fifty-one girls were prepared for the sixty-mile journey. Each one was given warm clothing, a blanket, and a bundle of food containing bread, *tarhanna* (wheat boiled in yoghurt, then dried in the sun), olives, nuts, and raisins.

Nevart Deyermenjian was one of these girls. Several years earlier she had emigrated to the United States only to be rejected and sent back from Ellis Island, although her mother had been admitted. The girls were greatly excited over the prospects of their adventure and waited impatiently for the order to move. Their first objective was the military barracks, where they were to assemble. There the Armenian

Legion, also waiting for the order to march, were destroying ammunition. When the girls arrived, the legionnaires put them to work cutting cartridges and dumping out the powder. Nevart recalls this with enjoyment, and one can imagine what pleasure it gave to the soldiers, who had been deprived of female companionship for months. One of them rewarded Nevart with a cake of soap. At the barracks Nevart found her uncle, the head baker at Ebenezer Orphanage, and placed herself under his protection.<sup>6</sup>

The American missionaries insisted that all adult males among the refugees should leave with the French, leaving only women and children in the compound, thus giving the Turks no excuse to attack them. The men accepted gladly, but many of the women planned to accompany their men.

At 5:00 P.M. a Turkish youth bearing a white flag presented himself at the college and asked for Mr. Lyman or Dr. Wilson. "We brought him into the sitting room," wrote Mrs. Wilson, "and talked with him. He was little more than a boy of nineteen or twenty." He brought a note from the Turkish leaders asking the Americans to arrange for a conference between the Turks and French at an American building; also that a cease-fire be observed for two hours, or until the conference was over. Mr. Lyman instructed the young man to have the Turkish representatives come to the German Hospital within an hour.<sup>7</sup> The boy was known as Mustafa *Balji*, for he was a beekeeper and sold honey.<sup>8</sup>

I knew nothing of these developments at the time, for I was busy at the hospital, but the Americans at the college were elated; it seemed certain that the Turks were ready to make peace. The question arose whether or not it was still possible to reverse the process of evacuation.

Captain Arlabose had instructed Dr. Elliott and Mrs. Power to be at the barracks at 6:00 P.M., but he himself was obliged to wait for the final order to move the last of his wounded.

On contemplating my future responsibilities to the remaining patients with neither physician, nurse, nor orderly at hand, I came to the conclusion that the patients would be better off in the poorly equipped Emergency Hospital in the seminary compound under Dr. Wilson's supervision. My problem was how I would move them.

When it became dark enough, the two American ladies departed with considerable misgivings about what lay ahead. Dr. Elliott was disappointed that her friend Lieutenant van Coppanole had not come from the Franciscan Monastery to escort her to the barracks. A detachment of soldiers came to the hospital and deposited the last of the



Jamal Pasha (*center forefront*), commander of the Turkish Fourth Army in Syria, and Halidé Edib (*right forefront*), Turkish feminist leader, stand with other dignitaries on the steps of the French College at Antoura, Lebanon. Jamal Pasha had established an orphanage for Armenian children in the college building and had appointed Halidé Edib to be its directress.

(Photo from the collection of Dr. Bayard Dodge)



Armenian villagers of Kishifli reaping grain (summer 1919)



French and British Officers, Turkish Officials, and American Near East Relief Workers Review the Exchange of Troops at Aintab (4 November 1919). *Left to right*: unidentified NER worker; Sheikh Mustafa of the Aintab Dervishes; unidentified French officer; Jellal-ed-Din, *mutasarrif* of Aintab; Sabri Bey, deputy *mutasarrif*; Dr. Mabel Elliott; Miss Morgan of the Marash NER; Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie, commander of the French force; Brigadier General Weir, commander of the British Force; and Louise Clark of NER.



The Exchange of French for British Troops at Aintab (4 November 1919). The Eighteenth Indian Lancers withdraw as French and Armenian troops stand at the roadside.



The Third Battalion of Armenian Legionnaires of the French 156th Infantry Division entering Aintab

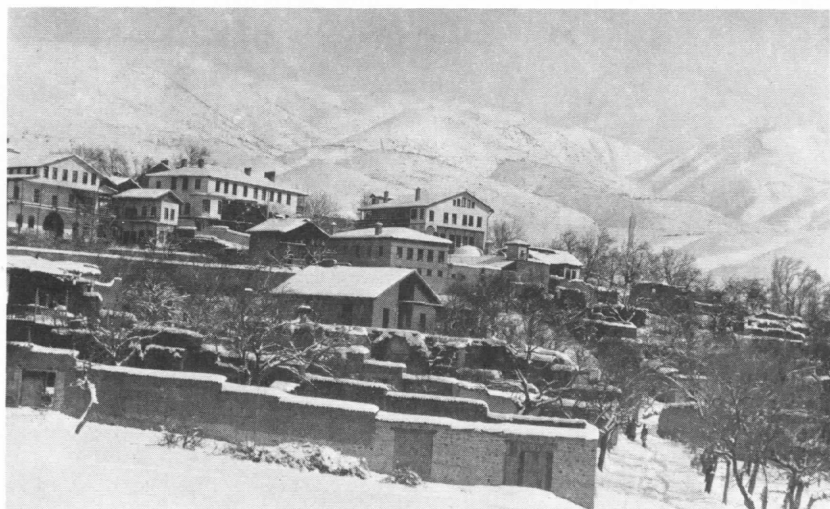




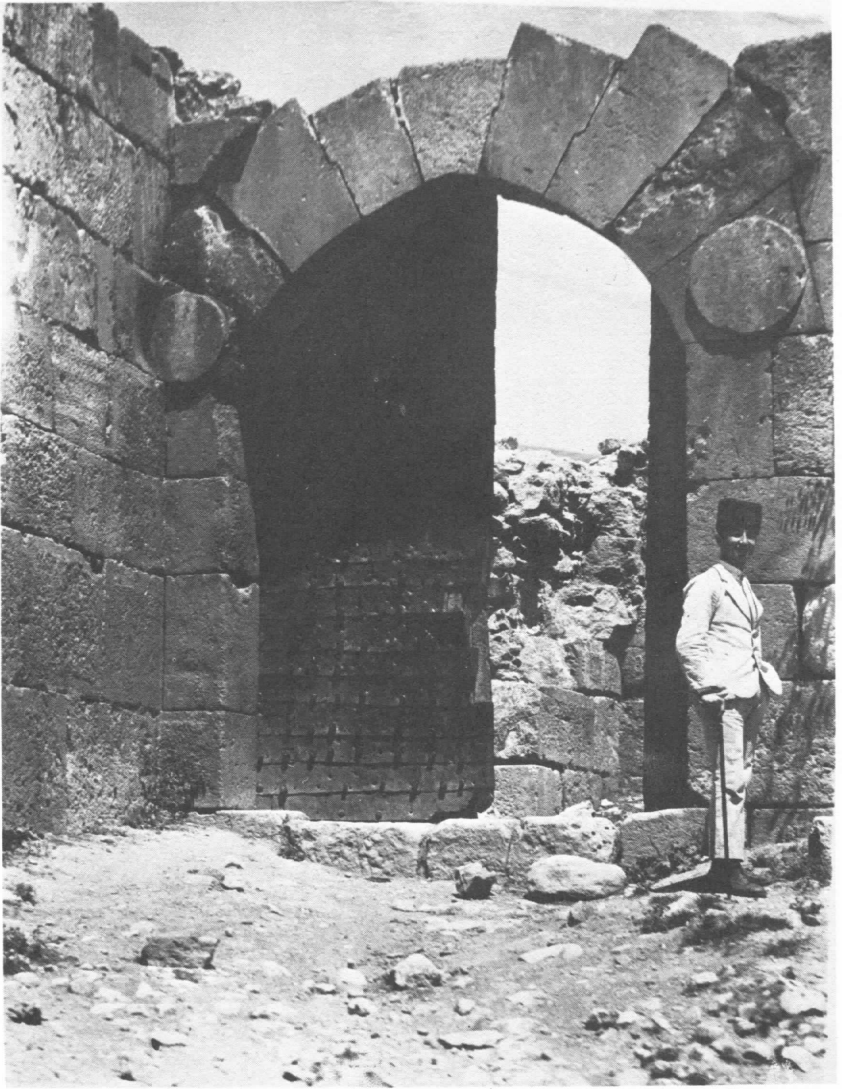
A section of Marash near the Citadel



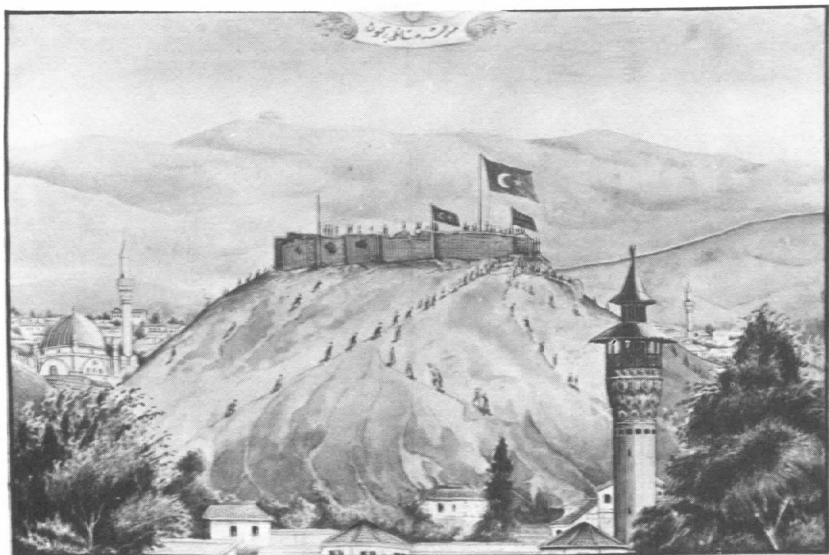
A view of Marash from the American Mission. *Center foreground:* German Hospital; *extreme right:* Franciscan Monastery; *left, at edge of city:* Beitshalom Orphanage; *center:* a French shell exploding.



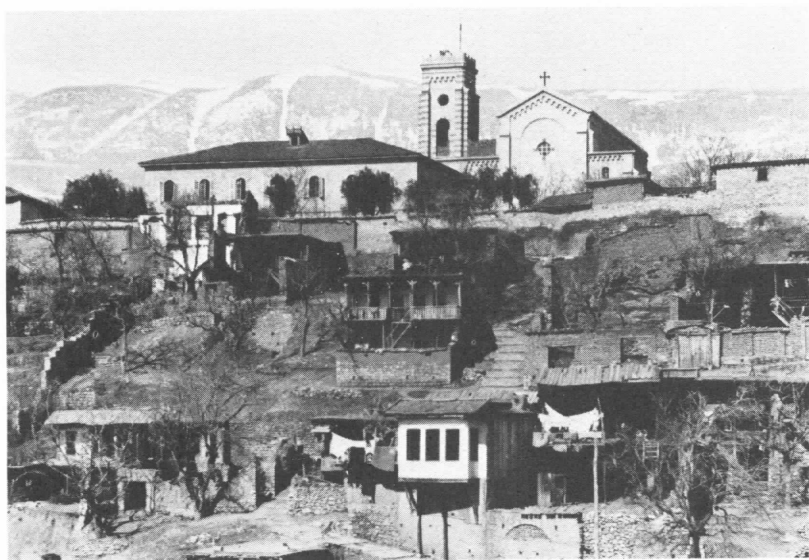
The American Mission Buildings in Marash



Kazim Efendi. The Turkish censor of Marash stands by the gate to the citadel where the stone lion once stood.



Raising the Turkish flag over the Citadel of Marash (October 1919).  
A painting by Capt. Hayrettin Muji



The Franciscan Monastery at Marash



Marash burning



A French 75 mm. gun on the seminary grounds



The Turkish victory parade



The Turkish victory parade





The Turkish victory parade



The ruins of the Kouyoujak quarter

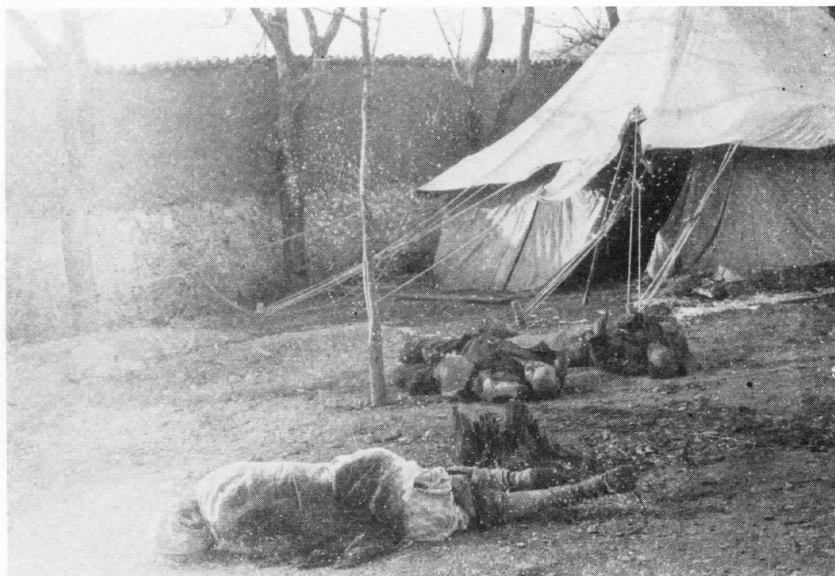


The remains of the Turkish military barracks





Armenians returning to their looted homes from places of refuge



Bodies of Armenian woman, Dr. Mustafa, and flag bearer on hospital grounds



American Board of Missions and Near East Relief personnel remaining in Marash after the battle (January 1920). *Left to right:* Rev. James K. Lyman, Ellen Blakely, Kate Ainslie, Evelyn Trostle, Paul Snyder, Bessie Hardy, Stanley E. Kerr, Mrs. Marion Wilson, and Dr. Marion Wilson.



Near East Relief Personnel with Turkish Officials. *Left to right:* Stanley E. Kerr; Mrs. Marion Wilson; Dr. Marion Wilson; Arslan Bey, chairman of the Committee for the Defense of Rights; Capt. Yörük Selim Bey; and Deputy *Mutasarrif* Jevdet Bey.



The Deputy Commssioner of Police of Marash in Circassian uniform



Turkish artillery from Marash, led by Capt. Yörük Selim Bey (*on white horse*), moving to oppose the French at Aintab



Turkish *chété* stopping author's party en route from Marash to Aleppo



Dr. Ala-eddin Bey, Turkish Military Physician in Charge of the German Hospital after the Battle Marash (January 1920)

wounded from the French dressing station. With the idea that these men might carry some of my patients to the college, I invited Captain Arlabose to join me for a cold supper and told him of my plan to vacate the hospital. At once he assigned men to move the patients, but they had only two spare stretchers and after one trip failed to return.

In order to locate other bearers I went to the college, escorting several of my charges who, fearful that they were to be abandoned, found the strength to climb the hill with me. I returned with four young Armenians who carried two patients and then disappeared. Again I went looking for bearers but saw that all of the men were preparing for their own escape from Marash, and I could not blame them for wishing to conserve their strength. I met Paul, and together we returned to the hospital to carry the patients ourselves. There we found Dr. Wilson, Mr. Lyman, and Dr. Crathern. They had come to meet Dr. Mustafa, the Turkish representative, who stood with them and his young flag bearer in the corridor.

At this point the French troops from the Franciscan Monastery entered the hospital to rest and warm themselves. Although they had come only a short distance, they had been under heavy fire and had been obliged to lie low in the trenches for an hour.<sup>9</sup> Lyman explained to Dr. Mustafa that the conference with General Quérette was to be held in the college, and they pushed their way through the French and Armenian soldiers to the rear exit.

One of the five remaining patients was a wounded Turk, and we decided that he might be an asset at the Emergency Hospital if the Nationalist forces should take possession the following morning. Captain Arlabose was resting on my couch, and as I entered to speak with him a soldier came with the order to depart. Perhaps Dr. Mustafa had arrived too late to cancel the retreat. We let these troops move out and then bore the Turkish patient up the hill, discovering why none of the stretcher bearers had returned for a second load: by the time we had deposited our burden in the Emergency Hospital we were exhausted. Four wounded Armenian men now remained in the German Hospital, immobilized by huge infected and stinking wounds. There was also the woman dying from the wound in her abdomen. While I was considering whether or not I should return and stay with them that night, soldiers brought one of their Senegalese comrades into the Emergency Hospital, his right forearm a mass of mangled flesh. A grenade had exploded as he was about to throw it. Fragments had penetrated both his legs. I searched for someone to help and discovered that in this hospital, as in the other, there was neither doctor

nor nurse, although there was an able attendant. Of all the staff a volunteer worker, Theodore Bulbulian, had chosen to stay where he had been helping during the three weeks of fighting. "Theodore!" I exclaimed, "the Armenian men have been told to leave with the French. Why are you still here?"

"If I go, who will look after these patients?" he asked. Theodore and I placed a tourniquet around the soldier's arm, trimmed off the shredded flesh with scissors, and gave him a shot of morphine. The poor fellow kept suggesting in French that he needed an operation. Dr. Wilson was in conference with Dr. Mustafa and the French officers, dealing with the fate of nearly ten thousand surviving Christians. Two days were to pass before he was free to look at a patient, but this soldier was the first to receive his attention.

Still uncertain as to whether or not I should return to the hospital, I searched for Dr. Wilson. The compound was in a turmoil; groups of refugees were pouring out of the gate to follow the French troops. Miss Blakely was moving about with a flashlight insisting that the men should all leave, but many of the wives insisted on going with their husbands. I came across Badveli Asadour Solakian, the young pastor whose wife and children had been slain. "Are you not going with the French?" he asked me.

"No," I replied. "I don't like the idea of traveling to Islahiyé in weather like this!"

"If I knew for certain that I would freeze to death, I would go rather than stay here!" he answered.

I found Mr. Lyman talking with Major Roze des Ordonns. The conversation indicated that Dr. Mustafa had left with his flag bearer some twenty minutes earlier, and that he had refused an escort.

"One of you Americans should be at the hospital tomorrow morning," said the major. "The Turkish leaders expect *us* there at eight o'clock! The general is writing a letter with his apologies for leaving so abruptly, but he promises to return soon." It was now obvious that I should go back to the hospital, since it would be dangerous to make the trip after daylight.

"Should you not leave an officer here to deal with them? Then they might believe that you expect to return!" replied Mr. Lyman.

"A good idea. I shall propose it to the general," said the major. "The officer would be under your protection, of course?"

I walked with Major Roze des Ordonns to the staff headquarters to learn whether I might be needed to escort an officer to the hospital. General Quérette reacted favorably to Mr. Lyman's suggestion. His



staff officers were standing there, waiting for the order to depart. When the general explained the situation, a captain stepped forward and volunteered to stay in Marash but expressed the wish to be quartered at the college with Dr. and Mrs. Wilson. I walked back to the college with this lionhearted captain, whose name I neglected to record.<sup>10</sup>

It was time for me to return to my post at the hospital. Hearing the movement of horsemen coming across the seminary compound, I paused to let them pass. General Quérétte and his staff, the last of the garrison to leave, were starting out on the sixty-mile journey. They stopped, and one of them, probably Lieutenant Colonel Thibault, spoke to me in perfect English, "One of the Americans should be at the hospital to express our regrets to the Turkish leaders. The general gave Dr. Mustafa our terms for an armistice, but it was too late to bring back our troops. We could not tell him that we were leaving Marash!"

"I am going to the hospital now," I replied.

"Good! May we ask you to take this sergeant with you? He is too weak to make the journey in this weather. Take good care of him!" They bade us good-by and rode off toward the barracks.

The sergeant, whose arm had been amputated, had just been released from the Emergency Hospital in order to go with his comrades. I suggested that he go back to that hospital as a patient, but he feared that the Turks might kill the French wounded. "Let me go with you!" he begged. It was snowing heavily, and I felt some relief that I had a companion and that we could sleep under shelter instead of marching all night in the snow. We walked down to the hospital and passed through a hole which had been breached in the wall to the rear door which stood open, blocked with a mass of ice. In the darkness I stumbled over the feet of someone on the floor in the corner. I shook the seated figure and realized that he was dead. His head was covered with a bloodstained cloth. "It is probably a wounded Armenian," I said. "He came to the hospital and died waiting for a doctor."

Inside a room protected from snipers' bullets by sandbags in the windows, I lighted a lantern and went to see my patients. The old woman with the abdominal wound was in great distress. All that I could find to relieve her pain was chloral hydrate which as a chemist I had learned was a pain killer, but I did not know the dosage. "Better to give her too much rather than not enough—she is not likely to get any surgery," I thought. She slept quietly.

Upstairs I found the four male patients beside themselves with fear. They had pulled the bedclothes over their heads and were pretending



to be dead. Uncovering one, I tried to reassure him; I was going to stay with them. Still frightened, he drew his fingers across his throat to indicate what each of them feared.

My French companion could not be persuaded to sleep in one of the comfortable ward beds but insisted that he remain near me and not with the Armenian patients. So we returned to my quarters. The food cupboard had already been stripped of bread, fruit, and other items; only a few tins of canned goods were to be found. We opened a tin of pears for a midnight snack.

No sooner had we stretched out for sleep, fully dressed with our mattresses on the floor, when we heard the tramp of feet in the yard outside and a banging on the front door. Believing that the Turks had come, I thought it best to invite them in and called to them to come to the back door. There I met them with a lantern and found that they were Armenians from the Franciscan Monastery who belatedly had decided to follow the French. "Which way did they go?" they demanded.

"By way of the barracks," I replied, pointing up the hill. As I turned back into the hallway I was shocked to find a second body sprawled on the floor opposite the form still seated in the corner by the doorway. In the darkness we had overlooked this one, concealed in an alcove at the end of the hallway. Disturbed by the presence of the two corpses, I covered them with sheets and weighted the edges to keep the icy wind from blowing them away. Had I examined these bodies more carefully, I would never have remained in the hospital that night!

About two hours after midnight the sergeant and I were awakened by a furious succession of explosions which seemed to come from every quarter of the city, accompanied by heavy rifle fire from the region of the barracks. "Can it be that the Turks have discovered the French evacuation and are attacking the column?" I asked the sergeant.

"More likely," he replied, "our forces are covering their withdrawal by a last-minute bombardment." Later we learned from the account given by Colonel Normand that the French had indeed delayed until last of all the withdrawal of their artillery. In order to deceive any Turkish troops remaining in the city, each battery fired a salvo of shells with delayed-action fuses in order to create the effect of a continuous bombardment.<sup>11</sup>

Added to this was a terrifying spectacle. The entire sky became red from a great conflagration. The Turkish barracks, in which part of the Armenian Legion had been quartered, was on fire. Although

Colonel Normand and General Quérette had done everything possible to conceal their withdrawal, the spectacular fire announced the retreat to the entire city. In it the surplus ammunition, much of it left behind by the Turks, began to explode, giving the impression of an intense barrage of cannon and rifle fire.

At the college Dr. Wilson and his wife were awakened by the roar of exploding ammunition. Believing that this needless piece of vandalism would infuriate the Turks, they woke the French captain who had volunteered to remain in Marash and advised him to leave in order to escape Turkish wrath.

"This was not done by the French!" exclaimed the captain. "We planned to move out as quietly as possible, without attracting any attention."

"Could the legionnaires quartered in the barracks have done it?" asked Dr. Wilson.

"Yes, so that the Turks would not have the use of the munitions stored there," replied the officer. It seems more probable, however, that the fire was set by civilians passing the barracks on their way to join the French, for the legion was under orders to assemble at the camp south of the city long before 2:00 A.M. when the fire was at its height. Whatever the cause, the Armenians remaining in Marash were to pay dearly for the destruction of the barracks.

The Wilsons provided the captain with extra warm clothing, a blanket, and some chocolate and sent him out into the night four hours after his comrades had started on the long march.<sup>12</sup>

## The Flight of Refugees

When Captain Benedetti received the final order to withdraw, he notified the Franciscans to assemble at the monastery gate at 6:00 P.M. without informing any others. Under normal circumstances a trip to the barracks required only twenty minutes, but on this occasion the men had to crawl through the shallow trench past a mosque. The Turks heard the movement and opened fire, forcing the soldiers to lie low for nearly an hour.

"What would have happened if the thirty-seven hundred refugees in the church had been allowed to accompany the troops?" asks Father Muré. Once the detachment had passed the danger zone, the priest implored the commander to permit the refugees to follow. The captain

assented, and the priest hastily wrote a note and sent it back with a brave legionnaire named Haig who later reported to the Franciscan father that indescribable disorder reigned in the monastery. The gateway was so jammed that some two hundred fifty had climbed over the walls to escape.<sup>13</sup> In their fear many did not use the trenches. The next morning I could see, across the street from the German Hospital, what appeared to be a low, snow-covered wall near the French dressing station, where no wall had existed. It was a windrow of bodies. Those who fled the monastery and turned the corner had been mowed down by Turkish fire as they approached the road leading to the barracks.

The accounts given me later by individuals who took part in this flight illustrate best of all the experiences of the nameless thousands who followed the French.

Avedis Inglizian, a master builder who supervised most of the new construction, had rebuilt his home next to the Franciscan Monastery after returning from exile. He never deserted this during the fighting, but moved his family to the monastery and went back with his cousin Areggh to defend it. On the night of the French withdrawal he saw the movement of troops and understood its meaning. Determined to go with them he ran to the monastery to collect his wife and ten-year-old son Haroutune. With the greatest difficulty he fought his way through the mass struggling to come out and found pandemonium inside among the refugees. Finally he was able to bring his family as far as the German Hospital, together with many others. It was this group which had entered the compound and demanded to know which way the French had gone, and whom I had directed to the barracks.

Avedis left his wife and son at the college under the protection of the missionaries, then he proceeded to the barracks and across the ravine to the French camp.<sup>14</sup>

Dr. Vartan Poladian, whose wife had been shot during the first hours of fighting, gathered his daughters Armenouhi and Zabel at the monastery to seek refuge at the college, but in the darkness and confusion Armenouhi became separated from her father and sister. Nearing the hospital she heard a baby crying and wondered whether like herself the baby had lost its mother.<sup>15</sup> The next morning, while salvaging food supplies in a house in that neighborhood, I found a well-nourished baby on the porch, frozen and lifeless. Surely the mother must have faced the terrible necessity of choosing which *one* of her children she could carry!

Arsen Der Ohannesian and his wife Makrouhi decided to follow the French. Since they had no blankets for protection in the subzero

weather, Arsen pulled down one of the monastery drapes for a substitute. It happened that Father Muré passed at that moment. Instead of reprimanding Arsen he said, "Take all you want, my son!" He himself was preparing to depart with the French and had promised not to inform the refugees, but many of them understood what was taking place. Shukri, a muleteer who occupied the same room, suggested that Arsen should follow him, for he knew the road well, and so together they passed through the trenches to the hospital and the college. There Miss Blakely spotted her former pupil. "Makrouhi, I am glad to see you, but I can keep only the women, much as I would like to keep all of you."

"No," replied Arsen. "We go together. If we are to die, let us die together." <sup>16</sup>

The pastor of the First Evangelical Church had been misled into believing that the secret withdrawal of the legionnaires from his compound was merely the prelude to encirclement of the city by the French. He understood that he had been deceived when the barracks went up in flames—the French no longer had any need for them! It was already too late to follow the troops and too dangerous to remain in the school buildings of his own campus, and so he led his family and his flock of nearly two thousand to the closest stronghold, the Armenian Catholic Church. They reached it safely for the *chété* had fled from the city.<sup>17</sup>

At the Armenian Catholic Church Archbishop Avedis Arpiarian waited in vain for a message from Father Pascal, who had risked his life to confront the French officers and to learn their motive for withdrawal. On the night of 10 February the burning of the barracks confirmed the fears of the Armenian defenders, and the next morning, a bright sunny day, they could actually see the black line of troops stretching from the Ak Su toward El Oghlou and knew that they had been deceived and deserted. On the crests of the hills around Marash they saw also groups of the Turkish Nationalists, already aware of the French retreat, and wondered if it was too late to attempt escape. Most of them believed that anyone who remained in the city would be massacred.

The Kherlakians went to the First Church to consult with the pastor and with those who still defended the adjoining Boulgourjian house about the wisdom of trying to reach the retreating French. Badveli Abraham advised against it, for flight in broad daylight would mean certain death. Others argued that during the past two days the Armenians had been free to move and even to loot in the city. Hagop Agha Kherlakian announced that he intended to try to reach the

French column, and all who wished could follow him. It was ten o'clock when they surged into the street and headed for the southern exit to the Islahiyé road. Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazarian divided his money with his two sisters and together they ran through the streets. Avedis Kherlakian was wounded almost immediately and limped back to the church; others returned with him, frightened by the Turkish fire. Hagop Agha, his wife, and his daughter were killed before they could reach the outskirts of the city. Haigouhi Der Ghazarian ran until exhausted, and was taken to the safety of the municipal prison by Turks who recognized her. She and her sister survived. Their brother Artin was one of the fortunate twenty-nine who reached the French column out of an estimated eight hundred who had gambled with fate for their lives, the odds being thirty to one against those who ran the Turkish gauntlet.<sup>18</sup>

Setrak Agha's sister also fled with her family, but when it became evident that they could not get out of the city safely, they took refuge in a vacant house and remained undisturbed for several days. Finally their presence was revealed when a three-year-old daughter cried and attracted the attention of Turkish neighbors, and they were all killed.

Those who had chosen to remain knew only that the fugitives had come under attack. They abandoned the Boulgourjian house for the greater security of the Armenian Catholic Church, swelling the number there to about three thousand. At noon the refugees in the courtyard heard the shouts of Turks passing the cathedral in procession. Curious to know what they were celebrating, Victoire, nine-year-old daughter of Setrak Agha, begged to be held high enough to look over the wall. At the head of the procession a Turk was carrying a man's head on a pole. Victoire recoiled in horror, recognizing that it was the head of her beloved grandfather. To the Turks Hagop Agha represented the hated French invader, whom he had befriended, and he had also been a member of parliament and loyal to the sultan, against whom the Turkish Nationalists were revolting.<sup>19</sup>

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

### A PRECARIOUS PEACE

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#### Events of 11 February 1920

When the sergeant and I woke, the city was strangely silent and beautiful in spite of tragedy, for the sun shone on snow which had fallen during the night. I boiled a big pot of rice for my patients. To my surprise the woman with the abdominal wound had not only survived but was hungry. A liquid diet seemed to be more appropriate than rice, so I opened a tin of tomato soup and divided it into three portions for her, the sergeant, and myself.

Since we were expecting the Turkish representatives the sergeant donned the white uniform of a hospital orderly as a disguise. Meanwhile at the college Mrs. Wilson was preparing a white flag and arm bands with the large red label US for her husband and Mr. Lyman, who had letters for the Turkish leaders.

Until the French retreat Dr. Wilson had devoted himself exclusively to surgery. With the departure of all the NER medical personnel and the French military surgeon as well, he was left with the tremendous burden of the French wounded added to his own patients and many new cases of frozen extremities to be amputated. But now he felt the responsibility for positive action to save the thousands of Armenians who were at the mercy of the Turks. He feared a general slaughter if undisciplined bands should enter the places of refuge in the city, for each time an Armenian stronghold had been overwhelmed the *chété* had annihilated everyone. It was therefore urgent to send an appeal to the Turkish leaders asking for protection by the gendarmerie and troops of the regular army. With this in mind he had prepared a number of letters after the departure of Dr. Mustafa and had them translated into Turkish. That night he enjoyed only half an hour's

sleep, for shortly after he had gone to bed the barracks had erupted in flames and he went out to direct the new flood of panic-stricken refugees. At 5:30 A.M. he prepared still another letter to the *mutasarrif*. Shortly after nine o'clock Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman started out for the German Hospital, reluctantly wearing the arm bands and carrying the white flag Mrs. Wilson had prepared. They wished to meet Dr. Mustafa and to give him the letters Wilson had prepared as well as one from General Quérette to the Turkish leaders.

At the hospital the sergeant and I had just seated ourselves for breakfast when we heard men approaching the rear entrance. The sergeant hid himself in bed, expecting the Turkish delegates, but it was Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman, stamping their feet free of the freshly fallen snow. They recounted the events of the night at the college, and how they had sent the French captain off alone after the burning of the barracks. "And what have you got under this sheet?" asked Dr. Wilson, pointing to the shrouded figure in the doorway.

"Someone came here wounded, and there was no one to help him," I replied.

Dr. Wilson removed the sheet and exclaimed in astonishment, "This is the Turkish lad who carried the flag for Dr. Mustafa!" Indeed he was still grasping the flagstaff, and the flag had fallen over his face. In the darkness I had mistaken it for a bandage. There was a bullet hole in the boy's forehead. We pulled the body away from the wall and noted that the bullet had passed into the wall directly behind his head. He had been shot while seated on the floor in the doorway. Horrified at this discovery we looked at each other, the same thought in each of our minds: "The Turkish leaders are expected at any moment. What will they do when they see this lad, killed in the American hospital with a flag of truce in his hands?"

"Get the body away from the door! Put him in a bed until we have a chance to talk to Dr. Mustafa," exclaimed Mr. Lyman. He helped me do this. There was a great pool of clotted blood on the floor which I cleaned up.

This was scarcely completed when Dr. Wilson saw the second sheeted form in the alcove, partially concealed by an overturned table. He pulled the sheet away and stood in shocked silence. "It is Dr. Mustafa. We are done for!" he exclaimed. There lay the Turk who had come at our invitation, killed in our institution. What mercy could we expect when the Turks discovered this? Dr. Mustafa, too, had been felled by a rifle bullet through his skull. On the floor were two empty cartridge casings, one French and one Turkish, which indicated that there were *two* assassins.

"We must go to the Turkish leaders and tell them what has happened. We cannot wait for them to discover it," said Mr. Lyman.

Dr. Wilson agreed, but asked, "Was Dr. Mustafa killed on his way back to the Turkish headquarters? Or had he already been there and was returning with a message?" They searched the Turkish doctor's pockets and found the notes he had taken of the conditions General Qu  rette had specified for a cease-fire. This indicated that he had been assassinated on his way to the *konak*.

"He refused an escort!" interjected Mr. Lyman. "He said he was not returning by way of the hospital, but across the fields to the *konak*."

Dr. Wilson turned to me. "Kerr, get out of here right away! Any Turk who finds you here, with Dr. Mustafa lying there dead, will cut your throat. Go to the college and tell my wife what has happened. Lyman and I are going to find the Turkish leaders."

The two men opened the front gate of the compound, holding their white flag, and stepped out into the street. I stood watching, fascinated by their daring, for across the street was the blockhouse from which snipers had killed the French sentry as well as two hospital employees who had indiscreetly peered through windows above the gate. The sound of firing could be heard in the city. Undoubtedly this was the attack made on those who fled from the Boulgourjian house and the Armenian Catholic Church in their attempt to escape from the city and join the French. Were our two American leaders known well enough in this quarter to walk down the street in safety?

Hastily I fed my patients, rice to the four men on the second floor and a bowl of soup to the elderly woman. Then the sergeant and I climbed the hill to the college, carrying the Turkish youth's blood-stained flag of truce. At the college the Americans were busy caring for the wounded and all were in good spirits except Mrs. Wilson, whose helper Eliza had died during the night. This young woman and her mother had been helping Mrs. Wilson with her housekeeping during the siege in return for shelter, and they had become much-loved members of our family. During a sharp attack on the mission compound two days earlier, a bullet had struck the stones bordering the front door of the Wilson house and ricocheted down the stairwell to the basement where Eliza had taken refuge. The bullet struck her between her shoulders. I had assisted Dr. Wilson in the operation and noted his sorrow when he found the bullet embedded in the spinal cord. Now Snyder and I carried her body out of the hospital and covered it with the blanket which her mother insisted be placed over her daughter to shield her from the icy wind.



The news I brought of the death of Dr. Mustafa and Mustafa Balji, his flag bearer, brought gloom to all. Everyone realized that a violent reaction could be expected from the Turks. The gloom was dispelled and gave way to relief when shortly before noon our two leaders returned, accompanied by eight gendarmes.<sup>1</sup>

Then we heard the story of their adventures after leaving the hospital. From an embankment beside the road not far from the hospital a man waved and called to them, "Where is Dr. Mustafa?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Mr. Lyman. "Take us to your officials and I shall tell them." The Turk joined them and soon a gendarme also. By the time they reached the konak the size of their escort gave them a sense of security, although each new addition demanded information about Dr. Mustafa.

At the government headquarters they found no officials but were told to wait, the officials would be called. Later they understood that not only much of the civil population and most of the Nationalist forces, but also the government officials and the military commanders had left the city, fearing encirclement by the French. After an hour two of the military leaders, Kuluj Ali and Arslan Bey, together with their aides, arrived from the village of Kerhan northeast of Marash.

Mr. Lyman first told them that the French had withdrawn. The Turkish leaders replied that they were aware of the French maneuver but had moved their own forces to the north to avoid being trapped. With some difficulty Mr. Lyman persuaded them that the entire French garrison was headed for Islahiyé. The Turks could not conceal their astonishment and immense joy at this discovery that the victorious French were retreating, and that defeat had turned to victory for the Nationalist forces.

Mr. Lyman then announced, "I regret to tell you that Dr. Mustafa was killed last night, by whom we do not know." This news had apparently been anticipated, for they showed no surprise. In any case the assurance of victory outweighed the unfortunate loss of the Marash leader. At this point Mr. Lyman turned to the black bearded Kurdish captain, Kuluj Ali Bey. "You have a custom that one who brings good news has the right to ask a favor."

"Whatever you demand I shall grant it!" replied Kuluj Ali.

"I ask you to stop the killing of the Christians!"

Kuluj Ali turned to the junior officers and commanded that the order should be taken to all units: there was to be no more killing of civilians. "Show us where the Armenians are, and we shall post guards to protect them," he said and gave orders to place four squads of gendarmes at the disposal of the Americans.

Dr. Wilson suggested that they first place sentries in the American Mission compound and then proceed to other points. While waiting for these detachments, he considered the need for a gesture of conciliation to the Turks and announced through Mr. Lyman, "The German Hospital is at your disposal. You may take your wounded there." <sup>2</sup>

The arrival of the gendarmes with the two American leaders lifted the spirits of the refugees as well as the American personnel, all of whom had had the foreboding that doomsday was at hand. For three weeks the Armenians had faced death, and now there was to be a respite and perhaps security. Mrs. Wilson fell into the arms of her husband, while Bessie Hardy suppressed any outward sign of the joy she must have felt over the safe return of her James Lyman.

Gendarmes were stationed at each gate of the mission compound, into which nearly a thousand Armenian women and children were crowded. The remainder of the detachment then went on to the German Hospital. Since that was to be in my special charge, I went with them and showed them the bodies of Dr. Mustafa and his young flag bearer. The Turkish officer volunteered the information that Lutfi Efendi, a prominent pharmacist who was Dr. Mustafa's brother, would be notified to claim the body.

We then proceeded to the Franciscan Monastery. In the streets we passed the debris of a retreating army: scores of hand grenades, a riding saddle, and anything that a soldier might discard when he realizes that he is setting out on a long march in the worst winter weather. Again I noticed the row of snow-covered bodies of those who were shot as they fled to the barracks. Further on a dead horse explained the isolated saddle. Its owner had at first salvaged it, then realized that if he had to walk, it would be of no value to him.

On the plaza in front of the monastery lay the body of a little girl, perhaps the one of whom Badveli Abraham wrote, "A mother with three of her children tried to escape. . . . One of the children was shot and fell to the ground. The mother returned to our building with the other two, while her wounded daughter, stretched out on the road began to cry: 'Mother, I am shot and am dying. Why do you leave me here?' " <sup>3</sup>

The gendarme commander led his men by a detour to the eastern side of the monastery, then turned to us. "Until now, anyone who went beyond this corner was shot! One of you must go first and tell the Armenians not to shoot." Perhaps too readily I stepped forward into the open plaza. Rifle barrels projected from the barricade in front of the main gate, but fortunately the Armenian defenders recognized my uniform. Mr. Lyman and Dr. Wilson joined me, and the

Armenians shouted, "The Americans have come!" and rushed out to embrace us.

Inside the monastery there were between twenty five hundred and three thousand refugees. They knew that the French had deserted them and now they were preparing themselves for death. Stepan Chorbajian, our pharmacist, told me that he had already given his wife tablets with which to poison herself and their children when the Turks came to kill them.

Mr. Lyman explained to the leaders that the Turks had agreed to protect them provided they gave up their arms. The Armenians realized that with only twelve rifles they could resist for only a short time. And yet all knew that there had been no survivors on other occasions when weapons had been surrendered. They had no choice but to trust that the American mediation might insure their safety.

When it became evident that no resistance would be offered, gendarmes were posted at the gate to guard the monastery from any attack by the guerrillas among the Turkish population. The remainder of the detachment went on with Mr. Lyman and Dr. Wilson to Beit-shalom Orphanage. Frances Buckley and Maria Timm were overjoyed to see the two Americans and to know that the danger of massacre had passed. The four hundred boys looked hollow-eyed and undernourished but were proud of having endured the siege. The winter supply of food supplies intended for the orphans had, of course, been shared with the refugees, with the result that all had been on a diet which was very low in calories.

When Dr. Wilson and Mr. Layman arrived at the Armenian Catholic Church and proposed that the Armenians surrender their arms in return for the promise of protection by the Turks, the archbishop held a conference with the leaders. Setrak Agha Kherlakian has written an account of the situation which I have used in the following description. The Armenians hesitated to surrender, fearing reprisals for their successful defense, and were confident that for a limited period they could continue to resist. The Americans replied that both Arslan Bey and Kuluj Ali Bey had given them their assurance that there would be no reprisals, and that a conference with representatives of the Armenian communities would be held on the following day. Setrak Agha insisted that his men should retain their arms until after the conference, but that a cease-fire should begin immediately. Kuluj Ali agreed to this and issued orders that the *chété* were to cease their attacks.

After the departure of the gendarmes the day was comparatively peaceful, with only sporadic fire, but at 9:00 P.M. a strong attack was

made on the church. The defenders did not return the fire, but yelled at the *chété*, demanding that they obey Kuluj Ali's order. After a few hours the attack ceased. The next morning the guerrillas brought tins of kerosene, obviously in preparation for an attempt to burn the church, and savagely demanded surrender. They were in no mood to heed Kuluj Ali's orders. Finally they demanded that the Armenian leaders negotiate directly with them and asked that three representatives come out. Only one person volunteered, a young physician, Dr. Parsegh Sevian, who stepped outside and argued with the *chété* leaders that since the French had departed both the Turks and the Armenians should resume peaceful coexistence.

At this point Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman appeared with *Badveli* Abraham. Then came delegates from Beitshalom and the Franciscan monastery, and finally Kuluj Ali with an escort. The Kurdish captain made a speech asking for resumption of the "traditional Turco-Armenian friendship" and promised tolerance on the part of the Turkish people. Setrak Agha had posted his armed guards so that Kuluj Ali could see that the Armenians were able to continue defending themselves. The group of delegates then went to the government buildings for the official conference, and Setrak Agha agreed to deliver all weapons the following morning.<sup>4</sup>

After the surrender of arms Turkish guards entered the church, pulled down the French flag, trampled on it, and threw the rags into the filthy area which for three weeks had been used as an open toilet by the thousands of refugees.<sup>5</sup>

In no other buildings of Marash were there any Christian survivors. Altogether in the four compounds ninety-seven hundred Armenians remained out of the twenty-two thousand in the city before the fighting began. No one had counted the multitude who had fled with the French forces, nor did we know at that time how many had reached Islahiye.

## The Assassination of Dr. Mustafa

On the afternoon of 11 February Lutfi the pharmacist came with a few companions for the body of his brother Dr. Mustafa. He wept and kissed him, then placed his hand on my chest and spoke earnestly to me. Although I could not understand him, I assumed that he was reminding me that his brother had come at our invitation and had

been killed under our roof. The mourners carried away the bodies of the doctor and his flag bearer.

Later that day we reviewed carefully the facts available concerning the double assassination. As I mentioned earlier, two rifle cartridges, one French and one Turkish, were found on the floor at the site of the shooting, and we concluded from this evidence that there were two assassins. It seemed unlikely that either a French soldier or an Armenian legionnaire would be carrying a Turkish rifle, while Armenian volunteers might carry any type, purchased prior to or captured during the battle.

The bullet which had killed Dr. Mustafa had passed through his forehead, then through a door which was splattered with brain tissue. We found it embedded in a wall of the room beyond. Thus we could trace the line of the bullet's flight accurately to its origin where the assassin had stood in the corridor. In the corridor wall was a small hole made by a pistol bullet, which indicated that Dr. Mustafa had fired at his pursuer and missed. Immediately, we concluded, the pursuer had fired and killed the doctor. Remembering the hysteria of my patients when I had returned to the hospital late that night, I asked them if they had heard any shooting.

"Yes indeed! There were three shots. And a man was crying '*Aman, aman!*'" This cry of terror and for mercy had undoubtedly come from the young flag bearer. He had been armed with only the flag of truce, and the second pursuer had blocked the doorway. The boy must have kept crouching lower and lower to avoid the muzzle of the rifle pointed at him until he was seated on the floor where we found him, the white flag covering the bullet hole in his forehead. The bullet had passed into the wall directly behind his head.

A number of Armenians have claimed credit for the assassination in the belief that this deed saved several thousand Armenians from ambush and slaughter. Three such braggarts embellished their stories with incorrect details of place and circumstances which prove them to be false. I had found the bodies within half an hour after the victims' deaths, just where they had been killed.

Over a period of fifty years the true details of this event came to me in the most unexpected manner. I had returned to the University of Pennsylvania in the summer of 1920 for graduate study, but nine months later accepted an urgent request from Mr. Lyman that I return to Marash. Hearing of this, a professor of physics, Arsen Lucian, approached me with a request that I take some money to his mother in Marash.

"I shall do that gladly," I replied, "but do you not plan to visit her yourself?"

"I can never return to that city!" replied Professor Lucian. "A relative of mine killed a prominent Turk there—a certain Dr. Mustafa." He knew nothing of the details.

In 1924, shortly after my return from a second period of service with NER in Marash and Lebanon, my wife and I were invited to the home of an Armenian woman in Cincinnati. I had known her well in Marash. Other Armenians were present, and the events of 10 February 1920 were discussed. I told of our dismay at the discovery of Dr. Mustafa's body and of the danger of reprisals against those who remained in Marash. "Why were they killed?" I asked.

Two of the men began whispering to each other, and then nodded in agreement; they would explain. "We were following the French from the Franciscan Monastery and we passed the two Turks with the white flag. One of our group recognized Dr. Mustafa, well known as a Young Turk leader. He was witnessing the French evacuation, and we knew that when he reported this to the Turkish military commander, they would prepare an ambush for us. And so we assigned two men from our group to follow them and kill them. Otherwise all of us would have been killed."

Levon Efendi Yenovkian, pharmacist at the German Hospital until the departure of the Germans in 1918, was the last person to talk with Dr. Mustafa. Because of their professional relationship he knew him well. Levon had learned of the French withdrawal and moved his family to the American Mission compound. There he saw Dr. Mustafa and his flag bearer, escorted by Dr. Wilson and Mr. Lyman, enter the college gate. They were followed shortly afterward by General Quérétte and his staff. Levon waited at the gate, hoping to learn what was going on.

Mrs. Wilson recorded in her diary that she received Dr. Mustafa in the college.

Dr. Mustafa was a man of about forty years of age, and good looking. He gave me a very polite bow as he passed. The General, a Colonel [Thibault], two Majors [Bernard and Roze des Ordons], and several other officers received them. They had a session which lasted nearly three hours. Our men, as well as one of the French officers, said afterward that he—the Turk—was equal to any occasion that presented itself. Dr. Mustafa said that in his opinion five thousand Armenians and Turks were dead in the city. Mr.

Lyman and Dr. Wilson—judging by the way he talked—said they knew the Turks were ready to surrender. The French did not tell Dr. Mustafa that they were leaving at midnight, but left a letter to be presented to him the next morning at the hospital. . . . Dr. Mustafa and his flag bearer were allowed to go as soon as some troops could be gotten out of sight.<sup>6</sup>

While Mr. Lyman explored outside to make sure that no troops were moving within sight, Bessie Hardy sat and talked with Dr. Mustafa.<sup>7</sup> Lyman then returned and escorted Dr. Mustafa to the college gate, where Levon was waiting for him. As an old friend he greeted him in a jocular manner, "Dr. Mustafa, what terrible things have you been up to?" he asked, pointing to the burning city.

Dr. Mustafa embraced and kissed him, replying that he had just come from Albustan to make peace, the truth of which Levon doubted. "And our good friend Dr. Artin? [Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazarian] Is he well?"

"He is fine!" replied Levon, although he knew merely that he had taken refuge in the First Church. They embraced once more, and Dr. Mustafa left the compound accompanied by the boy who carried the white flag. Levon immediately sought out General Quérette and asked whether the French army, a great part of which had already departed, was to return the next day.

"I don't even know whether the sun will shine tomorrow!" replied the general. Levon understood that there was no more hope for the Armenians. He feared, too, that Dr. Mustafa had seen enough to understand that the French were withdrawing and would inform the Turkish leaders. If this were the case, they would cut off every means of escape, hence it was not safe to remain in Marash. Leaving his family under the protection of the Americans, Levon joined the other Armenian men who were following the French.<sup>8</sup>

During this period certain legionnaires took steps to warn their compatriots in the city that they were being abandoned. Garabed Gabalian, who served as a courier between General Querette's headquarters and the Franciscan Monastery sent a note to his friend Hovsep Chorbajian revealing the secret that the French were preparing to leave that night. After dark Hovsep and fourteen other young men climbed over the monastery wall and collected food and warm clothing in the nearby Chorbajian residence, then they waited for the expected withdrawal of the troops and followed them through the trenches to the German Hospital. Two of them fell under the

Turkish fire. Hovsep and one of his cousins were climbing the hill between the hospital and the Girls' College when Dr. Mustafa and his flag bearer passed them, descending the hill. A few minutes later they were alarmed by the sound of rifle shots below them in the area of the hospital. Soon others of their group came running up the hill toward them. "We have just killed Dr. Mustafal!" exclaimed one of them as he paused for breath. "We were afraid that he would spread the news that the French are leaving the city." <sup>9</sup>

It was Dr. Mustafa's misfortune to have come to the American Mission on the very night that thousands of Armenians were moving on the same pathway to follow the French. Had the Turkish letter requesting a conference not been maliciously delayed, he could have come on the previous evening and returned to his base in safety. Moreover the French commander had already shown his desire to reach a settlement with the Turks rather than to withdraw. Thus the tragic journey to Islahiyé might have been avoided.

It was an ironical twist of fate that the courageous Dr. Mustafa's suit for peace was regarded as a wrong in the eyes of those who had argued for continued resistance, for the French withdrawal turned defeat into victory for the Turks. Hence Dr. Mustafa came to be regarded as the leader who would have yielded to the French and was denied his rightful place among the Turkish Lions. His widow was left to care for a daughter and two sons.



## CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

### THE RETREAT TO ISLAHIYÉ

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General Quérétte and his staff reached the camp at two o'clock on the morning of 11 February. Only the artillery remained, posted on the ridges west of Marash to fire farewell salvos at the city. The Ulu Jami was burning, and at 2:00 A.M. the barracks burst into flames, "set on fire by the Armenians without the knowledge or order of the French," wrote Colonel Normand.<sup>1</sup>

Dr. Elliott wrote about the beauty of the night. "A turquoise sky, flooded with moonlight over a white world, and across the snow—stretching as far as the eye could see—a line of camp fires, horses, wagons, soldiers, refugees . . . camels, donkeys, carts, all a mixture and confusion of sound and sight."<sup>2</sup>

Those who were assured of security, like Dr. Elliott, could afford to contemplate the beauty of the night, but for the refugees, some three to five thousand, it was a night of terror, anxiety over missing members of families, fear of death from cold and exhaustion and hunger, and uncertainty about what future they could expect at the end of the journey.

Some who had started to follow the French never reached even the assembly area. Several of the girls from Bethel Orphanage disappeared between the barracks and the camp. Mrs. Wilson reports that "a little girl of seven years was found on the plain by a gendarme. She had been out there two days and two nights. How she lived is the marvel of us all. She said: 'I played in the snow, I slept in the snow, and I ate the snow!'"<sup>3</sup>

At 3:15 A.M. the signal was given for the column to move from the camp. Major Bernard's battalion again took its place in the most dangerous position, this time in the rear in case of pursuit by the

Turks. The column moved without any attack as far as the Ak Su, where the *chété* fired on it, wounding two soldiers and one civilian. The bridge proved to be a bottleneck, causing delay and confusion. It was 3:00 P.M. before they reached the deserted village of El Oghlou, where they camped for the night.<sup>4</sup>

Some of the legionnaires had picked up a calf along the way and led it as far as El Oghlou. There they argued over the technique for converting it into something more edible than the mule meat which for some time had been their only source of protein. Daniel Akullian, the boy who had come from Don-Kalé to sell his goats and sheep in Marash, approached the legionnaires. "I know how to do it! I've butchered cattle many times." The soldiers laughed, thinking the lad too small for such a task. Daniel thrust his fingers into the calf's nostrils and turned its head until the animal fell, then drew his knife and slaughtered it. The soldiers applauded, while Daniel dressed the carcass, handed out meat for roasting, and of course kept a portion for his share.<sup>5</sup> Dr. Elliott recorded her surprise and delight when offered some delicious chunks of beef broiled over coals that night at El Oghlou.<sup>6</sup>

Many of the refugees fell from exhaustion and died between Marash and El Oghlou. Certainly among these were a number of the ninety patients who had risen from their beds at the German Hospital; also the elderly and infirm who for three weeks had survived in the churches with very little to eat.

The Bethel Orphanage girls found it impossible to stay together, for they were stumbling along in the dark with several thousand others fleeing from the city. Nevart Deyermenjian had become separated from the other girls during the trip to the assembly area but kept close to her uncle. When the army began moving toward the Ak Su she was thoroughly chilled and exhausted. Her uncle hailed a Senegalese soldier who drove an army wagon and asked him to give Nevart a lift. This he did gladly, although it was against orders. He covered her with a blanket and she slept so soundly that she does not remember the halt at El Oghlou.

At Bel Pounar she found herself "the loneliest person on earth! Everyone yelling for lost relatives!" She approached a group seated on the ground and asked if she might join them. She shared her *tarhanna* with them, then went to sleep in the open, and woke to find her blanket covered with several inches of snow. That was the day of the great storm. Her breath froze on her woolen scarf. As the refugees tired and stopped to rest, soldiers were slapping them and admonish-

ing, "Come on! Don't sit down!" Nevart's uncle found her again and kept her moving. "It was terrible to see grown men too weak to walk, and yet girls could keep going!" Fortunately she had been well nourished, while most of the refugees had been close to starvation for three weeks.

At Sinjirli, an ancient Hittite settlement, they were encouraged by Armenian legionnaires to go no further. "Stay here! If you go on you will die!" There they spent the night in one of the crude huts. The legionnaires slaughtered some cattle whose stall the refugees had usurped, and the meat was shared.

The next day the sun was shining. "We went on to Islahiyé walking between two rows of dead bodies, many of them black. I tried not to look at them." At Islahiyé the Armenians were breaking open the stores in the bazaar, but not for loot as Colonel Normand noted,<sup>7</sup> it was a matter of life or death to find food and shelter! Of the fifty-one girls who had left Bethel Orphanage, only forty reached Islahiyé. The others had perished in the snow.<sup>8</sup>

Arsen and Makrouhi Der Ohannesian had been separated from other members of their families since their flight from Saint Stephen's Church during the early days of the siege but, while following the retreating French troops, they exchanged information with others, and by the time the army halted at El Oghlou eleven of the family group were reunited, although some remained unaccounted for.

Few of the refugees had shoes which were suitable for the long march over difficult terrain. Arsen tore up the drape which he had confiscated at the monastery and wrapped strips of it around his wife's feet. While they were resting, an Armenian passed selling shoes! This shrewd pedlar, who had been a refugee in the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths, had participated in the general looting which took place on 9 February and had appropriated a stock of soft slippers from the bazaar, and here he was selling them. Arsen bought a pair each for his mother and for Makrouhi.

The next morning at five o'clock the column started on the second stage of the march. It was a beautiful day, clear and cold, but there were hundreds weak from scant nourishment during the siege who wondered if they had the strength to walk even the next twenty miles to Bel Pounar.

Like El Oghlou, Bel Pounar was deserted. Here a company of legionnaires had guarded the depot of munitions and food, none of which ever reached Marash. The houses had not been destroyed, but Colonel Normand gave orders that the refugees should not enter the town, for they had burned some houses at El Oghlou.

The refugees woke to find themselves covered with snow. It was Friday 13 February. Father Muré wrote that he was covered to a depth of fifteen centimeters,<sup>9</sup> and it was only the beginning of a blizzard, the worst in the memory of the oldest people. The French began the final stage of their march at six o'clock. Ordinarily they could have reached Islahiye within five hours.

The soldiers came through the snow holding their rifles in front of them, pushing the straggling civilians aside. The army and the caravan of carts and camels went ahead, breaking a trail. The refugees followed in single file, between the walls of snow on either side. An icy wind drove the snow in their faces, blinding their vision. It froze on the manes of horses, and many of them fell and died.<sup>10</sup> The Senegalese soldiers, unused to such winters, suffered terribly from frozen hands and feet. After reaching Islahiye one hundred fifty of them had frozen limbs amputated.<sup>11</sup> Soldiers and refugees alike stopped to rest, fell asleep, and froze to death.

Lieutenant Colonel Thibault was moved with pity. "These unhappy people, worn out by the first two stages of the journey and numbed with cold, sank down prey to an irresistible desire to sleep and never stirred again. The snow formed their shroud. It was truly a hecatomb! The road from Bel Pounar to Islahiye was staked out by clusters of corpses." <sup>12</sup>

Dr. Elliott, who walked among the Armenians the whole way, noticed the manner in which mothers carried their small children, the child on the mother's back with hands clutched against her breast. The doctor kept covering the children's exposed feet while checking their overall condition. It was difficult to convince a mother that she was carrying a dead baby, but finally she would let go the hands and trudge on mechanically. Dr. Elliott encountered some fifty such cases.<sup>13</sup> Nearly all children carried in this manner died. Children who walked most of the way survived; those whom soldiers out of compassion placed on carts or on animals froze to death.

By late afternoon they had reached the hamlet of Sinjirli, little more than halfway to Islahiye. In ten hours they had covered less than ten miles. Arsen offered money to a French soldier driving a cart, asking that Makrouhi be allowed to ride.

"I don't want your money," replied the soldier, "and I cannot take your wife. She would freeze to death riding. Why don't you stop here in one of these huts? The rear guard is to spend the night here." He gave Arsen some biscuits.

There were only seven or eight huts, each of them already crowded. No villagers were in sight. Arsen and Makrouhi pushed their way

into one of the windowless thatched roof dwellings. A partition separated the single room into quarters for the family and shelter for the cattle, but the cattle found their places already crowded by the Armenians. The room was filled with smoke from a wood fire burning in the center, for there was no chimney. Someone climbed to the roof and opened a hole for the smoke to escape, and the legionnaires slaughtered a cow to provide meat which they cooked over the coals.

The next morning, footsore but rested, they resumed the journey to Islahiyé. The snow was twenty inches deep, but the storm was over and the sun was shining. The beauty of the landscape was marred by the hundreds of bodies lying beside the path opened through the deep snow by the passage of the French army. The storm had taken its heaviest toll in this last stage of the journey. Some of the villagers had returned and were robbing the dead of clothing.

They reached Islahiyé after walking about four hours. At the station crowds of refugees were milling around, each one searching for missing relatives. There Makrouhi found her brothers and her sister Marenne and learned that five of the eleven in the family had died during the march to Islahiyé.<sup>14</sup>

The Reverend Pascal Maljian gives a moving account of the last day of this epic journey.

We marched for three days, having nothing to eat or drink but snow. We climbed the mountains, descended, only to climb again and descend. It was a new Israel searching for the Promised Land of Cilicia. To lose one's mind would be the least of mortal agony. We had been famished, fatigued, and without sleep for three weeks [and were] grieved to have our native city in flames and at the mercy of the Turks who would have returned to it triumphant after having seen the famous 412th Regiment moving away from it in the distance; grieved with a hopelessness of soul because we knew not what destiny waited for us at each step. We marched in order not to freeze nor to become prey to the wolves or the Turks, and we marched looking for a light or to hear the whistle of a train.

When I found myself at the point of yielding to fatigue and dying for sleep, I recall falling, half dead, against my will, like hundreds of the Senegalese and Algerian soldiers who sat leaning against a tree or a rock, embracing their rifles. There they remained, eternal sentinels of the passage of this new Red Sea of Armenian blood. Oh! There never lived an orator so scholarly,

a poet so sublime who could narrate the scene of the victims of the passage over this sea, or over this ocean of snow. At every meter one saw a woman, a mother with her babe at her bosom, an aged man, someone wounded, sleeping beside the path opened by those still able to march.

I had fallen like so many others for the eternal sleep but I felt someone slapping my cheeks to wake me from this fatal sleep. It was the Armenian legionnaire who had offered me his tent, his blanket, and—for a mattress—some copies of the Armenian journal *Hairenik* when I came to the camp of the column near Marash. He scolded me tenderly, lifted me, and helped me resume the forced march. He opened his bag and told me a secret: "It is forbidden to give away this loaf of bread without permission, for it is the last ration! But take it, eat it!" It was hard and white like the trampled snow. What bread! "Bread of life." I almost said. I gnawed it little by little, enough to nourish me and to enable me to forget, if it were possible, the length of this tragic crossing.<sup>15</sup>

Dr. Elliott had walked for three days, although the French officers had offered her a seat in a wagon. After they had passed Sinjirli and had no idea where the road lay under the deep snow, some officers suggested that they should camp for the night. Lieutenant van Coppanole dismissed this with laughter, knowing that to camp meant death. An hour later, however, he suggested in a casual manner that perhaps after all it was best to camp, for they were lost. At that moment, about 7:00 P.M., a long, high-pitched whistle was heard: the whistle of a locomotive on the Baghdad Railway. Soldiers and refugees alike broke into a run, stumbling through the deep snow and over the rails at Islahiye. They had marched for fourteen hours without a pause for food or rest.

Only the rear guard—Major Bernard's battalion—had camped at Sinjirli in order to protect the straggling refugees and some of the supply wagons. At 10:00 A.M. the next day, 14 February, the battalion marched into Islahiye. On learning that the commander in chief of the French forces in Cilicia had come from Adana, the major drew up his troops in formation and paraded them proudly before General Dufieux. General Quérette, accompanied by Lieutenant Colonel Thibault, mounted a freight car filled with troops of all ranks and proceeded to report to the commander in chief.<sup>16</sup>

Dr. Crathern, although past seventy, walked the entire distance from Marash and reported that he felt better at the end of the journey

than at the beginning. On reaching Islahiyé he moved energetically to alleviate the distress of the refugees. First he commandeered the entire output of a bakery for the exclusive benefit of the Armenians. Then he went to Adana to secure the cooperation of the French civil administrator, Colonel Brémond, and of the NER office. Dr. William Dodd immediately sent blankets and medical supplies to Islahiyé, and Colonel Brémond arranged to have the refugees moved by rail to Adana and to house them in the camp which had been constructed in 1918 for the Armenians as they were being repatriated.<sup>17</sup>

Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazarian, who had been surgeon at the German Hospital in Marash, met his colleague Dr. Elliott in Adana for the first time since the outbreak of the rebellion in January. He was one of the very few who had succeeded in escaping from Marash on the day after the French retreat. Now he was asking whether he could be used at the NER hospital in Adana in any capacity—even as an orderly! Dr. Elliott had come to admire Dr. Artin, as he was known to his friends, not only as a skilled surgeon, but as a gentle, intelligent, and gallant man who was a leader in his community. Within a month Dr. Artin was serving as manager of the American hospital in Adana.<sup>18</sup>

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

### THE FRENCH EVACUATION

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The retreat from Marash dealt a severe blow to French prestige and gave a corresponding impetus to the Turkish Nationalist cause just at the moment it had suffered a reversal. General Dufieux, amazed to find the Marash garrison on his doorstep, felt it necessary to file an official report on the disaster, and General Quérette was called before a tribunal in France. The results were never made public, but General Quérette went into retirement.

Since the French officers in Marash were told that Colonel Normand had brought orders for the evacuation presumably from General Dufieux or from General Gouraud in Beirut, it is worth noting Colonel Brémond's remarks:

The decision for the retreat remains a mystery. It was not made in Beirut, nor in Adana, but at Marash. There seems to be no doubt that the order to leave would not have been given if a wireless outfit had been available in Marash permitting unbroken communication with Adana.<sup>1</sup>

Eight years later Brémond, then a general, stated flatly, "Colonel Normand did not *bring* an order for the evacuation; he *gave* it!"<sup>2</sup>

It is clear that Colonel Normand himself decided that Marash should be evacuated, for on reaching the city he invited Major Corneloup to abandon his positions and to join his column without waiting to consult General Quérette.<sup>3</sup> The effect of this action was to emasculate the Marash garrison, as Lieutenant Thibault noted.

This was to have the most unexpected consequences. Granted, as subsequent events showed to be the case, that order could be



restored in Marash within a short period, it was indispensable that the forces in the city should not appear inferior to those under General Quérétte's command. Consequently the loss of Major Corneloup's thirteen and a half companies led the general to consider the immediate evacuation inevitable.<sup>4</sup>

During the three-day retreat to Islahiye Colonel Thibault had ample opportunity to question Major Corneloup about his desertion of the southern quarter and has thrown light on this critical episode. When Colonel Normand first established liaison with the troops in the southern quarter of Marash, his representative conveyed a verbal order to Corneloup to transfer his troops to the relief column in order to form a reserve for maneuvers. The major hesitated to execute this order, but when it was confirmed in writing his scruples were overcome. "Since he could not communicate with his own commander, General Quérétte, he felt that he had to obey Colonel Normand and ordered the troops in the Armenian Catholic Church, The First Evangelical Church, the Bedesten, and the Church of the Forty Sainted Youths to withdraw from the city."<sup>5</sup>

Thus General Quérétte was caught in a most difficult position which was chiefly the result of the failure of others: failure on the part of officials in France to send forces adequate for the task; failure by members of General Gouraud's staff to supply such essential equipment as heavy artillery, wireless apparatus, and motorized patrol cars; failure of French military intelligence to appraise the strength of the guerilla forces which blocked every attempt to supply the Marash garrison with munitions. Although Colonel Normand witnessed the flight of the Nationalist forces from the city, he insisted that he could not remain in Marash because his food supplies were exhausted, his men had no shelter from the arctic winter, and he was obliged to go to the relief of the Urfa garrison. Hence General Quérétte had to appraise the prospects of establishing order with his own troops. His munitions sufficed for only four days of battle, and no convoy could be expected from Adana. Corneloup's forces, more than thirteen companies, had abandoned the entire southern half of the city by order of Colonel Normand. And even if the Turks had surrendered, was it not probable that they would have resumed the battle when Normand's troops were seen departing, and when Turkish reinforcements came from the north?

It would be interesting to know what consideration was given to

France's responsibility for the protection of the Christian population when the two officers debated the question of withdrawal.

Mr. Lyman reported to his American colleagues in Marash that Kuluj Ali had stated to him that he viewed the conflict in Marash as a first test of strength in a program for expelling all foreign armies from Anatolia. However, the uprising at Urfa began on 9 February, the day on which the Turkish leaders at Marash began negotiations for surrender. It is difficult to believe that a defeat at Marash would have deterred for long such a tenacious and able commander as Mustafa Kemal Pasha from further attempts to drive out the French, whose forces were inadequate to hold back the Nationalist movement.

### A Summary of Losses

Colonel Brémond estimated the French casualties in the Marash conflict to be twelve hundred.<sup>6</sup> Lieutenant Colonel Thibault states that his own 412th Regiment suffered two hundred twenty-three casualties, of whom one hundred one were wounded.<sup>7</sup> Colonel Normand reported only eleven of his troops killed and thirty-five wounded, but one hundred fifty had frozen feet or hands amputated.<sup>8</sup> According to Ajemian, the Armenian Legion lost fifty dead and one hundred wounded.<sup>9</sup> Some six hundred thirty remain unaccounted for, and these possibly represent the casualties among the Algerian and Senegalese battalions.

The Turkish losses, according to the general staff report, were two hundred killed and five hundred wounded; but it is possible that these figures refer only to casualties in the regular army units Third Battalion of the Ninth Caucasian Infantry and two squadrons of cavalry).<sup>10</sup> Dr. Robert Lambert, who with Dr. Shepard visited the *mutasarrif* of Aintab on 29 February 1920 states that "he [the *mutasarrif*] estimates the number of dead in Marash as six to seven thousand, of which four thousand were Armenians (latest estimates are 8,000 Armenians and 4,500 Turks killed)." <sup>11</sup>

The death toll among the Armenian civilians was nearly ten times the total casualties of the troops fighting under the French banner. The number of Armenians who followed the retreating French army will never be known, for who was there to count the panic-stricken groups that fled in the night? A telegram sent to us by Dr. William Dodd of the NER office in Adana stated that twenty-four hundred of

the refugees from Marash had reached Islahiyyé or Adana safely.<sup>12</sup> The Turks reported that about one thousand bodies had been counted on the road between Marash and Islahiyyé, and this figure lies close to the twelve hundred reported by the Reverend Materne Muré.<sup>13</sup> Thus one may conclude that at least thirty-four hundred left Marash.<sup>14</sup>

From the careful census made by the various churches, the Armenian population of the district of Marash before the siege is known to have been close to twenty-four thousand, of which between fourteen hundred and two thousand lived in the villages.<sup>15</sup> Surviving in Marash on 11 February were ninety-seven hundred, counted with some accuracy, for they were all confined within four compounds. I had been commissioned to provide them with food and therefore had an interest in knowing their number. None remained in the villages.

The ninety-seven hundred remaining in Marash together with the twenty-four hundred who reached Islahiyyé account for twelve thousand one hundred of the original twenty-four thousand. Hence eleven thousand nine hundred died either in the city and villages or on the road to Islahiyyé. The Armenian population of the district had been reduced by fifty percent.

## PART THREE

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### THE EXODUS

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

### RESTORATION OF ORDER

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On the morning after the French withdrawal, when the American leaders Wilson and Lyman secured the Turkish promise for an end to the killing of civilians, Arslan Bey asked that representatives of the three Armenian communities be brought to the government house for a conference. On the following day the Catholic archbishop Avedis Arpiarian, Der Sahag of the Armenian Apostolic Church, and Badveli Abraham Hartunian of the First Evangelical Church met at the Catholic Church and were escorted by Turkish gendarmes to the *konak*.

By virtues of his position as president of the Committee for the Defense of Rights, Arslan Bey acted as spokesman for the Nationalist Turks rather than the *mutasarrif* who officially represented the sultan against whom Mustafa Kemal was in revolt. Arslan Bey explained to the Armenian leaders that the government had had no part in the insurrection; it was the Nationalists led by Mustafa Kemal Pasha who had fought the French. Now that the French troops had been driven out, the city would again be governed by the duly appointed representatives. No one dared ask where the ultimate authority lay, with the *mutasarrif* or with Arslan Bey, but it was obvious that the Kemalists were in power, for beside Arslan Bey stood Captain Kuluj Ali, Mustafa Kemal's representative who had commanded the Nationalist forces during the three-week siege.

The condition demanded of the Armenians by the Turkish leaders was merely the surrender of all arms. At the Franciscan Monastery the defenders gave up twelve rifles. The officer in charge of the collection could not believe that these few weapons represented the entire stock. How could the Armenians have defended themselves with so few arms? Many of those who had possessed weapons had departed

with the French troops. According to Setrak Agha Kherlakian, his volunteers in the Armenian Catholic Church possessed two machine guns and some eighty rifles, of which twenty were antique weapons. For several months the Turks kept digging up the courtyards of the two churches, searching for hidden arms.

Dr. Wilson obtained permission to move wounded Armenians to the hospital in the seminary compound. Mr. Lyman and I stood outside the gate of the Catholic Church watching the Turkish sentries check the wounded as they filed out. Suddenly one of them, his head and one arm swathed in bandages, was pulled out of line and taken away as a prisoner. Mr. Lyman recognized him as one of the Turks who had been converted to Christianity. He had taken refuge with the Armenians, fearing that his fellow Muslims would regard him as a traitor. All of the converted Turks disappeared, and we heard that they had been executed.

A number of prominent Armenians were also taken into custody for questioning. These included Setrak Agha Kherlakian and his relatives Hovsep Agha, Vincent, Benjamin, and several others. Of these only Setrak Agha survived. The others, according to prison officials, had died of heart attacks. Since Setrak Agha had actually led the fighters, first at the Boulgourjian house and later at the Catholic Church, it was feared that he would be executed; but the Marash court declared him not guilty of treason. Certain of the Nationalists, angry at this decision, insisted that he be sent to Caesarea for retrial. Later, when the accord was signed between the Turkish Nationalists and France at Ankara, he was released. He moved to Aleppo and there wrote the manuscript on which these comments are based.<sup>1</sup>

Shortly after the French withdrawal, the Turkish government in Constantinople appointed Urfan Bey, an army colonel stationed in Aintab, to be the *mutasarrif* of Marash. Raphael Kherlakian, who had served in Aintab as counselor to the French administration, had come to know him well and a friendly relationship had developed between them. On learning that Urfan Bey had become the governor of Marash, Raphael obtained permission to call on him and was provided with an escort of soldiers without which he might well have fallen into the clutches of his enemies. Urfan Bey received him cordially and asked that he persuade the Armenians to be patient in the face of hardships that they were enduring, for he did not have gendarmes enough to oppose the Muslim population who remained incensed against the Armenians.<sup>2</sup>

A dispatch dated 16 February 1920 from the commander of the

Turkish Third Army Corps to the minister of interior stated that conditions in Marash under the administration of Urfan Bey had returned to normal, and that the Armenians had reopened their shops.<sup>3</sup> Anyone living in Marash at that time could testify that *all* Armenians were confined within the walls of their churches until the end of February, and for months none of them dared open their shops in the market place. During that period the Turkish population looted the homes of the Armenians. One day when I was delivering food supplies to the churches an Armenian woman asked that I serve as escort to her home so that she might secure certain needed items. The sentry agreed to this on condition that I accept responsibility for her return. We found her home, which had been beautifully furnished, stripped bare. Only a fragment of a curtain remained. She wept, saying, "Now I have nothing! Neither a husband nor a home!"

After the French retreat most of the Armenians were weak from hunger. Even the boys in Beitshalom Orphanage were emaciated, for the winter stores of food had been shared with some three thousand refugees. Since none of the Armenians in the orphanages and churches was allowed in the streets, they were doomed to starve unless NER undertook to feed them. Dr. Wilson assigned this task to me. I sought out one of our buyers in the mission compound and asked him to go to the market with me, but he refused, fearing the undisciplined Turkish fighters who paraded daily in the streets. He suggested that Peter Jernazian, the jeweler who had emigrated to New York, might accompany me, for he was an American citizen. As we walked together through the Bedesten toward the grain market, a Turk rushed out from his shop and embraced Peter, exclaiming, "My friend, how fortunate that you did not come to me for protection! I would have had to kill you!" thus revealing the nature of the oath taken by the Muslims to kill any Christians who came into their power.

We found no one willing to sell us grain, or anything else. The Turks, thwarted in their attempt to exterminate the Armenians, now hoped to starve them. On learning of this development, Dr. Wilson put aside his surgical instruments and went with me to the home of the *mutasarraf*. Urfan Bey asked for a list of the supplies we needed and promised to arrange for the purchase. We were to place our orders through him and to make payment to him, for he knew merchants who would not refuse his command to sell. Thus the boycott was broken.

Each day we distributed 1.5 tons of rice and 10,000 loaves of bread. The daily ration was approximately 5.5 ounces of rice per person, sub-

stituted occasionally with dried peas or lentils. This provided barely enough calories for an adult at rest. Dr. Vartan Poladian urged me to provide also green vegetables or fruit in order to avoid scurvy. I was obliged to reject the request, for we were short of funds.

Because of the fighting there was no commerce with Aleppo, hence the Marash merchants purchased no drafts, and our supply of cash dwindled rapidly. In order to conserve our resources we declared a moratorium on salaries, and each one of the mission and NER personnel loaned to the treasury whatever cash he possessed. The day came when the cash on hand was three Turkish gold lira—less than fifteen dollars.

### A Visit by Dr. Lambert and Dr. Shepard

In Aleppo the area director of NER, Dr. Robert Lambert, became concerned about the situation in Marash. Inquiries about the safety of American personnel resulting from dispatches published about the fighting were coming from abroad. Although the French commander told him that a relief column had been sent to Marash and that the situation was well in hand, the message we had sent with the Zeitunlis by way of Hadjin convinced him that he should go in person to Marash, taking gold, medical supplies, and food. At this point Dr. Lorin Shepard came to him from Aintab bearing a message from Mr. Lyman telling of the desperate conditions in Marash. Dr. Shepard also brought news of the murder of two Americans, the YMCA representative assigned to Marash and the general secretary of YMCA International.

Dr. Lambert's quartermaster hired fourteen wagons to transport supplies to Marash. Lambert and Shepard started out in two Reo trucks—a precaution necessitated by the possibility of a breakdown on the rough road—and followed the wagon train. Four weeks earlier the two YMCA men had been killed on the road they were to take, hence a gendarme was assigned to each truck, and two others rode beside the caravan of carts.

At the town of Killis, where they were to spend the first night, they transferred to the commander of gendarmes the responsibility for protection of the wagon train as far as Aintab. The two doctors then rented horses for the remainder of the journey and sent the automobiles back to Aleppo. Neither of them knew that the road ahead was under the control of Turkish guerrilla bands who had prevented the passage of military supplies under the escort of French troops.



At Aintab they called on the *mutasarraf*, who suggested that they delay the next phase of their journey so that he could send couriers ahead to insure a safe passage. A day later they set out with four gendarmes. A mule carried medical supplies and their bedding.

Near the village of Karabiyikli they met a band of armed Turks on horseback. Dr. Shepard paused to speak with them, but his gendarmes urged him to move on, for they feared these fighters. The leader of the band shouted across to the village, "Do not let these men enter your village!" The village chieftain, however, recognized Dr. Shepard as the surgeon who had recently operated on his wife at the Aintab hospital and took the travelers into his home. Shepard examined and treated a number of the sick villagers, and finally their host locked them in their room for the night. They were thankful for this precaution, for each of them carried 1,500 Turkish gold lira. Had this been known to the *chété* whom they had met, or to the villagers, it is unlikely that they would have lived to reach Marash. They had been careful to conceal their vests, in which the rolls of coins were sewn, and did not remove them even at night.<sup>4</sup>

Late the next morning the two horsemen rode into the yard of the mission compound in Marash and halted in front of my office, the NER headquarters. Dr. Wilson was ill with malaria, but we gave the visitors a warm welcome. Lambert and Shepard removed their coats, disclosing the vests which we thought to be hunting jackets with band after band of cartridge pockets. Before dismounting from their horses they handed the vests down to me, and I was astonished at their weight. I could hardly lift them, for each contained seventy-five "cartridges" of twenty gold coins. Only that morning I had instructed each of the orphanage directors to purchase nothing whatever, for our funds were exhausted. Dr. Lambert laughed with happiness to know that the hazardous journey he had undertaken with Dr. Shepard had indeed been necessary.

In spite of his illness, Dr. Wilson joined the group at his house to hear from the travelers how they could have survived for four days on a route infested with undisciplined guerrilla fighters. Mr. Lyman, eager to see the Marash branch of the YMCA opened, asked about Frank Johnson, whom Dr. Crathern had attempted to meet in Aintab on 20 January.

"He was killed near Aintab!" replied Dr. Shepard, who proceeded to recount the tragedy.

James Perry, general secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association International, had come from the United States to supervise the

establishment of several branches of the YMCA in Anatolia. His brother George already headed a branch at Konia, and Colonel Archer another in Aleppo. Dr. C. F. H. Crathern had been assigned to Aintab, and Frank Johnson to Marash. Perry was bringing equipment for these new stations by freight from Constantinople and had halted at Katma, hoping to transfer the equipment from that point to Aintab and Marash by caravan. The French commander at Katma warned Perry that some thirty French soldiers had been killed on the road between Aintab and Marash. Perry proceeded to Aleppo where he learned that Johnson and his wife Esther had already made two attempts to reach Aintab but each time had been obliged to turn back.

After discussing the problem with the American consul, Mr. J. B. Jackson, they decided to make use of transport offered by NER and to fly their own colors rather than those of the French troops. On Sunday 1 February Perry shaved off his moustache in order that he might not be mistaken for a native of the country and joined Frank Johnson for the journey. Mrs. Johnson was to remain in Aleppo until her husband prepared accommodations for them in Marash.<sup>5</sup>

Perry and Johnson set out on their journey in one of the NER Reo trucks driven by Zeki, a Christian Arab with whom I had traveled a number of times, and his young brother as mechanic. About seventeen miles south of Aintab they passed the village of Besh Göz and came to the Al-Mali Bridge, where they halted in order to cool the truck's radiator with water from the stream. Just as they were dismounting from the car, brigands concealed nearby opened fire without warning. Zeki shouted at them, "These are Americans—not French!" Frank Johnson was killed instantly by a bullet in his head, and then his face was slashed. Perry was struck twice in the body, and his spinal cord was severed by a sabre blow on the neck. Zeki, wounded by a pistol shot, had his throat cut. Two of his fingers were severed, either because he tried to hold off the knife or for the sake of a ring. The four bodies were left lying on the roadside while the brigands looted the cars.

At this time four wagons carrying supplies to the NER station at Aintab were approaching the bridge. A group of gendarmes passing the carts warned the drivers, "There are bandits ahead of you!"

"They would not harm us," replied one of the drivers, who was an Armenian posing as a Turk.

"No? They have just killed some foreigners in that automobile. Look! You can see them carrying their loot up the hill ahead."

The drivers lost no time turning their carts about and returned to Besh Göz where they put up for the night in the village *khan*. Later a

group of armed villagers entered, and the Armenian drivers soon learned from the conversation that these were the killers from whom they had fled. The innkeeper whispered to one of the drivers, whom he thought to be a Turk, that the new arrivals were going into the village for a drink but planned to return, kill the drivers, and rob the wagons. The four men mounted the best of their horses and rode off to Killis, abandoning their vehicles.

News of the assassination first reached the Americans in Aintab from the French commander who had learned of it from the Turkish commander of gendarmes, but the identity of the victims was unknown until the bodies were brought into Aintab several days later. News of the incident was telegraphed to the American consul in Aleppo. The next day Colonel Archer and Mr. Bryan of NER started for Aintab by automobile in a convoy of camels bringing military supplies for the French garrison in Aintab. They were escorted by a detachment of one hundred fifty French troops. Beyond Killis they came under such heavy fire by *chété* hiding in the hills that they were obliged to turn back. Later we learned that three thousand of the guerrilla fighters had gathered to bar the convoy's passage.

On 4 February gendarmes brought the four bodies to the police station in Aintab where a formal examination was conducted in the presence of Dr. Shepard, Mr. Boyd of NER, two French officers, and the Turkish officials. Dr. Shepard then prepared the bodies for burial. Mr. Boyd described the burial in the American cemetery behind Dr. Shepard's house. "A guard of honor composed of perhaps one hundred soldiers led the procession, and this was followed by the four coffins, the American personnel of Aintab, and some seventy five French officers. . . . The ceremonies were carried out in the most impressive military style. Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie made a short talk, followed by a prayer by Dr. Shepard." <sup>6</sup>

This was appropriate, I thought, as Dr. Shepard paused, but what a contrast to the fact that eight or nine thousand Christians had perished in Marash, thousands at a time in the flames of their churches, without benefit of religious rite or burial! I knew of only one, Badveli Asadour Solakian's wife, who had been buried with any ceremony at all, and that at night.

Dr. Shepard concluded his account by stating that he had learned from reliable sources that the *chété* in the Killis-Aintab area had received orders to kill any Christians found on the road. Thus the passage of Dr. Lambert and Dr. Shepard over the same danger zone twice in the next few weeks without harm was miraculous.

## Dr. Shepard and Dr. Lambert Inspect Marash

Dr. Lambert expressed the wish to make a tour of Marash in order to inspect the orphanages and the churches in which the Armenian population had taken refuge. Dr. Wilson, still weak from malaria, asked young Dicran Berberian to act as guide. At that time no Armenian dared to move in the streets, but Dicran felt secure in the company of the distinguished visitors wearing the American uniform. Dr. Shepard spoke Turkish fluently, and his name was revered throughout Cilicia, for his father, Dr. Frederick Shepard, had served Turks, Kurds, and Armenians as a surgeon. Dicran's own account of the tour follows.

We started the tour from the American Mission compound. On our way we stopped at my home, which lay halfway between the mission and Beitshalom Boys' Orphanage. Although I had suspected that my parents, my two sisters, and my youngest brother had been killed, I still hoped that they could be alive, hiding somewhere. The gate to our home stood wide open, and our household effects had been carried away. The only things remaining were some of my father's books and writings which had been scattered in the mud in the yard. I salvaged our family Bible and a few photographs.

We then proceeded to the boys' orphanage, where the two doctors greeted Miss Buckley and listened to her account of the attacks made on the orphanage and the attempts to burn it. Next we went to the First Evangelical Church, which had been burned to the ground together with its four adjacent buildings, the grade school, kindergarten and nursery, the middle school and the boys' Academy. We saw no dead bodies in this church. Those who had sought refuge there had fled to the bottom of the hill to the Armenian Catholic Church where French troops were stationed. We then proceeded toward the market place. All of the shops belonging to Armenian merchants had been broken open and plundered, including my own grocery store.

We walked the length of the bedesten to the Armenian Apostolic Church of the Forty Sainted Youths at the southern end of the city. This, too, had been burned to the ground, and here and there we saw charred bodies. Then we proceeded westward toward the

Apostolic Church known as Sourp Asdvadsadzin, which also had been burned. Two of the outer walls of this church were contiguous with adobe and frame houses with flat roofs. Many homes in this district constituted a conglomerate of homes with common walls. These were inhabited exclusively by Armenians and had been burned by Turks who threw flaming rags soaked in kerosene on them. The inhabitants of these homes must have flocked into the adjoining church for protection, but the conflagration reached the church and set it on fire. When we entered the church the stench of charred bodies nauseated us. Naked corpses were everywhere, but hundreds were piled at the altar. Since none of the bodies had rings on the fingers, or jewelry of any kind, it seemed likely that the Turks had robbed the corpses and piled them on top of one another at the altar.

From Sourp Asdvadsadzin we went to the Second Evangelical Church which also had been burned. We walked on toward the government buildings but decided not to enter. Finally we came to the Third Evangelical Church—also in ashes—and returned to the American Mission, having concluded a circular tour of the city.<sup>7</sup>

According to our count, six churches and seven mosques had been burned. The Armenian Catholic Church and the Franciscan Monastery remained standing, although their schools were destroyed. The number of demolished homes could not be estimated accurately, but Dr. Lambert ventured a guess of forty percent. In the bazaars nearly all the shops had been looted, whether Turkish or Armenian, for a great deal of fighting had taken place there.

On the second day of their visit the two American doctors called on Urfan Bey. The *mutasarrif* was delayed in reaching his office because of a parade during which there had been considerable gunfire, and he expressed annoyance to his visitors at this display knowing that while the Armenians had been completely disarmed, every Turk possessed a rifle. When Dr. Lambert suggested that the Muslim as well as the Christian population should be disarmed, Urfan Bey replied that if he were to attempt such a measure, he himself would be the first one shot! He expressed his desire to stop further injustice to the Armenians and to restore peace but claimed his control of the Nationalists was limited, having only one hundred gendarmes under his command.

The American doctors discussed with Urfan Bey, and later with NER and mission personnel, the possibility that the French might re-

turn and the probable consequences. All were agreed that this would precipitate renewed conflict, and that before the French could take the city all of the Christians would be slaughtered. Dr. Lambert and Dr. Shepard then composed a telegram to the American high commissioner in Constantinople, Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol, stating that "return of the French military forces at the present time would greatly endanger the lives of remaining population; urge sending American commission approved by Sublime Porte to aid in restoring normal conditions." <sup>8</sup>

On 5 March our visitors departed on horseback with an escort of gendarmes and spent the night at Pazarjik as guests of a Kurdish chieftain who had been a patient of Dr. Shepard's father. The Kurds complained that the *chété* blackmailed them for gold and supplies; consequently they were not in sympathy with the Nationalist movement.

Although they were advised to follow behind their gendarmes, the two doctors took little account of the dangers. On approaching the area where Perry and Johnson had been murdered, they forged ahead in order to contact the *chété* chieftain Shahin Bey. Thousands of the guerrilla fighters were concealed along the road, each group independent of the others, hence Lambert and Shepard found themselves allowed neither to advance toward Aleppo nor to retreat to Aintab. They sensed the danger from these undisciplined and leaderless men and were relieved when a squadron of twenty gendarmes under the command of Essad Bey, leader of the *chété* north of Aintab, came to their rescue and escorted them to Shahin Bey, who offered them the hospitality of his camp for the night. When they explained their need to reach Killis that night, he accompanied them close to the French outpost.

Between the lines of Dr. Lambert's account of this journey, one finds abundant evidence of a fearless spirit. Both he and Dr. Shepard were lionhearted men.<sup>9</sup>

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

### MEDICAL AFFAIRS

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When Dr. Wilson offered the German Hospital to the Turks as a gesture of good will in the restoration of peace, he wished to demonstrate that it remained the property of the Americans and therefore asked me to make the hospital my residence and to supervise preparations for the Turkish patients. First of all I had the four wounded Armenians transferred to the seminary, which was to become a hospital for the Armenian and French wounded under Dr. Wilson's direction. The Turks assigned a squad of four armed guerrillas to guard the German Hospital. Doubtful as to the Turkish feelings toward any of the Americans, I was relieved to find the guards saluting and addressing me in a friendly manner as *Beyim* or, literally, "my sir." Three Armenian women, refugees at the college, were employed to clean up the hospital, which was in great disorder, and to cook temporarily for the Turkish patients. The bodies of Dr. Mustafa and his flag bearer as well as the woman shot through the abdomen lay on the frozen ground near the rear door. The women were fearful and agreed to stay on duty overnight only when I promised not to leave them unprotected. I brought a mattress from one of the wards and placed it on the floor of the room adjacent to their quarters, indicating that this was to be my place.

That night a building in the seminary compound burned to the ground, and the conflagration alarmed everyone in the quarter. Fearful of its significance, Turks in the neighborhood began shooting. In the midst of this someone crept into my bed, shaking with terror. I never knew which of the three women it was. We heard later that an Armenian family, Anna Dingilian and her children, had taken shelter in the building the night the French withdrew, and their charred bodies were found in the ashes.

The next morning, when everyone knew that the French had abandoned the city, general looting began. An Armenian woman whose home was near the hospital suggested that we should ask permission from the government to have her food supplies and equipment transferred to the hospital rather than to lose everything to the looters. Our *chété* guard joyfully asserted that they could take care of this and posted a sentry at the Armenian house until porters could be located. I took them to the building. The rest of the morning was spent transferring bedding, rugs, and sacks of food supplies to the hospital.

That morning someone came running to me in great excitement. "The Turks are setting fire to the *Kiraat-hané!*" This building lay only two doors from the hospital, and its burning would endanger the hospital. I ran through the breach in the walls and entered the *Kiraat-hané*, catching several Turkish youths in the process of setting fire to a mass of paper in the stairwell. I shouted angrily at them. Not knowing what little authority I had, they hurriedly trampled out the fire and disappeared. This was an example of arson carried out by fanatical elements among the Muslim population which was the cause of the burning of a number of churches and many houses after the French withdrawal.

Among the wounded brought to the German Hospital by the Turks was a French soldier, one of the few to survive after capture. Two military physicians took up their residence in the hospital, Dr. Ala'eddin Bey, a handsome Circassian; and Dr. Hilmi Bey, a Turk. With them came Ebber Hanum, a Turkish nurse. The Circassian doctor's skill in the care of his patients and his courtesy to all employees, whether Turk or Armenian, soon gained the admiration of all. Some of the Turkish patients, however, were annoyed because he gave the same attention to the French youth as to the Turkish wounded. Miss Marie Timm was asked to serve as matron of the hospital.

The German Hospital's pharmacist had followed the French troops to Islahiyé, but a replacement became available in the person of Stepan Chorbajian, a graduate of the Syrian Protestant College School of Pharmacy in Beirut. On the morning after the French retreat I had found him at the Franciscan Monastery where he had prepared his wife and children for death by poison. Although the refugees were held under guard and not allowed to return to their homes, the Turks granted permission for the release of Stepan in order that he might serve the hospital now reserved for the Turkish wounded. Later he suggested that Dicran Berberian be assigned to assist him. Under my



instruction Dicran learned the techniques required for the routine examination of urine, and he made good use of the books on clinical laboratory techniques and *Materia Medica*.

An unusual tragedy was brought to my attention. All five members of a Turkish family had died soon after eating a single dish. This, together with a bag of white crystals, supposedly salt used in the preparation of the food, were given to me for examination. Was it the salt or some other component of the food which had caused this tragedy? I placed some of the crystals in a saucer on the floor of the pharmacy and then poured some concentrated sulphuric acid over it. Immediately a cloud of brown fumes arose which I recognized as oxides of nitrogen. The salt was a nitrite, and a flame test showed it to be the sodium compound. Neither the doctors nor Stepan could believe that an unknown substance might be identified so quickly, but on reading the symptoms of nitrite poisoning they agreed that my diagnosis was correct, and my reputation as a chemist soared. I did not confess that no other compound would have yielded its identity with so little effort and equipment. The "salt" had been looted from a dyer's establishment and sold to a grocer.

The medical services suffered greatly from the loss of Dr. Mabel Elliott, two American nurses, and the entire staff of Armenian nurses who had joined the French troops in their flight from Marash. The only trained nurses available were Mrs. Wilson and Miss Osanna Maksudian, a graduate of the Nurses' Training School at the Syrian Protestant College. She was assigned to work with the Turkish doctors along with Ebber Hanum, and inevitably a conflict arose between these two women, the one Armenian and the other Turkish. Two well-trained and able physicians, Dr. Vartan Poladian and Dr. Parsegh Sevia, joined Dr. Wilson in the care of Armenian and French wounded in a new hospital, the seminary building which the French had commandeered for their headquarters. The former children's infirmary became a hospital for infectious diseases and dysentery, both of which were rife. There was also an epidemic of Spanish influenza to which I fell a victim, and for two weeks I joined the Turkish wounded in the German Hospital.

Dr. Wilson was overwhelmed by the amount of surgery he had to perform on the French and African soldiers whose limbs had frozen during the last days of the siege. Unused to temperatures as low as sixteen degrees below zero centigrade, the African troops had suffered terribly, and some lost all four limbs. I asked to see the Senegalese

soldier to whom I had given first aid after a hand grenade had exploded in his hand. Although the tourniquet which I had placed on his arm had remained there for more than a day before Dr. Wilson was free to operate, he had recovered from the amputation but was succumbing to septicemia from wounds in his legs by grenade fragments, and he died a few days later.

Dr. Wilson's appeal for help in his medical work was finally heeded, for word came that Dr. H. W. Bell had reached Islahiye but was unable to proceed further. The Reverend James Lyman was indignant and telegraphed that he would come to Islahiye and thus prove that the road was open. He rode off with six gendarmes and a Turkish officer. Six days passed with no word from him, and his fiancée, Bessie Hardy, began to worry, knowing that he would have to cross the French lines alone.

That evening I was a guest of the Wilsons. After dinner two distinguished Turks came to call. The *mutasarrif* had brought the newly appointed military commander to meet Dr. Wilson. Soon the question was asked, "Do you have any news about Mr. Lyman?"

"Yes, indeed!" replied the officer. "Our gendarmes halted within two hours' ride of the French outposts, and Mr. Lyman went on with two Turkish civilians. Although he carried a white flag, the French sentries opened fire with a machine gun. Lyman and his companions threw themselves to the ground, and none too soon! Two of the horses were killed, and Lyman's horse was shot through the ear. About thirty French soldiers then came and captured the three unarmed men, bound them, and marched them off to the command post. Mr. Lyman was taken through an opening in the barbed wire enclosure, while the two Turks were left outside under the guard of a single French sentry. After a long delay the Turks became impatient, jumped on the sentry when he was off guard, bound him, and returned to the six gendarmes and their officer. Now this officer had been ordered to bring back Mr. Lyman and Dr. Bell and was obliged to go to the French lines and ask for them. He was told that they had gone to Adana, and so the officer returned to Marash with his men."

A few days later I heard the clatter of horsemen passing the hospital. Ten mounted gendarmes, Mr. Lyman, and Dr. Bell were riding toward the college. I ran after them in the rain, eager to learn of Mr. Lyman's experiences. They confirmed every detail of the story told us by the military commander.

Dr. Bell brought with him 2,000 Turkish gold lira (about ten thou-

sand dollars) which was more than welcome, for we were again using borrowed money to supply food to the ten thousand refugees and orphans. Dr. Bell reported that a stranger could easily find his way from Islahiye to Marash by following the line of skeletons. The Turks reported about a thousand dead in the path of the French retreat.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

### THE CONFLICTS AT URFA AND AINTAB

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Even before the Turks of Marash rose in revolt against the occupation forces of France, plans had been made by the supporters of Mustafa Kemal for a concerted attack on the French military outposts along the Baghdad Railway, and at Urfa and Aintab. On 7 January 1920 Ali Saib, deputy from Urfa to the National Congress, addressed a proclamation to the chiefs of the Kurdish tribes, calling them to unite against the French at Urfa. The Anézé tribe of Arabs led by Hatchem Bey, he said, were preparing to help the Turks oust the French from Aintab.<sup>1</sup> Four days later Kuluj Ali sent a communication to Ali Saib, identifying himself as Emdoullah Zadé Bey Kelendje Ali (the French rendition of the Turkish). He asked that details concerning organization of the Nationalist forces at Urfa be sent to him in care of the Representative Council at Aintab.<sup>2</sup>

Thus it is evident that the uprisings in Urfa and Aintab as well as in Marash were part of a national movement, although the timing of the revolts suggests independent action. The attack at Urfa began on 9 February, when the Turks of Marash had despaired of victory and were vacating the city. At Aintab the insurrection started on 1 April, ten days before the French evacuation of Urfa. Without question the Nationalist leaders in each of these cities were in constant touch with Mustafa Kemal, and Colonel Normand's short-lived conquest of Marash did not deter the Turkish leaders from pursuing their objectives at Aintab and Urfa.

The urgent need for relief of the Urfa garrison was quoted by Colonel Normand as one reason for his refusal to remain at Marash long enough to insure firm control of the city by General Quérétte's forces. Was the sacrifice of Marash, then, compensated by the salva-

tion of Urfa? The epic story of the brave Urfa garrison and the infamous act of treachery which destroyed it is told by the French historian Paul du Véou, a story withheld for years from the citizens of France and even from their minister of war, General Mollet.<sup>3</sup>

As noted earlier, the French commander-in-chief, General Gouraud, had commissioned Colonel Normand to strengthen the French outposts along the Baghdad Railway but had agreed to General Dufieux's request that priority be given to relief of the Marash garrison. At that time General Gouraud transferred the Second Syrian Division from Lebanon to the area lying between Syria and southern Anatolia in order to block any attempt by Emir Feisal's Arab tribes to unite with the Turkish Nationalists. Thus Colonel Normand, after his withdrawal to Islahiye, came under the command of General de Lamothe, commander of the Second Division, whose headquarters were at Killis.<sup>4</sup> Again he was ordered to strengthen the French outposts which extended eastward to Tell-Abiad on the Baghdad Railway some forty miles south of Urfa. Included in this mission were the posts at Birejik on the Euphrates River north of Jerablus, and finally Urfa (ancient Edessa) if means for transport overland could be obtained at Tell-Abiad.

Within two weeks after his return from the Marash campaign, his troops had recovered from their ordeal in the blizzard, and he had secured the reinforcements and war materials for the new tasks. Colonel Normand recorded the events which occurred on this expedition.<sup>5</sup> With three trainloads of food, munitions, and material for reconstruction of the railway, he set out for Jerablus on the Euphrates. Ordinarily a journey of a few hours, three days were required for repair of bridges and replacement of rails torn up by the Nationalists. The trains were continuously under fire, and Normand was reminded of a Wild West scenario. The expedition up the Euphrates to Birejik involved sharp clashes with Turkish forces. Rather than see the city destroyed by French artillery, the governor of Birejik surrendered, not knowing that Normand had only one cannon; and that one too light for his purpose.

Normand returned to the railway, crossed the Euphrates (a monumental task), and proceeded to Tell-Abiad leaving reinforcements and food supplies at each of the French stations en route. Urfa now lay two days' march to the north, but transport animals were required. A herd of camels was reported seen at the neighboring village of Ain Arous ("Brides' Fountain"), residence of Hatchem Bey, chief of the Anézé Arabs and one of the most important opponents of the French occupa-

tion. In order to secure the camels, and possibly to face Hatchem Bey, Colonel Normand himself led a battalion of his infantrymen, supported by a Spahi patrol, against the village. The camels had disappeared, but a large band of about a thousand armed men was seen maneuvering to attack the French. After a sharp clash in which the French cavalrymen were almost encircled by Arab horsemen, Normand's force withdrew under cover of machine-gun fire.

Considering the strength of enemy forces which he had encountered at Birejik, those facing him, and the thousands known to be at Urfa, Colonel Normand concluded that an attempt to reach Urfa with his remaining 600 rifles involved too great a risk. Late that day, 10 March, his troops boarded the trains and returned to Killis. The colonel estimated that Urfa could be reached only if his detachment were to be reinforced by the addition of three battalions of infantry, one or two squadrons of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery.

Four precious weeks passed before his needs were met. "It was extremely urgent to go to Urfa," he wrote.<sup>6</sup> Paul du Véou complains of the inefficient delivery of war materials from Beirut and at Killis.<sup>7</sup> Finally, on 9 April, the powerful force demanded by Colonel Normand set out on foot from Killis for Jerablus, followed two days later by three trainloads of supplies and equipment. On reaching Jerablus at noon on 13 April, Colonel Normand was handed a dispatch just delivered by airplane. It was an order from General de Lamothe for the entire column to march to Aintab, which lay almost directly north of Killis, their starting point, only half the distance from Killis to Jerablus. It seemed incredible. Lieutenant Colonel Andréa, commander of one of the regiments, demanded confirmation, for he had received information that the Urfa garrison had left the city and was in danger of encirclement. That evening new orders came. Colonel Normand was to march with his troops to Aintab, while André was to proceed to Arab Punar, southwest of Urfa, with a battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and a battery of 65 mm. guns, to search for survivors of the garrison from Urfa.<sup>8</sup>

Three soldiers of the French detachment at Urfa had found their way to the railway. They alone of the entire garrison had reached the protection of Andréa's force to tell of the tragedy that had befallen their comrades. On 7 April the 300 French, Algerian, Senegalese, and Armenian troops stationed at Urfa had eaten their last transport animals. For two months they had fought off thousands of Turkish and Kurdish Nationalists, and their supply of ammunition was nearly exhausted. They were unable to communicate with their headquarters

and had received no word whatever since the visit made by Colonel Normand nearly three months earlier. Major Hauger, the commander, sent a message to the Turkish chief Ali Saib, stating that he was willing to withdraw his detachment from Urfa for the sake of restoring peace to the beleaguered city provided that assurances of safe conduct were given, and that the Christian population which had remained neutral were promised protection. Ali Saib agreed to meet Hauger on a bridge facing the American Mission hospital, and there in the presence of the French Captain Sajous and the Armenian physician Dr. Bechlian the details of procedure were agreed upon. The French were to march out with their arms, and camels were to be provided for their baggage. Safe conduct was assured as far as Arab Punar on the railway. Ali Saib rejected Major Hauger's request that ten of the city's Turkish notables accompany his troops as hostages to insure no treachery but offered ten gendarmes in their place, arguing that they would know the way better.

The column left Urfa an hour after midnight or April. With the French went Mr. Woodward, an American from the Aleppo NER office who had been auditing the accounts of the Urfa station. Before dawn, when the French column was well within a defile known as the Ferish Pasha Ravine, there was a terrible fusillade, and a horde of Kurds on the ridges above fell upon the soldiers. Lt. Eumer Izzet, who commanded the gendarmes provided by Ali Saib as "guides" for the French, was brought before Major Hauger who stood under the protection of a bridge with two of his officers, Mr. Woodward, and the *Imam* of the Algerian soldiers. Weeping, he swore that he had no knowledge that an ambush had been planned.<sup>9</sup> Hauger made a flag of truce from his cane and the *Imam's* white turban, gave it to Woodward, and asked him to inform Ali Saib that he surrendered, for he had no more ammunition. But Woodward could find no one with authority to accept a surrender.<sup>10</sup>

Three groups, twenty-four men in all, fought their way separately out of the ravine. One of these met villagers the next day who stripped them and turned them over to the Turks in Urfa to become prisoners of war. Nothing was ever heard of the second group. Of the entire garrison, originally twelve officers and four hundred and sixty one men, only three reached freedom at Arab Punar. All but these and about twenty prisoners had been slain.<sup>11</sup>

Ali Saib reported to Mustafa Kemal that "the French, who had evacuated Urfa with their arms and baggage and with means of transport provided by us, during their retreat to Jerablus had attacked the villages and tribes which they met; whereupon the tribes engaged them

in battle for three hours, the greater part of the French force being killed, including the commander and his officers. About one hundred were made prisoner and taken to Urfa." <sup>12</sup>

Dr. Robert A. Lambert, director of the NER office in Aleppo which served as the base for the stations of Marash, Aintab, and Urfa, was concerned over the absence of any communication in two months from the NER workers in Urfa. Moreover, no drafts on the Aleppo office had been cashed, hence the Urfa station must be in need of cash. Although the three survivors of the massacre in the Ferish Pasha Ravine had joined Colonel Andréa's column a week earlier, the French authorities in Aleppo gave Dr. Lambert no information concerning Urfa. He decided to go there in person and to carry one thousand Turkish gold lira (about \$5,000) for the needs of the Urfa station. For protection he carried letters from Arab officials in Aleppo and from a prominent Turk addressed to Turkish officials across the frontier.

With Benjamin Franklin Stolfus at the wheel of the Reo truck, and accompanied by a native interpreter and two Arab gendarmes, Lambert set off through Bab on the ancient caravan route between Aleppo and Arab Punar, some twenty miles east of Harran, the home of Abraham. At Membij, where he had planned to transfer from the truck to horses, he was advised by the governor to avoid the usual direct route because of fighting between the Turkish Nationalists and the French at Arab Punar. His Arab gendarmes were exchanged for Kurdish chiefs and he continued with the Reo northward toward Jerablus, spending the night in a village as guest of a Turk. Here he was asked to dress the wounds of several Nationalist soldiers who had been wounded while fighting the French.

At Jerablus, the ancient Hittite Carchemish, he conferred with his friend the archeologist Major Leonard Woolley who at that time was excavating the Hittite ruins and at the same time serving Great Britain as political officer. Continuing his journey, Dr. Lambert reached the Turkish town of Seruj, where the Kurdish chieftains were replaced by Turkish gendarmes, one of whom carried a large Turkish flag. On the plain between Seruj and Urfa they passed an estimated one thousand armed men in peasant costume all going toward Seruj. One of them wore a French overcoat. About ten miles southwest of Urfa, where the road passed through the Ferish Pasha ravine, Lambert saw near the roadside about a dozen dead horses, a number of French helmets and many newly made graves.<sup>13</sup>

In Urfa, which was quiet on his arrival, Dr. Lambert learned from the American Mission and NER personnel the terms agreed upon be-



tween Ali Saib and Major Hauger. Undoubtedly this information came through Dr. Bechlian, a witness to the agreement. These terms, quoted in a report by Dr. Lambert made on 21 April 1920, are those quoted by Paul du Véou.<sup>14</sup> This historian was in error concerning the fate of Mr. Woodward of the NER staff, whom he reported killed during the massacre of the French troops. Dr. Lambert took Woodward and three other NER workers with him on his return to Aleppo.

## Aintab

While Colonel Andréa searched for survivors of the Urfa massacre, Colonel Normand marched toward Aintab, where an insurrection had begun in much the same manner as at Marash, preceded by attacks on the French supply columns, grave incidents within the city, and ultimatums issued by the Turkish leaders demanding withdrawal of the French forces. Both Armenians and Turks had learned much from the Marash affair. The Armenians withdrew to an area which was already predominantly a Christian quarter which the Muslims left to congregate with others of their own faith. The Armenians barricaded their sector and allowed no French troops to be quartered with them as protectors. Tension reached a crisis when a large convoy of supplies reached Aintab under the escort of a powerful force commanded by Colonel Andréa despite heavy attacks by Shahin Bey's army of *chété*. Three days later, 1 April 1920, Andréa and his troops returned to Killis. Two hours later the Turkish Nationalists began their siege with a fusillade, as they had done in Marash two months earlier.<sup>15</sup>

The *mutasarraf* of Aintab, it seems, did not approve of the attack on the French garrison, for he feared the same destruction that Marash had suffered and a similar heavy loss of life. He wrote to his Marash colleague Urfan Bey asking that he send a neutral delegation to negotiate peace at Aintab. Urfan Bey sent the three leaders of the Armenian communities on this mission, together with an imposing escort. At Aintab the governor urged the peace commissioners, as they were called, to persuade the Armenians to join with the Muslims in requesting the French to withdraw. He promised security for the Christians, but the Aintab Armenians had little faith in these assurances and rejected the proposal. Further negotiations, however, brought agreement between the French and Turkish representatives that their political differences should be settled by direct negotiation

between Mustafa Kemal in Ankara and General Gouraud in Beirut. It was agreed that a cease-fire should go into effect at 9:00 P.M. that same day. At that very hour the desultory fire suddenly reached a crescendo, for the Nationalists did not want peace. They preferred to drive the French from the city. Thus the first of four sieges began at Aintab. Badveli Abraham Hartunian, one of the peace commissioners, gave us a detailed report of the negotiations on his return to Marash.<sup>16</sup>

On 23 April Urfan Bey requested that our Reo truck be placed at his disposal, for he wished to review a detachment of Turkish troops moving from Marash against Aintab. This request could hardly be denied, but Dr. Wilson decided that a group of Americans should go with the car as a reminder that it was, after all, ours. And so Dr. Wilson, Mr. Lyman, Paul Snyder, and I drove to the *konak* where we picked up Urfan Bey, the Nationalist leader Arslan Bey, and two gendarmes. Sixteen miles from Marash we caught up with a detachment of Turkish regulars headed for Aintab. These were cavalymen under the command of Captain Yörük Selim Bey serving as escort for two pieces of artillery.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

### MUSLIM-CHRISTIAN ENCOUNTERS

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Although the Turkish Nationalists began their attack on the French garrison of Aintab on 1 April, Captain Kuluj Ali, presumed to be the commander of the Kemalist forces in that area, appeared in Marash with a group of his officers on 13 May. That morning he came unannounced to the German Hospital. He shook hands with me as though I were an old friend then asked for Dr. Wilson. I escorted him to the Wilson residence. According to him, five hundred French troops in Aintab were surrounded by ten thousand Turkish volunteers (the *chété*). A regiment of French reinforcements had tried to relieve the siege, but the Nationalist guerrilla fighters had repulsed them with heavy losses.<sup>1</sup> Kuluj Ali informed Dr. Wilson that his work in Aintab was finished, and that he was on his way to Ankara for a conference with Mustafa Kemal Pasha. He would not allow me to photograph him.

After leaving Dr. Wilson he returned to the German Hospital to visit the Turkish wounded. As he went to the second floor one of the young Armenian nurses' helpers exclaimed, "That is the man who saved me, and he knows where my father is!" She explained to Miss Timm that her father had been employed at the German Farm, and when the Turkish forces captured it they started to kill the employees, but this man, Kuluj Ali, had stopped them. The children had been taken to a village, the one to which girls from the Rescue Home had also been moved for protection. Her father had been taken away, she did not know where. The girl pleaded with Miss Timm to ask Kuluj Ali about her father.

When the captain came down the stairs, Miss Timm invited him into the reception room and said, "This girl wants to ask you about her father!"

Kuluj Ali stooped and listened as the girl told her story and almost immediately indicated that he remembered the incident. "I saved you and your sister, so do you think I would kill your father? He is alive, and I shall send him to you!" He was obviously touched, and for several minutes talked with the girl, assuring her that he would restore her father to her. She thanked him and he departed. Other Turks confirmed the story and insisted that her father was alive, but two months passed and he had not appeared.<sup>2</sup> This incident revealed an aspect of Kuluj Ali's character which was gentler than that portrayed by Lord Kinross: "Kuluj, or Sword Ali—Kemal's most ruthless henchman, a man who disarmed by his bonhomie, knew his master's mind, and stopped at nothing to do his bidding."<sup>3</sup>

## The Turkish Mood in Marash

The mood of the Turks in Marash fluctuated with the news of events in Aintab. When the Turkish forces were repulsed, rumors spread that the French were planning to return to Marash, and the Muslims displayed their resentment towards the Armenians and the Americans as well. It was quite evident that the *mutasarrif*, Urfan Bey, was anxious to prevent any attack on the Christians. On 18 April he inquired whether we could accommodate all Armenians of the city within the American Mission compounds. A force of 15,000 French troops was said to be fighting its way toward Aintab from Nizib. Later we understood this to be the column commanded by Colonel Normand, sent to support Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie at Aintab.<sup>4</sup>

The rumors of a possible French return were not without foundation, for General Dufieux had indeed requested reinforcements for the reoccupation of Marash, and eight battalions designated for this purpose had disembarked at Beirut.<sup>5</sup> However, the insurrection at Aintab and increased pressure by the *chété* along the railway between Bozanti and Arab Punar contributed to the necessity of meeting the new threats which meant abandoning a campaign against Marash.

As noted earlier Dr. Lambert and Dr. Shepard had reported to the United States High Commissioner in Constantinople that a return of French military forces would probably precipitate a massacre. According to Doctor Lambert, Lieutenant Colonel Flye Sainte-Marie, the French commander at Aintab, had advised his superiors against any attempt to reoccupy Marash.<sup>6</sup>

Evidence of the Muslim antagonism came individually to the members of the American Mission. A veiled Turkish woman encountered Miss Buckley on the street and said to her, "You have two days to live!"

Kate Ainslie and Bessie Hardy were jostled by a group of armed Turks on the street. Miss Ainslie grabbed one of the men by the collar and cried, "Wait until I find a gendarme to arrest you!" whereupon one of the group raised his rifle. "You don't dare to shoot an American!" cried Miss Ainslie, defying him. It was she who had disarmed the Armenian refugees when they sought shelter in the American Mission compound during the siege of Marash, in order that the missionaries might truthfully claim that no attacks against the Turks could possibly have come from the college yard.)

Arslan Bey confided to Dr. Wilson that the Americans, indeed, had been in danger, for certain Nationalist leaders wished to exterminate the Armenians and had decided to kill first of all Mr. Lyman and Dr. Wilson, who had too much influence on the government officials, and then the other Americans and all of the Armenians. It was only his intervention, he claimed, that had saved us.<sup>7</sup>

This disclosure came at the time the Turks turned against their *mutasarraf* Urfan Bey. On 20 April the Nationalists demonstrated against him, shouting the epithet *gavur*, ordinarily reserved as an insult for Christians, and threatened to kill him if he should attempt to enter his office. They charged him with being friendly to the Christians, both Armenian and American, and with riding in the American automobile. Further, he had protested when the Turks burned or looted Armenian houses. Urfan Bey resigned his post but remained in Marash under the protection of his friend Arslan Bey.

The markets were closed on Friday 23 April, and as the Muslims assembled for prayer they learned of the historic events in Ankara when Mustafa Kemal Pasha met with the First Nationalist Assembly. In midafternoon I heard a great commotion on the street known as Government Avenue in front of the hospital. A crowd of Turks was grouped around their banners, and a Dervish was crying, "Mustafa Kemal *yashasin!*" ("Long live Mustafa Kemal!"). The throng responded with "*Amin!*" and paraded down the street. Cannon on the citadel were fired, and the Turkish population celebrated with picnics in gardens outside the city.

That night a tremendous blast shook the hospital. Windows in the college were broken and shells began exploding in the city—one of them in the hospital grounds. The building in which ammunition was

stored, a few hundred yards northwest of the college, had been obliterated. Armenians ran for protection to the American Mission and the German Hospital, fearing reprisals, but for once no one blamed the Armenians.

A few nights later there was another panic when rifle fire broke out all over the city. Awakened by this, I first suspected that the French had returned to Marash. In the hallway of the hospital one of the Turkish patients, a young lieutenant, noticed my alarm and explained to me in German, "No light is coming from the heavens! The Turks are shooting so that Allah may restore the light."

I went to the balcony and saw that the moon was totally eclipsed. According to the Turkish myth, a bear had come between the moon and the earth, and must be driven off by noise—rifle fire or the beating of metal pans. This was taking place in every village. The Armenians panicked momentarily. They had good cause to fear, for almost daily some of them met sudden death.

By the middle of May our cash reserves had again diminished almost to zero. I contemplated traveling to Aleppo to solve this problem and was told by the acting *mutasarraf* that he could give me the permit to travel, but that it would not be wise for me to go. Not more than a week later there was a great demand for drafts on Aleppo, and within three days some \$40,000 in the form of Turkish gold lira were in my safe. The Turkish merchants, their shelves almost bare, had decided to form a great convoy and travel together, avoiding the *chété* on the main roads. It was significant that these merchants feared the *chété*, although the Turkish leaders had always become indignant when the French commanders called them brigands. Thus our need for funds was met for another few months, and I was able to communicate with Dr. Lambert, for on each draft I wrote a short note. When the merchants returned one of them brought me a letter from Dr. Lambert stating that he was unable to reach Marash because of the fighting at Aintab and on the roads between Killis and Aintab. He had just returned from Urfa, where he learned of the French disaster and had taken five of the Americans out from Urfa with him.

By the end of May we learned that fighting at Aintab had ceased while negotiations for peace were being made, and this opened the way for several of the NER personnel to return to the United States. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Evelyn Trostle, and Paul Snyder departed on horseback with an escort of gendarmes. Dr. Bell took over the responsibility for medical affairs, and I inherited the role of director.

Ramadan, the month of fasting required of Muslims, ended with the

booming of cannon at the citadel on 18 June. This signaled the beginning of the joyful feast of Bayram. Any hopes that this might initiate a happier relationship between Turk and Armenian were soon dispelled. On 22 June the Dervish Ali Cesar addressed the worshippers in the great mosque Ulu-Jami, telling them that French troops were approaching Marash, and it was necessary to fight them; but first they should destroy the enemies within the city. As news of this spread throughout Marash the Armenians once more fled to their places of refuge—their few remaining churches, the American Mission, and the German Hospital. One Armenian reported that his friendly Turkish neighbor had warned him of the impending massacre, advising that he run to the mission compound. On learning that one member of the family was too ill to walk, the Turk paid a porter to carry the patient to the protection of the Americans.<sup>8</sup>

The *mutasarraf* and Chuhadare Zadé Mohammed, an influential Muslim, immediately called the Turks back to the mosque and cautioned them to avoid violence. At the same time the *mutasarraf* ordered the gendarmes to suppress any disorder. Our Turkish friends informed us that another great massacre was barely averted.

The Armenians' situation changed very little in the months following their release from the churches. They were unable to cultivate their fields and vineyards or to engage in commerce. They were given to understand that they were barely tolerated by the Turks. For these reasons the major part of the Christian population remained dependent on NER.

## CHAPTER THIRTY

### THE HAZARDS OF TRAVEL IN TURKEY

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#### Trip to Göksun

In the mountain towns of Göksun and Albustan north of Marash two orphanages were supported by NER, but for several months we had been unable to communicate with them and knew that they were in desperate need of funds. Mr. Lyman decided to visit them, taking 100 Turkish gold pounds. With him went Theodore Buobulian, the young man who had insisted on remaining to help the wounded when all Armenian men had been urged to leave with the French. Two gendarmes were assigned to protect them. The road to Göksun was that which the crusaders in 1097 had followed across Anatolia to Marash and south to Antioch. After traveling nearly one hundred miles across the Anti-Taurus Range they were within three hours' ride of Göksun when they met a Circassian horseman. He paused to inquire where they were going and what business an American could have in that area. The gendarmes were alarmed, for they recognized him as a notorious brigand. Further on they passed three Kurds on foot. It was noon, and the travelers stopped at a spring to water their horses and to refresh themselves with food.

They resumed their journey and were passing through a wooded defile when a voice from the scrub oak on the roadside commanded them to halt. Three rifle barrels protruded from the branches. The gendarmes immediately shouted, "We surrender!" Two shots rang out and the gendarmes fell from their horses, one with a bullet through his brain, the other with a broken leg. The Kurds sprang out and at the direction of the Circassian blindfolded Lyman and Theodore, took their coats, and searched their pockets. They took a camera which I had loaned to Mr. Lyman, and 110 gold lira. They overlooked a watch



and a pistol, but Lyman thought it wise to give up the pistol. The Circassian shared the loot, giving the Kurds the four horses and one third of the gold.

As soon as the brigands departed Theodore and Mr. Lyman gave first aid to the wounded gendarme and carried him to a nearby village. There the police showed no interest in tracking the brigands. The travelers proceeded to Göksun on foot and reported the incident by telegraph to Mustafa Kemal in Ankara. Orders came from him to the local gendarme commander to catch the culprits and have the stolen property restored. The Kurds were caught and 36 lira recovered, but no one wished to search for the Circassian. A month passed before the travelers were able to return to Marash.<sup>1</sup>

## The Road to Aleppo

A twenty-day truce between the French and Turks at Aintab opened the road to Aleppo, permitting the arrival of a caravan of camels and mules loaded with supplies for the destitute Armenians and raw cotton for our weaving industry. A day later Dr. Lambert appeared on horseback. Unable to secure replacements for the NER personnel who had already departed, he had risked his life on the dangerous road to urge me to remain in Marash for another year. He had come as far as the Ak Su by car but found it so swollen by rain that he had been obliged to return to Aintab where he exchanged his car for a horse and traveled by night to Marash. While others met disaster on this road, he had negotiated it three times without harm.

Dr. Lambert told us how John Knudsen, treasurer of the Aleppo station, and two Armenian companions had been caught on the road between Killis and Aintab and held prisoner by the *chété* for several days. One of them had unwittingly revealed his identity as an Armenian by responding to questions in Turkish and Armenian and was killed. Knudsen, a New Zealander, knew only English. The second Armenian, blue eyed and fair haired, posed successfully as an American, and the two were finally released.

Miss Frances Buckley, who had endured the siege of Beitshalom Orphanage, and Miss Ellen Blakely, president of Marash Girls' College, took advantage of Dr. Lambert's transport and escort and joined him for the journey to Aleppo. I drove them to the Ak Su, which they had to ford. By previous arrangement the Aintab car was waiting on

the far bank of the river to carry them to Aleppo. Chris Augsburg of the Aleppo transport department forded the river on foot to return with me to Marash, a welcome addition to our staff.<sup>2</sup>

## My Return to Aleppo

Unwilling to lose a fellowship for graduate study at the University of Pennsylvania, I had rejected Dr. Lambert's request that I remain in Marash as director of the NER work. The administration of relief for the Armenian community was already governed by a capable committee composed of representatives from each of the religious faiths. Among these Badveli Abraham Hartunian was a leader. Since the presence of American personnel offered some protection to the Armenians, Mr. Lyman agreed to remain in Marash for a few weeks until a substitute came to take over my duties, and in turn he assigned to me the responsibility for escorting his fiancée to Beirut.

Miss Hardy and I went to the office of the *mutasarrif* for travel permits, and without much delay we were handed a single document. We had mentioned that we were to leave Marash together, and accordingly they had prepared one passport for the two of us.

Unaware of French plans to oust the forces of Emir Feisal from Aleppo on that very day—16 July 1920—our party left the college at 4:00 A.M. with Chris Augsburg at the wheel of the Reo truck. The other members of our group were Peter Jernazian, Bessie Hardy, Lucy Mikhaelian, and two gendarmes. Concealed under Miss Hardy's skirts was a sack containing some five hundred letters to be posted in Aleppo. At the outskirts of the city a police officer signaled us to stop and began to search for mail, since Mustafa Kemal had forbidden any uncensored communications with the outside world. Alarmed at the consequences of discovery of letters given me by some of the French prisoners for their families, I reached in my pocket for letters given to me at the last minute and handed them over to the officer with a show of reluctance. He took them and waved to us to proceed.

At Aintab we considered it wise to consult Dr. Shepard about conditions on the road ahead, for it was between Aintab and Killis that the two YMCA men had been killed and John Knudsen and his companions taken prisoner by the *chété*. However, we could not drive into Aintab for a trench had been dug across the road, and in it were French soldiers. Under the terms of truce the French had left the city

but were encamped on its edge. There was no firing, and so I jumped over the trench and went on foot to find Dr. Shepard. None of the French soldiers warned me that I was crossing no man's land.

As I approached a stone building which was the Turkish military hospital, the cry of "*Dur!*" brought me to a sudden halt and I looked up into the muzzle of a Turkish rifle. The sentry motioned me to approach, and I explained in Turkish that I wished to see Dr. Shepard but neglected to add that I was an American, not a Frenchman. Finally I was brought before the commander, and when he learned that I was an American an orderly was sent for Dr. Shepard.

It was fortunate that we had stopped to consult Dr. Shepard, for we learned that we would have been turned back at a roadblock several miles south of Aintab. Dr. Shepard proposed to negotiate with the guerrilla band at that point for our safe passage. He packed a carton of cigarettes and food supplies as gifts for the *chété* and went ahead in his own car. By the time we reached the checkpoint the Turkish fighters were in good spirits and seemed pleased to have me photograph them. Soon we were able to proceed. We passed the dangerous area near Besh Göz safely, but at Killis a French sentry barred the way. "It is not safe for you to travel on this road!" he warned.

"We know that, but we have come all the way from Marash. Is it any worse ahead?"

He shrugged his shoulders, unable to disclose the reason for danger ahead, and we drove on. Three miles north of Aleppo we came in sight of the monument erected by the British with the inscription, Here Was Fought the Last Battle of the Great War in the Near East. Along the ridge soldiers were digging trenches, and suddenly an Arab officer rushed into the road brandishing his sword. As we slowed to a halt others ran toward us with their bayonets drawn, while Peter Jernazian shouted, "We are Americans!" Chris Augsburg descended from the driver's seat and began to tinker casually with the engine, ignoring the brandished knives. We had been mistaken for the advance guard of the French forces who were marching on Aleppo with the intention of displacing Emir Feisal. The warning given us by the sentry at Killis was now understood.

Our Turkish gendarmes were disarmed, and we were permitted to proceed into Aleppo with Arab guards. The next morning the American consul Mr. Jackson told me of the French ultimatum sent to the emir. They demanded Aleppo as a base for operations against the Turks, control of the railway from Beirut (a step which Georges-Picot and General Dufieux had wished to take late in November 1918),

French control over all Syria and Lebanon, no further conscription to raise an Arab army, and punishment for those who were helping the Turks. The Arabs, said Mr. Jackson, planned to destroy sections of the railway to the south that same night after the departure of the evening train to Damascus and Beirut, hence we should take that train if we wished to avoid a long stay in Aleppo and the battle for possession of the city.

That morning thousands of Feisal's Desert Mounted Corps poured into the city on camels and horses, brandishing their swords and shouting. One Bedouin warrior, seeing me—a foreigner in uniform—bared his teeth and showed me what he would like to do with his sword!<sup>3</sup> We got out that night, missing the opportunity to witness the first engagement in France's seizure of Syria from Emir Feisal.<sup>4</sup>

In Beirut I called on Major James Nicol of the American Red Cross. At that time he had the responsibility for placement of personnel in the outlying stations of the NER, and I told him of the need to send someone to relieve Mr. Lyman, who had accepted the directorship of the Marash branch of NER on a temporary basis. His furlough was long overdue, I added, and his fiancée was waiting for him in Beirut.

"It will be time enough to replace him when he comes out!" replied Major Nicol. I fear that my response did not help matters. Nearly a year later I received a letter from Mr. Lyman urging me to return to Marash so that he could join Miss Hardy and get married. The NER headquarters in New York confirmed my appointment as director of the Marash station, and early in the summer of 1921 I sailed from New York together with my sister Marion. Meanwhile events of great importance had taken place in Cilicia.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

### THE END OF ZEITUN

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Of the eight thousand citizens of Zeitun deported in 1915, only one thousand survived to return when British forces occupied Marash in 1918. Since their homes were in ruins, they took possession of the Turkish military barracks, and this became a village dormitory while they worked on the restoration of their houses. They were careful to establish a good relationship with their Turkish neighbors and felt secure under the leadership of Aram Bey Cholakian, one of the famous brothers who had resisted deportation and later fought the Turkish forces at Fundijak.<sup>1</sup>

The very existence of this small group of independent Armenians "squeezed the soul" (a Turkish expression) of Kadi Zadé Haji Effendi, one of the Turks who was responsible for organization of the guerrilla bands. Determined to complete the annihilation of the Zeitunlis, he took advantage of the threat posed by the advance of the Greek armies on Eskişehir. He feared that the 10,000 Turkish regulars stationed in Cilicia might be transferred to the Greek front and began to insist that first any danger of an uprising by the Zeitunlis be eliminated, whereas all that these brave people desired was to be left alone, in peace with their neighbors.<sup>2</sup>

The first move was made by the *mutasarrif* of Marash, for Zeitun came under his jurisdiction. On 18 June 1921 he ordered that the Zeitunlis surrender their arms, and that all men of military age enlist in the army. Also that the villagers were to evacuate the Turkish barracks. The Zeitunlis knew from their experiences in 1895 and 1915 that to be disarmed meant annihilation and rejected these proposals. When further negotiations between the Marash officials and a delegation of Zeitun notables failed, the commander of Turkish forces in Cilicia, Salaheddin Pasha, was ordered to compel submission.

The Turkish general had learned of Raphael Kherlakian's reputation as a diplomat during the period he served as counselor to the French commander at Aintab and invited him to attempt a settlement of the Zeitun problem without bloodshed. In his own report on this affair Raphael pictures the general as an intelligent and cultivated man who had considerable admiration for the bravery of the Armenians, for he had fought them at Hadjin. He asked Kherlakian to accompany the battalion of troops which was to move against Zeitun and to attempt to persuade the Zeitunlis to yield rather than be destroyed.

After a forced march across the mountains the Turkish detachment camped within two hours' journey by horse from Zeitun. Later that evening the commander summoned Raphael, who had politely excused himself when invited to dine with the officers, and gave him orders for the morning. The troops were to move toward Zeitun before dawn. At five o'clock Raphael was to ride to the town bearing a red flag for identification and to offer safe conduct for the villagers in return for the surrender of their arms. He was to come out of the barracks carrying his flag, followed by mules loaded with the surrendered arms and then by the population. If by eleven o'clock the Zeitun fighters had not surrendered, the barracks would be bombarded.

After a sleepless night during which he contemplated the Golgotha which was to follow, Raphael crossed himself, entrusted himself to his patron saint Raphael, and rode swiftly to Zeitun, warning peasants in their fields to return at once to the town. At the barracks an alarm was sounded to summon all of the population. To their leader, Aram Bey Cholakian, Kherlakian explained the terms demanded by the Turkish commander and the promise of security in Marash made by Salaheddin Pasha.

"I accept your word that Salaheddin Pasha is sincere, but what will happen to us if he is ordered to the front? His successor in Marash will pay no attention to such promises!" Having made this reply Aram Bey called a meeting of his 200 fighters—only half of them armed—and asked them to vote whether to fight or to surrender.

"Death, Yes! Surrender, No!" they shouted.

Members of the town's governing body, the National Union Committee, voted to leave the choice to each individual family, and Aram Bey announced the decision. Those who wished to go with Raphael to Marash, including any of the fighters who wished to surrender, were to follow him when he rode out of the barracks.

Aram Bey took Raphael aside and asked him to grant two favors: first, to take under his protection his young sister; and second, to sell his white horse in Marash and use the proceeds for the benefit of the destitute villagers.

Already the Zeitunlis could see the Turkish troops taking positions on the ridges around the town, and they began to panic. The fighters took their places. Raphael mounted his horse and with his red flag rode out toward the Turkish commander. Seven hundred forty-one citizens followed him on foot. Through his field glasses the Turkish officer could see no mules carrying the arms that were to be surrendered and shouted, "Let the people go back!" But it was too late. Vexed at the refusal to surrender, the officer ordered that only those who had no relatives among the fighters could go to Marash. Raphael, also angry, reminded the officer of the laws of warfare and of a soldier's honor which required him to protect those who surrender; but the commander would not yield. The Zeitunli elders separated about one hundred who were related closely to the fighters and sent them back. Among these was Aram Bey's sister.

As Raphael led the procession of old men, women, and children away from Zeitun down the mountain toward the bridge over the Djihan River, the sound of cannon and rifle fire reverberated in the hills. That night they camped near a gendarme station, guarded against marauders. After dark four mules came from Zeitun loaded with rifles. These were the arms of Turkish soldiers already killed in the battle. Raphael telephoned to Salaheddin Pasha asking him to order a cease-fire so that negotiations could be resumed, for the time allowed had been too short. This request was granted, and an old veteran of the 1895 battle Archimandrake Bartholomeu was sent back to help in the negotiations. But the fighters rejected any suggestion of surrender. On the following night firing from the barracks ceased. The Armenian defenders had broken through the Turkish lines into the mountains, accompanied by all but the sick and wounded and some children who remained in the barracks. The Turks broke down the great door and put to the sword the fifty victims, who offered no resistance.

Led by Kherlakian the refugees camped for the second night on Akhyr Dag without food or shelter. Raphael sent riders to Marash with a request that Salaheddin Pasha send food, and shortly after midnight the campers were given bread. The next morning they reached Marash and camped in the American Mission compound. Salaheddin Pasha sent liberal quantities of food to them daily until

he was transferred from Marash to help fight the Greek armies in Anatolia.<sup>3</sup>

A few days later Badveli Abraham Hartunian was called to the government house. There he found a new military commander, Kemal Bey, in conference with the *mutasarrif*.

"The Zeitunlis are not comfortable living out of doors at the college. I have found a building for them," said the governor. Hartunian was surprised at their concern but inspected the building, had it cleaned, and moved the Zeitunlis into it. The next day gendarmes came to make a census, and a few days later all of the refugees were herded out of Marash on the road to Diarbekir, never to be heard of again. The transfer to the building had been a device for collecting all of the Zeitunlis and for removing them from the protection of the Americans. Aram Bey had been right in predicting that the promise made by Salaheddin Pasha would become a dead letter if he should depart.<sup>4</sup>

Those who escaped to the mountains around Zeitun were hunted down by the Turkish troops and villagers. Aram Bey and his sister were killed in one of these skirmishes, but a number of the fighters reached safety in Aleppo.<sup>5</sup> The community of Zeitun Armenians ceased to exist, and even the name disappeared from the map of Turkey, replaced by Suleymaniyeh.<sup>6</sup>



## CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

### THE ACCORDS OF LONDON AND ANKARA

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The Western Allies, concerned over the conflicts in Anatolia, held a conference in London in February 1921 to consider revisions of the Treaty of Sèvres which had been signed by the sultan's government only six months earlier. There was much to discuss, for a Greek army had advanced into Anatolia, and the Turkish Nationalists had ousted the French from Marash and Urfa and were fighting them at Aintab. With hopes of ending the conflict between the Turkish Nationalists and the sultan's government, the conference leaders invited representatives from both parties, but Kemal Pasha's delegates made demands that amounted to cancellation of the terms agreed to at Sèvres. The Greek delegation refused to sit with the Kemalists, preferring to make war on them, for they supposed that they, the Greeks, had the support of Lloyd George. The conference ended with agreement among the British, French, and Italians that hostilities should cease and that the regions occupied by foreign powers should gradually be evacuated. In return for certain concessions for the development of natural resources in Anatolia and the protection of French cultural interests, the French offered to withdraw their troops south of the Baghdad Railway line. The Armenian Catholic patriarch wrote to the French premier Briand that rumors of these proposals had created panic among the Christians of Cilicia, who considered the presence of French troops their only effective guaranty of security. If, he concluded, the French should decide to leave Cilicia, he begged that they might "have the grace to anticipate measures for the transport of the Armenian population into a zone that is more secure." <sup>1</sup>

The Grand National Assembly at Ankara refused to ratify the proposals made at London. They would not allow the Turkish population

to be disarmed, nor would they exchange prisoners, offer amnesty to Christians, or protect French institutions. Unless the French were to evacuate Cilicia within eight days they would resume hostilities. The French Commission for Foreign Affairs believed that the French public would not accept such demands; that France could not abandon to the Kemalists the Armenians repatriated under assurances of protection nor allow the French regiments which had held Aintab under repeated assaults to suffer once more the humiliation of withdrawal. The commission persuaded Briand that he should not even reply to the proposals made by the Ankara assembly.<sup>2</sup>

From that time Briand began secret negotiations with the Kemalists, in violation of Clause 9 of the Sykes-Picot Agreement between Great Britain and France, signed in April and May 1916. The French government had agreed never to enter into any negotiations for the cession of its rights nor to cede its rights in the "Blue Area" to any third power other than the Arab State or Confederation of Arab States without the previous consent of the British government, which in turn gave similar assurances to the French government with respect to the "Red Area."<sup>3</sup>

Briand was in an awkward position, for the socialists in parliament refused him the financial credits needed for support of the troops already in Anatolia, let alone the possibility of strengthening the French position. In spite of the recommendations of his Commission for Foreign Affairs, and in violation of the agreement with Great Britain, he appointed a special commission headed by a former undersecretary of state, Henri Franklin-Bouillon, to negotiate with the Kemalist regime in Ankara.

The shameful proceedings and their consequences are described by Paul du Véou in bitter passages of his history, *La Passion de la Cilicie*. Franklin-Bouillon signed the agreement reached with the Kemalist commissioner for foreign affairs, Yousuf Kemal, on 20 October 1921. The Accord of Ankara required withdrawal of all French troops from Cilicia to a line south of the Baghdad Railway within two months of ratification. This would leave the railway—of importance to the British and Italians as well as to the French—entirely under Turkish control. It would also make the cities of Aleppo and Alexandretta vulnerable to possible attack by the Turks, as General Dufieux pointed out in a memorandum to General Gouraud. In return the Kemalists gave assurances of security for the Christian minorities. Even the Turkish notables in Adana advised General Dufieux that these assur-

ances were not to be trusted, and the Armenians knew this from their own experiences at Marash and elsewhere.<sup>4</sup>

When the text of the accord was communicated to the British ambassador in Paris, Lord Hardinge called on Briand and expressed the astonishment and anxiety of his government for France's action in dealing with the regime at Ankara while all nations still recognized the sultan; also that she should make a separate peace settlement in violation of the tripartite pact made in London in 1916. Further, he noted that the minority populations in Turkey were no longer assured the protection required under the mandate given to France.<sup>5</sup> The Grand National Assembly at Ankara approved the accord, as did also the French cabinet on 1 November.

When the Armenians learned that by 4 January 1922 not one French soldier would remain in Cilicia, there was a panic. Where could they go to find security? General Gouraud issued a proclamation on 12 November 1921 assuring "the inhabitants of Cilicia, Aintab, and Killis that the French government had done what was necessary for the protection of the rights of minorities; that they should remain in their homes; and that to leave was to court disaster." He gave orders that nothing should be done to facilitate the evacuation of the Armenians—no special trains, no boats, and no refugee camps in Syria.<sup>6</sup> The British closed the doors to Palestine and Egypt and gave visas for Cyprus only to those affluent enough to travel first or second class. An Italian ship at Mersin  took on board 3,000 orphans who had been under the care of NER, and Greek ships transported thousands of refugees. Only Lebanon granted asylum to the Armenians fleeing once more from their homeland.

Were the Armenians justified in their distrust of the promises made at Ankara? In Marash there were 9,700 who until then had been denied permission to emigrate. The question of reliability of the official Turkish promises is answered in the experiences of these Marashlis, as we shall see.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

### LIFE UNDER THE NATIONALIST REGIME

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#### Return to Marash

At the time the Ankara accord was signed I was in Aintab on my way back to Marash after a year of absence. With me were my sister Marion and three members of the American Board of Foreign Missions, Edith Cold (who had witnessed the harrowing events at Hadjin in 1915<sup>1</sup>), and Elsa Reckman and Pauline Rehder, two young women who had just completed a year in the study of Turkish at Constantinople. We had reached Aintab in mid-August traveling from Killis under the protection of a large French military convoy. There we began negotiations for permission to enter Marash, applying to Ankara through our offices in Constantinople. On hearing from Mr. Lyman in Marash that Ankara had authorized our entry, we proceeded immediately by car under the escort of four mounted gendarmes who were instructed by the French to transfer us to the Turkish authorities at the village of Jadi, recognized as the temporary frontier. We were received politely there but turned back after several hours with the explanation that the Marash authorities would send word when we were authorized to come.

Weeks passed with no word from Marash, and we made a second attempt. This time we were blindfolded by the Turkish frontier guards and marched over the fields to a command post where a Turkish officer informed us coldly that we could not pass and added that we should not return unless sent for. We concluded that it was the Marash authorities who refused permission, for a telegram from Ankara had informed us that our entry had been authorized.

On a very cold morning in November we speculated that the sentries at the frontier would be warming themselves in the guardhouse on a

hill nearly a quarter of a mile from the road, and that we might be able to pass without waiting for permission. Because of the risks involved, we left the two youngest girls, my sister and Miss Reckman, in Aintab.

We came around the last hill as quietly as possible and saw two sentries at the spring. One of them ran up the steep hill to alert his commander in the guardhouse. Miss Cold, who spoke Turkish fluently, conversed with the other sentry, a mere boy, while our chauffeur Martin Weaver kept the car moving slowly, Miss Cold explained that if the engine got cold it might not start again. Weaver increased his speed, leaving the bewildered sentry behind uncertain whether or not he should shoot us. The village of Jadi lay a mile ahead and a quarter of a mile off the road, and we feared trouble there where we had been turned back twice before. Now we saw that it had become an important military camp. As we raced past it we felt a jolt and our two flags—one a Red Cross flag, the other Turkish—fell. They had struck telephone wires strung low across the road. Had the flagstuffs broken the wires? If not, we would be arrested at Karabiyikli.

An hour later this village came into view across a valley, and as we approached it the villagers came running to the roadside. We approached slowly, expecting arrest, but to our astonishment the crowd parted to let us pass, and an officer saluted.

The marvelous panorama of the Anti-Taurus Range opened before us. We descended toward the Pazarjik plain, circling the hill where Paul Snyder and his passengers had narrowly escaped death as they ran into a skirmish between Turkish *chété* and a Spahi patrol the day before the siege of Marash began. The bridge over the Ak Su had been destroyed, but we were able to cross the river bed, and Marash lay ahead of us.

At the control post on the edge of the city, the police were puzzled to find that we had no entry permits. They passed us on to the custom house and undoubtedly telephoned to the *konak* for instructions while our baggage was being unloaded, but they allowed us to proceed to the college.

Later we learned that the *mutasarraf* had summoned the police commissioner and other officials to consider what action to take against us. While they were debating whether to imprison us or to send us back to Aintab, a messenger brought a telegram in cipher for the *mutasarraf*. He handed it back and asked that it be decoded. A few minutes later he read it aloud: "The Americans waiting in Aintab are allowed to enter Marash." This message had come nearly two months earlier,

as we suspected, but had been pigeonholed by the *mutasarrif*, who did not want more Americans in Marash, but now he did not dare to punish or banish us, in view of the permit from Ankara.

Several months later a young Turkish officer came to call on us. He told us in English that he had been in command of the frontier post near Aintab and had been punished for allowing us to pass. He added good-humouredly that he would forgive us in return for a Turkish-English dictionary. We offered him refreshments and promised to order the dictionary, which a few months later we were able to deliver to him.

Weaver drove back to Aintab for the rest of our party, and a week later returned not only with the two young ladies but also with an American physician, Dr. Charles Gannaway, and his wife and son Theodore. Thus both the mission and the NER staffs were reinforced.<sup>2</sup>

Immediately after my return to Marash Mr. Lyman advised me to place both the *mutasarrif* and the police commissioner on the NER payroll, for these men received such low salaries that they were obliged to supplement their incomes by accepting bribes. I refused to do this, but I eventually learned that payment had to be made—not always in cash—for services rendered. "As director of the Near East Relief you should at least make a courtesy call on each of the officials," Mr. Lyman continued. Having crossed the Turkish frontier against the wishes of the *mutasarrif*, I was prepared for a hostile reception but was received politely.

After the customary exchange of greetings and queries as to each other's health, he remarked, "Your predecessor Mr. Christensen was an impolite fellow! He sat in my office, right where you are, with his legs crossed, showing me the sole of his shoe." Fortunately I had my feet together on the floor, having learned to avoid this insult. I heard, too, that Albert Christensen had spent his first three days in the Marash prison for entering without a permit, as my party had done. Within a few months I was to have my own conflict with the *mutasarrif* over an offense far more serious than showing the soles of my shoes.

Mr. Lyman briefed us on the events of the past year and joyfully prepared for his journey to the United States and his marriage to Bessie Hardy. A young missionary, the Reverend William Sage Woolworth, had already come to take over Mr. Lyman's responsibilities in the mission. His excellent command of the Turkish language enabled him to deal directly with the Turkish officials, especially on behalf of Armenians with problems such as property rights.

## Armenian Rights in Marash

It soon became clear why our attempts to reach Marash had been opposed. The friendly relationship established when Urfan Bey was governor had changed to one of such antagonism that the Turkish leaders called the Armenian Apostolic priest Der Ghazarian and the Evangelical pastor Hartunian to the *konak* and asked them to sign a petition requesting the Ankara government to expel the Americans from Marash. They bravely rejected the demand, willing to suffer the wrath of the Turkish officials. The police commissar had been "a veritable Pharaoh," forcing the Armenians to construct two new buildings for the police and gendarmerie without pay or food. Not content with this slave labor, he imposed taxes on the Armenian community to pay for the lumber and other materials used in construction.<sup>3</sup>

Informed that the government wished to have the stones from ruins of the Kherlakian residence, Raphael offered them as a gift, but the commissar insisted on payment and set the price himself at fifty francs.<sup>4</sup> Stones for reconstruction of the military barracks burned on the night of the French withdrawal were confiscated from graves in the Armenian cemeteries.

The elected representatives of the Armenian National Union were in prison, charged with treason. The largest of the NER orphanages, Beitshalom, had been requisitioned for the use of Turkish troops; and its 500 boys had to be squeezed into other buildings.<sup>5</sup> The Turks also took the attitude that the German Hospital, which Dr. Wilson had offered for the Turkish wounded, belonged to them.

The superintendent of schools Issa Haj Nouri, a graduate of the American College at Aintab, ordered that no teaching was to be conducted in the orphanages, and that the American College for Girls might admit as students only the children of the Americans, but no Turkish subjects, either Muslim or Christian. The mission was obliged to close the doors of the Girls' College, but the orphanage directors established an ingenious system for signaling unexpected inspections by the superintendent. His arrival magically transformed classes into groups of children listening informally to stories told them by their teachers.

Unable to tolerate the oppression of their people any longer, the

three religious leaders petitioned the *mutasarraf* to intervene and order the police commissar to cease his abuses against the Armenians. The next day the Apostolic, Catholic, and Evangelical leaders were summoned to the *konak*, but instead of meeting the governor they were ushered into the office of the commissar against whom they had complained. When he began to curse and insult them, Badveli Abraham protested that they were the legal heads of their communities, recognized by the government, whereupon the commissar angrily jabbed his thumb into the pastor's eye and was about to strike the other when an officer intervened. This confrontation resulted in a doubling of the labor and tax required from the Armenian community, and Hartunian narrowly escaped being blinded.

A few days later a Turkish official spoke confidentially to the Evangelical pastor, stating frankly that there was no longer any hope for the Armenians and Turks to live together, and that the wisest course for the Armenians would be to leave the country. Hope for a reconciliation with the Turks was abandoned after a conference with Dayizadé Hoja, who was regarded by the followers of Mohammed almost as a prophet. The Apostolic priest Der Sahag Der Bedrossian and Badveli Abraham came by appointment to the Ulu-Jami and asked the Hoja to use his influence for the easing of tension between the Christian and Muslim communities. He responded by berating the Christians and asked them to agree that their religion was inferior to his. When Hartunian protested politely that this was a matter of conscience, the Hoja angrily dismissed them, saying to the pastor, "Never let me see you again!" His wish was fulfilled, for within a few days the Hoja died.<sup>6</sup>

Only the presence of Salaheddin Pasha prevented the annihilation which continued to threaten the Armenian community. According to Raphael Kherlakian, this officer expressed his abhorrence at the fanaticism of the Marash Turks.<sup>7</sup>

Many of the Armenians decided to emigrate but were refused permission to travel. New regulations were being prepared for the confiscation of their property.

Teachers in the orphanage schools began to ask what fate lay in store for the children as they matured. The young men would most certainly be drafted into military service, and the opportunities for the girls seemed to be few. If Armenian youth were to be denied an education in Marash, would it not be better to move them out of the country? I passed this question on to the area directors of the NER in Aleppo and Beirut.



## Conflict with the *Mutasarrif*

Beitshalom Orphanage had been requisitioned for the use of Turkish troops. Months later our pharmacist, Stepan Chorbajian, brought me a message from the *mutasarrif*, Mustafa Remzi, stating that the orphanage would be restored to us if I should make him a gift of fifty Turkish gold lira.

"Tell him to go to Hell!" I replied angrily.

"Do you really want me to tell him that?" asked Stepan.

"Yes!" I replied, assuming that he would phrase it in diplomatic Turkish. What he told him I never learned, but the next morning repercussions of the explosion at the *konak* reverberated in our area. Officers from the customs house seized our Reo truck for nonpayment of the import tax. Construction was halted on the mission building destroyed by fire after the French withdrawal, for we had not obtained a building permit. Finally I was placed under arrest on the charge of sending out uncensored mail. The deputy police commissioner kindly set me free pending trial, for I had made portraits of him in two different uniforms and in civil dress with his daughter.

We paid the import tax for the automobile. Construction on the mission building, undertaken for the sake of employing a group of Zeitunli carpenters and masons, was never resumed. As for the charge against me, the governor had made a mistake; each time letters were to be sent to Aleppo I had informed the police commissioner, and he had sent the censor, a young Turk named Kazim Bey with whom we were on the best terms, to my office. Kazim Bey's proficiency in English did not extend to American slang, which we used frequently to evade the censor's black ink. He came often just to chat, sip coffee, and smoke. Theodore Bulbulian, then employed as a clerk in my office, refused to accomodate him in any way concerned with smoking, for to Theodore this was sinful.

I consulted the deputy police commissioner about the charge against me, and he agreed readily to testify on my behalf in the court. At the appointed time I came before the court with Badveli Abraham as interpreter. The commissar testified that he had regularly sent the censor to my office, and the judge declared me innocent.

On learning of his error, the *mutasarrif* charged me with failure to use the Turkish post, for our mail had been sent by automobile to

Aleppo to be forwarded through the Syrian post office. For this offense a fine was imposed and paid to the Turkish post office. I remembered that I had been advised to place the governor on my payroll!

Some weeks after these incidents I was called to the *konak* and quizzed by an inspector from Ankara. He wished to know whether I had any complaints to make against the *mutasarrif*, and I told him about the request for a bribe. Many complaints, it seems, had been made against the governor, and in a short time he was removed from office and left Marash.

### Bureaucratic Games

Miss Ann McIntyre of the NER staff, having completed her term of service, feared the prospects of traveling alone, and begged her friend Leah Marashlian to accompany her to the United States. At that time Leah, a survivor of the 1920 siege, was employed in the NER office. When the two young women applied to the police commissioner for travel permits they were told that for Miss McIntyre there was no difficulty, but that an Armenian could leave only by special permission from Ankara. For this they were referred to the *mutasarrif* Mustafa Remzi Bey, who agreed to pass the request on to Ankara. Two weeks later he called Leah to his office and told her, "The authorities in Ankara want to know why you wish to go to the United States."

"My brothers live there and I want to join them."

"No!" he replied angrily. "You are a Huntchakist [a member of the Hunchak Revolutionary Society]! Armenians have told me this. You cannot go."

It was shortly after this that Mustafa Remzi was dismissed from his office. A member of the police force, Hamdi Efendi, with whom Leah had become acquainted while imprisoned during the siege, sought to intervene on her behalf and gain a reward from her, because he thought her to be wealthy. He advised her that since the new *mutasarrif* knew nothing of the earlier refusal, she should apply once more for permission to travel. "My brother-in-law works in the telegraph office, and if the reply from Ankara should be 'No!' he will change it to 'Yes!' But you will have to pay me thirty gold lira. There are five clerks in the office beside my brother-in-law, and all of them have to be paid." Although Leah had no idea where she could find such a sum, she

agreed to the deal, and the two ladies begged the *mutasarraf* to wire Ankara.

A few days later Hamdi Efendi brought the news to Leah. "The reply came from Ankara, and it was 'No,' but my brother-in-law changed it to 'Yes.' Go to the *mutasarraf* and ask whether an answer has come."

Leah called on the governor. "Ankara has refused permission for you to leave Marash," he told her.

Hamdi was terrified when he heard this. "The *mutasarraf* must know what we have done. Someone has betrayed us!" This surmise was confirmed when all six men in the telegraph office were dismissed. Hamdi demanded payment of the thirty pieces of gold from Leah, arguing that six families now had no income, but she was unable to pay him.

A Turkish merchant, Mustafa Efendi, came to the NER office to purchase a draft, but he was refused by Miss Mather, the treasurer. Leah, who acted as interpreter, knew the merchant well enough to tell him of her own desire to reach Aleppo.

"That can be arranged. You get permission for me to buy a draft for 100 gold lira, and I'll get you out of Marash!"

"How do you propose to do that?" asked Leah.

"I shall present the *mutasarraf* with a nice rug, and he will ask what he can do for me. Can you get me that draft?" Leah *Hanum* risked Miss Mather's displeasure by going over her head to the director, and laid the details of the plot before me. Enjoying the play, I readily assented to the sale. A few days later the *mutasarraf* sent for Leah, but she feared a trap and consulted the merchant.

"Don't go!" advised Mustafa. "Send word that you are ill. Let me handle this." The *mutasarraf* explained to Mustafa that he could not legally issue a travel permit but would see that the police did not stop Leah if she should leave Marash in the company of the American lady.

Miss McIntyre and Leah left Marash in a carriage, taking with them the elderly Miss Salmond, who was suffering from chronic dysentery and wished to return to England. The Marash police politely waved them past the checkpoint, but at the village of Karabiyikli the authorities, who knew the restrictions against travel for Armenians, telephoned to the Marash police headquarters for instructions. There, by an unfortunate turn of fate, the call was received by Hamdi, still angry over his failure to collect his fee of thirty gold lira. "Send them back to Marash!" he roared.

The ladies returned to Marash and deposited Miss Salmond in the hospital, ill from her journey and disappointment. Miss McIntyre called personally on the *mutasarrif*. "Go again tomorrow," said the governor. "I shall send eight gendarmes to escort you past Karabiyikli."

This time there was no interference either at the exit from Marash or at Karabiyikli. The gendarmes refused to enter the zone occupied by the French which was an hour's ride from Aintab. Miss McIntyre presented each one with a gold lira and prepared to photograph the group, although there was no film in her camera. The gendarmes curled their moustaches and posed proudly while Miss McIntyre clicked the shutter of her empty camera and assured them that she would send copies for each back to Marash.<sup>8</sup>

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

### THE FINAL EXODUS

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#### The Transfer of Orphans to Lebanon

At the time of my return to Marash in mid-November, news of the accord negotiated between the French emissary Franklin-Bouillon and the Ankara government had not reached my Marash colleagues, for newspapers were nonexistent and mail from abroad required months for delivery. For weeks, therefore, we were not aware of the fact that the harassment of the Armenian population by the Marash officials was in violation of the Ankara accord both in letter and in spirit. Full amnesty had been declared and assurance given that all rights of minority groups were recognized.<sup>1</sup> Had we known of this and of the official proclamation made jointly by the Turkish undersecretary of state and of interior Hamid Bey, General Mouheddine Pasha, and Henri Franklin-Bouillon on 23 November 1921, and another by Mustafa Kemal himself on 13 December,<sup>2</sup> we could have protested to Ankara such injustices as the closing of the orphanage schools. Instead we had suggested to the *NER* headquarters in Aleppo that the orphanage children be moved out of Turkish territory.

Our officers in Beirut and Aleppo, aware of the political changes, had already witnessed the beginning of flight of Armenians from Cilicia in spite of General Gouraud's proclamation.<sup>3</sup> It was Bayard Dodge who negotiated with Gen. Robert de Caix de Sainte Aymour of the high commissioner's office in Beirut for admission of the orphans of Marash and also those from Mardin and Urfa.<sup>4</sup> The Aintab children had already been transferred to Aleppo during the conflict between the French and Turks.

When we requested exit permits for the children, we were informed that birth certificates were required for each of them. What orphan

could possess such a document, or one of any kind? From Armenians who were securing their travel documents we learned that a bribe was required for each step. While we contemplated this problem, a messenger from the *konak* informed me that the governor wished to see me at his home. Only then did we understand that Mustafa Remzi Pasha, against whom I had complained for his request of a bribe, had been reinstated as *mutasarrif*.

I took no interpreter, wishing no one to witness my humiliation. The governor received me with courtesy, offered me refreshments, and asked if there was anything he could do for me. The hatchets were buried! I mentioned the difficulty facing us in connection with exit permits for the orphans, and he replied that he would look into the matter. Within two days he sent word that we should list the children in groups of ten, and that permits would be issued accordingly in batches. Birth certificates were not needed.

When the lists were completed my messenger took them to the office of the police commissioner with assurances that if the permits were prepared promptly we expected to reward the clerks for their considerable overtime duties. In this way the problem of travel permits was solved, and a satisfactory relationship was established with the governor and the police. Of course they were pleased to have the 1,400 orphans and their teachers leave Marash.

Miss Mather, who had served as NER treasurer during my absence, had been waiting for an opportunity to return to Aleppo and chose to ride with the first caravan of orphanage children and their escort of gendarmes. She owned two fine horses and offered one of them as a mount for H. Agha, a somewhat pompous gentleman who translated into flowery Turkish all of our communications with the government officials. A number of Armenians who had already secured travel permits took advantage of this opportunity to travel under the protection of the government. Among these were several who later recounted their experiences to me: Setrak Agha Kherlakian's wife Clementine and daughter Victoire, Haigouhi Magarian, and Dr. Vartan Poladian's daughter Sirvart.

Four hundred of the orphans were marshaled in squads of ten, each commanded by an older child as "sergeant." Several teachers directed the movements of the battalion of youngsters and they went off gaily through the city to the road leading to Aintab. Miss Mather and her companion H. Agha rode at the head of the column with the gendarmes. A large number of Armenian families trailed behind.

Later that morning I was called to the gate of the mission compound

where an elderly Turk waited to speak with me but did not wish to come inside. "The children whom you sent out this morning are going to be attacked. Bring them back!" he warned me.

"The government has sent gendarmes to protect them," I replied. "How can we bring them back now?"

"I know that many Turks left the city this morning to attack and rob them," he insisted.

I thanked him for his concern and promised to consider what action we could take. Those with whom I consulted agreed with me that the evidence of danger ahead was hardly sufficient to balance the promise of protection by the government, and so we made no move to recall the orphans and thus bring to naught all of our efforts to prepare this expedition.

News of what happened reached us only days later in letters from Miss Mather. More information came from interviews which I conducted many years later. The column had crossed the Ak Su and was traversing the Pazarjik plain when a large band of masked horsemen which had been concealed until then behind a hillock came riding swiftly toward it. At the head of the orphan column the Agha put spurs to his horse and galloped off to safety, explaining later that this desertion was not to save his own skin but to save Miss Mather's horse. According to Paul du Véou, two of the gendarmes were killed by the band of sixty horsemen who then rounded up the Armenians to rob them.<sup>5</sup> The children were ordered to file past a blanket and to throw into it any jewelry they carried. Sirvart Poladian recalls being pulled to the side of the road and lined up alongside a group of Armenian men who had already been stripped of their outer clothing. With the brigands' guns pointed at them, the victims were ordered to hold their hands high, and Sirvart felt her wrist watch slide down her arm to the shoulder under the sleeve of her dress. Each one threw to the ground whatever valuables he possessed.<sup>6</sup>

Haigouhi Magarian recalls how an employee of Bethel Orphanage, Ferida Masmanian, saved the thirty gold lira which she had concealed around her waist. Ferida threw herself to the ground, feigning severe pain in her abdomen, which indeed was distended (possibly from malnutrition during exile). The bandits left her alone, undoubtedly believing that she was in labor.<sup>7</sup>

One of the masked Turks approached Clementine Kherlakian, whom he obviously knew. "Who is this girl with you," he asked, "is it not your daughter Victoire?"

In sudden alarm she recalled that only recently a prominent Turk

had asked for Victoire in marriage and had been rejected. "No," she replied, "it is my servant." Then the brigand threatened the lady, knowing the Kherlakian family to be wealthy. Clementine brought out of its hiding place a small box of jewels and gave it to the brigand, whom she thought to be acting on behalf of the man who wanted to marry her daughter.<sup>8</sup>

All baggage was confiscated, and Miss Mather recalled that among the items she lost was a rug given her by a Turkish merchant. Was he too among the bandits? Finally the bewildered and frightened children and adults were allowed to resume their journey.

That morning a group of about fifteen Armenians left Marash somewhat later than the large column. They were attacked at the same place and all but two were killed. The warning that I had received that morning made it clear that the band of robbers were citizens of the city of Marash, not villagers. Why had they concealed their identity by using masks? The Turk who had warned me, indignant over the plans of his compatriots, could have predicted the attack only if the participants were Marashlis.

Because of this grave incident we hesitated to carry out our plan for moving all of the orphans to Lebanon, but one of the headmasters, Ohannes Kazarosian, came to me with a novel suggestion. "Why not employ a powerful village chieftain to escort the children to Aleppo? He could supply his own animals for transport and his men to fight off any brigands."

"Could you find a *chété* chieftain on whom we could rely?"

"I'll try to do so," he replied.

A few days later Ohannes came to me with a handsome villager, a powerful man in his thirties. The headmaster had already explained to the Turk our problem of moving over a thousand children to Aleppo. The *chété* leader stated that he could secure any number of mules and would be able to provide protection not by gendarmes but by fellow villagers who had fought under his command. When asked if he would agree to payment after safe delivery of the children entrusted to him, he accepted without hesitation. We then settled on a price per child with food to be provided by NER and transport by him.

When this program was presented to the NER staff, the missionaries, and the orphanage teachers, there was general agreement that we should accept it but first test the project by sending a relatively small group.

On the day the caravan was prepared to depart, I handed the Turkish chieftain a draft which stated the sum to be paid only after



safe delivery of all the children, their number being specified. About ten days later the caravan commander returned proudly bearing a letter from the director of the Aleppo office stating that the children had arrived safely, and that their teachers praised the Turkish chieftain for his constant care of the children.

This intelligent villager suggested changes for the transport of the children. "Each of my mules could carry four, even five, children if we put them in boxes hung on the sides of the animal. Then the bedding could be placed between the boxes, and another child could ride on that! Without the boxes only two or three can ride on one mule."

Under his direction our carpenter prepared 200 boxes and also the harness required to support them in pairs on the back of a mule. A new caravan of 100 mules was planned. Most of the animals were to carry at least four children, others food supplies and cooking equipment, and still others the teachers needed to supervise the meals and camping at night. The expedition set off in high spirits. The chieftain, proud of his responsibility, was as happy as the children.

All of the children under our care were moved to Aleppo in this manner without mishap. From Aleppo they were transported by rail to Beirut and accommodated in orphanages along the Mediterranean coast.

## The Last Armenians from Marash

On 28 September 1921 the Marash authorities set up harsh laws dealing with Armenian real property.<sup>9</sup> As later events were to show, their intention was to dispossess the Armenians of their land and homes. Property belonging to an Armenian migrating from Turkish territory was to be turned over to the government without compensation. The owner could neither rent nor sell such property. These measures seemed to be academic, for at that time no Armenians were allowed to cross the frontier, and those who had returned only recently from exile to the homes of their ancestors had no intention of abandoning them. The Turks had been unable to drive the French troops from Aintab, and the prospects seemed fair that peace would soon be restored.

After the Accord of Ankara was ratified, Armenians were permitted to leave the country, although General Gouraud and Franklin-Bouillon advised them strongly to remain. When details of the accord became

known, and the Armenians came to realize that after 4 January 1922 no French troops whatever would remain north of the Baghdad Railway, the significance of the regulations concerning property became clear. Nevertheless, thousands of Armenians, distrusting the Turkish assurances concerning the rights of minorities, decided that it would be better to migrate once more rather than to live in fear without the protection promised them by the British and French governments.

The Marash authorities, it seems, paid no attention to the promises made by their government at Ankara and elsewhere. At Adana on 23 November 1921 a proclamation was made by the French envoy Franklin-Bouillon, the Turkish general Mouheddine Pasha, and Hamid Bey, assistant secretary of state in charge of direct administration of the territories evacuated by the French.

Christians of Cilicia! You are being told that the promised amnesty will not be observed. This is false! The accord assures complete liberty for your person as well as your possessions. . . . You are told that the law will take forty percent of your possessions by requisition. This is false. . . . Effective immediately, a French-Turkish Commission representing all of your communities has been named to guard abandoned property. . . .<sup>10</sup>

No such commission ever operated at Marash. If the above-mentioned tax of forty percent on property was abolished, it was replaced, at least in Marash, by confiscation of all of the property.

News of the attack on the orphan column caused a sudden stop to the demand for travel permits, and the Turkish leaders saw that their desire for a purely Turkish city could be realized only if the Armenians could travel in safety. Measures were taken to prevent a recurrence of such attacks, and in the next few months more than six thousand Armenians emigrated across the southern frontier of Turkey into Syria and Lebanon.

The Turks noted, however, that some 3,000 were making no preparations to leave. Many of these were the families of men drafted into military service. Others owned property and had decided not to abandon it. One morning notices bearing the title Friendly Advice to Armenians! were found posted on walls in the Armenian quarters. A copy of this bulletin was taken to Archbishop Avedis Arpiarian. It stated that because their leaders at the peace conference asked for an independent Armenian state, the Armenians ought to realize that they could no longer remain in Marash; that they should leave the city within ten days if they wished to avoid harm.

The government officials denied any knowledge of this threat, but a short time later, 7 January 1922, a retired police officer known to be friendly to the Armenians came to the archbishop with a verbal message on behalf of the municipality, the Committee for the Defense of Rights, and the entire Muslim population—everyone in authority except the *mutasarraf* and the gendarme commander. The message advised the various Christian leaders that their people should leave Marash within *three* days in order to avoid serious harm. The messenger was Aintabli-oghlu Ahmed, whom Raphael Kherlakian credits with having protected certain Armenian families in Aleppo during the period of deportation.<sup>11</sup>

After consulting with his associates the archbishop replied that it would be impossible for 3,000 persons to secure travel permits within three days. Further, the Armenians remaining in the city were too poor to hire transport for the journey. He asked that the government rescind its order prohibiting the sale or rental of property, so that families could raise the funds needed for travel; also that the government discharge Armenian husbands from the army so that they could share the burden of moving their families. Finally the archbishop asked Aintabli-oghlu Ahmed, "What does our *mutasarraf* have to say about this? His name is not among those who are asking us to leave Marash!"

The officer replied that the questions raised were fair, and that he would present them to the authorities. He then added the comment, "You have the right to appeal to the *mutasarraf*."

The next day he returned. "You have eight days—not three—to secure travel permits. The issue of passports will be facilitated. Property can neither be sold nor rented, but nevertheless taxes must be paid up to the time of departure. Soldiers cannot be discharged, but their families must go. And it is better that you get out a day earlier than on the eighth in order to avoid risks." Undoubtedly he had in mind the massacre of thirteen who had been late in joining the first caravan of emigrants in November.

The Archbishop then asked about the governor's attitude.

"I consulted with the members of the Committee for Defense of Rights and they say that they are willing to accept whatever penalties the *mutasarraf* may impose on them, but they can no longer tolerate the presence of the Armenians who are asking for an autonomous state which would include Marash." This reply indicated that the *mutasarraf* did not wish to bear official responsibility, and that he would not intervene in the cruel measure being taken to dispossess the Armenian population.

The archbishop sold drafts to Turkish merchants, paying them a ten percent commission, in order to provide financial help to his 1,500 Catholic parishioners for travel expenses. Whatever church furniture could be sold he disposed of in the market but loaded the most precious items on camels to take with him to Aleppo. As he and his staff passed through the covered bazaar on their exodus from Marash, stones were cast at them as a final insult.<sup>12</sup>

When I left Marash on 29 July 1922 with the remaining members of the NER staff and one young lady whom I was abducting from the mission to be my bride, we were told that not more than ten Armenian families remained in the city. Of the eighty-six thousand Armenians living in the district of Marash in 1914, only twelve thousand were known to have survived. The fate of the few hundred Zeitunlis deported to the north in 1920 was never learned. Undoubtedly some of the sixty-two thousand who disappeared during the 1915 through 1918 period of exile may have survived and remained in villages of Syria and Palestine, but certainly most of them died. Of those who fled with the French army, twenty-four hundred reached Islahiye in February 1920. During the two years that followed the 1920 insurrection the ninety-seven hundred survivors in the city of Marash abandoned their homes, fearing to remain after being deserted by France. Of these the last three thousand willing to live under Turkish rule had finally been forced to yield to Turkish threats of immediate harm and migrated to Lebanon, dispossessed in spite of assurances given in the Accord of Ankara.

The twelve thousand survivors were scattered to areas of security in Lebanon, South America, the Soviet Armenian State, and the United States of America. The ancient city of Marash, with a history extending far into the dim past beyond the Hittite period and once largely populated by the Armenians, had finally become purely Turkish.

## APPENDIX A

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Memorandum of W. Nesbitt Chambers of Near East Relief relating to the Marash Disturbances of January 21 to February 10, 1920.

I HEREWITH hand you the following, as embodying information obtained from sources, which appeared to be quite reliable, concerning the situation which developed into the sad tragedy of Marash, of the 21st January to the 10th February of the current year.

When the British gave place to French occupation on the 29th November, 1919, the situation was tranquil and the transfer was made without any untoward incident, with the exception of the shooting in the city of an Armenian in the French military service, from which, however, no serious results developed. The relationships between the Turks and Armenians were not marked by any hostile demonstration, although a considerable quantity of property had been and was being restored to the Armenians lately returned from exile. This seemed to cause some annoyance to the Turks. The return of these properties was carried out by the Turks under British auspices.

My informant declares that when the Turks heard that the British were to withdraw they were greatly elated. When it was declared that the French would take the place of the British, a pharmacist named Loutfi Effendi, a leader of the Marash Nationalist movement, declared that Marash "would become another Smyrna."

The French forces which occupied Marash were constituted of about 300 Armenians in the French military service, together with about 30 Algerian cavalry and 80 Frenchmen, all under French officers. These were later increased to about 700 Armenians and a number of other troops in the French service, bringing, the total number in the occupation of Marash to over 3,000.

About the middle of December, M. Andrée, Governor of Osmanieh, came to Marash, having with him a force of mounted gendarmes, made

up of Turks, Kurds, Circassians and Armenians, the latter numbering about a dozen. It was understood he came as the Governor of Marash, and he was received by the leading Turkish officials and other notables of the city.

It was the custom for the Turks to fly the Turkish flag over the citadel every Friday. On the Friday preceding M. Andrée's entrance an order had been issued that the flag was no longer to be flown. This order reached the Turks late that day and the flag was not removed. On the following Friday, however, there was much discussion amongst the Turks, and many were unwilling to go to the mosque until the flag was unfurled. Although the gendarmes who had accompanied M. Andrée were in the citadel at the time, they apparently made no objection to the raising of the flag, which was done. This all resulted in great excitement and apprehension in the city, during which a patrol of Algerian cavalry was sent through the city to keep order. Some Turks were arrested and later released. Nothing further resulted from this incident and the flag continued to fly. M. Andrée and his gendarmes left the day after and things were apparently quiet until the middle of January.

Along in January a few murders occurred in the neighborhood. The French sent out troops to punish Turkish villagers who had attacked French troops. These destroyed some houses, but burnt no villages.

About the middle of January it was noticed that the Turks were repairing walls, and making other changes in their streets, causing anxiety to the Armenians, who feared that something serious was intended.

At this time the French began more seriously to interfere with the civil administration, and on Sunday, the 18th January, the Turks sent a communication to the French in which they demanded that there should be no interference with the civil administration on the part of the French, that no objection should be made to the flying of the Turkish flag, and that the Armenian volunteers in the French army should be sent away. Following this about 500 of the Armenian volunteers were sent away, leaving between 200 and 300 still in the service in Marash. At the same time, the Turks made a proposition to the Armenians, to come to an understanding with them, to which the Armenians gave an indefinite answer, and asked advice of the French. A second Conference of the Armenians and Turks was to have been held on the 20th January, but on that day the chief hodja of Marash, Dai-zadé, sent word to the Armenians that they need not come, as an understanding was no longer possible. The French military officer in

command at Marash at this time was General Querette, who was in Marash about fifteen days. Since the 18th, the day of the Turkish communication with the French, no Turks had opened their shops. The Armenians also kept their shops closed, and the market was empty. The Armenians had begun to crowd in the churches, for there was great apprehension, since armed Turks from outside the city had come in considerable numbers.

On the morning of the 21st, the French called to headquarters a number of leading Turks, officials, and civilians, including the Mutesarîf, the Chief of Police and the Gendarmerie Commandant. The last two returned shortly to their duties for the preservation of order in the city. The others remained at French headquarters. Later, the Mutessarîf was also allowed to return. Later, in the forenoon, my informant saw a large number of Turkish civilians massed at the citadel along with the gendarmes. The civilians soon scattered to different quarters of the city. Then he saw the gendarmes issue from the building of the citadel and crouch behind ramparts. In a short while shots were fired from that point. At this signal thousands of rifles rang out from all over the city. A French guard at the entrance to the American hospital was among the first to be killed. The Turks were very well armed and used machine-guns and also dum-dum bullets. They probably secured their arms from Albustan and Basarjik, and military depots and other places. The Armenians had comparatively few arms, and seldom fired unless their houses were attacked.

The fighting continued for twenty-one days; the first day the French did not reply. Many of the inhabitants were killed by the rifle-fire; but the Turks also set fire to the various buildings, where Armenians had taken refuge, and in one place about 800 were burned. They likewise carried out massacres in isolated and defenceless quarters. It is estimated that during the days from the 21st January to the 10th February, between 3,500 and 4,000 Armenians were killed, about half the city ruined. It is impossible to give any estimate of Turkish casualties.

On the evening of the 10th the French evacuated the town.

They had their headquarters in one of the American buildings, and French soldiers were quartered in various parts of the city. On the 7th February the advance guard of a relieving column was seen approaching the city. It bombarded the Turkish positions, causing evident consternation amongst them. The Turks were seen to be withdrawing across the hills, and on the 10th Dr. Mustafa got into communication with the Americans with a view to coming through them to an understanding with the French. Unfortunately, during an attempt at a

second interview, Dr. Mustafa was shot. There is ground for believing that the Turks were anxious for cessation of hostilities at the time when the French abandoned the city on the night of the 10th. Their withdrawal was evidently intended to be secret, since no information was given to the Armenians, and the Americans were informed of it almost at the last moment.

About 2,000 Armenians in the immediate vicinity of the French headquarters learning of the withdrawal were able to come away with the French. Of these about 1,800 reached the railroad at Islahieh in a condition of destitution. Another party, estimated to be about 2,000, a few hours later, attempted to follow, but were cut to pieces before they could get out of the city. Only about 200 got away, and of these only about a score succeeded in getting through to safety.

It is estimated that there were about 4,000 troops in the French relieving column, and that during the trouble the French had about 3,000 troops in the city, of whom it is said they lost about 800. Food had become very scarce.

It is estimated that there were 22,000 Armenians in Marash when this began. Of these 3,000 to 4,000 perished at the time of the French withdrawal; 2,000 were killed in an attempt to leave the city immediately after the French withdrawal, and about 1,000 perished on the trek with the French forces between Marash and Islahieh, constituting a loss of 6,000 or 7,000 Armenians up to the 13th February. Since that date we have no definite information as to the condition of the Armenians in the city. There should be between 15,000 and 16,000 but a late telegram received from the Americans in Marash speaks of 10,000 destitute people. The Americans seem to be safe.

W. NESBITT CHAMBERS.



## APPENDIX B

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Extracts from the Diary of YMCA Secretary Crathern concerning the Siege and War in Marash, January 20 to February 11, 1920.

SECRETARY CRATHERN had been in Marash for the purpose of organising a Y.M.C.A. On the 20th January he attempted to return to Aintab in an A.C.R.N.E. auto, with Paul Snyder as chauffeur and Miss Schultz and Lieutenant Cزونery of the French army and three Armenians as passengers. On reaching the hill leading to the summit of the mountain we ran into a pitched battle between the Algerian cavalry and Turkish bandits. We deemed it advisable to turn back, and on doing so a hundred or more shots were fired at us by the bandits on the mountain. Several bullets penetrated the car and one hit and splintered the cross-section of the steering wheel, fragments of which flew into the faces of the chauffeur and Secretary Crathern. Mr. Crathern waved an American flag from the car, hoping that the firing would cease, but it had no effect on the Turks. By a miracle the car escaped, being negotiated down the hill at 40 miles an hour which was the only thing that saved the party. We returned to Marash without further incident and reported the matter to the General Staff.

January 21.

On the 21st January Secretary Crathern sent the following telegram to Consul Jackson at Aleppo, Admiral Bristol, of Constantinople:—

“American flag fired on repeatedly and the lives of American citizens threatened and imperilled in Marash and Aintab.

“Inform Major Arnold of the Relief Commission and Y.M.C.A. Headquarters. —C. F. H. Crathern, Secretary.”

These telegrams were O.K'd by General Querette, of the French Staff, and I was assured by Turkish and French officials at the telegraph office that the telegram would be sent without fail within half-an-hour.

After sending this telegram I walked through the city with Mr. Kerr and an interpreter. The bazaars and the shops were all closed and the Turks were getting together in little groups all over the city; only a few Armenians were to be seen in the thoroughfares. About 1 o'clock, while at the dinner table, we heard the crash of guns, and knew that the conflict that had been threatening so long had now broken out. Before the first shot was fired I found, on reaching the missionary compound, a company of Turkish officials including the Mutessarif, a Turkish hodja and other notables. These, I understood from Mr. Lyman, had come to interview me for a purpose which I did not learn. As I found later that they had been detained by the French officials and placed under arrest. This, I presume, was the cause of the first shot being fired by the Turks. The French commandant had informed us earlier in the day that they had determined to strike and to strike hard.

After the first shot was fired we ran to the front balcony where we had a commanding view of the whole city. There was quite a long cannonading and many of the houses of the city were turned into small forts from which the sound of shooting would issue every few minutes, answered by the machine-guns of the French. The Armenians were very much alarmed and are in fear of their lives. Hundreds of the poor have been caught in one of our compounds where they came to receive old clothes, and will have to stay all night as it will be unsafe for them to go home. The fighting and firing have been going on all the afternoon and now it is nearly midnight and there is no cessation. A French sentinel guarding the entrance to the American hospital was shot dead and another wounded. Bullets also passed through two of the nurses' rooms and wounded an Armenian girl. What the morning will bring forth we do not know. I fear that the worst is not over.

January 22.

We were awakened this morning by the boom of guns, and saw quite early the flash of exploding shells. The Turks are firing from a number of houses, and as they are using smokeless powder it is impossible to see where the bullets come from. The French soldiers have suffered seriously, and many of them, we hear, are now lying dead and wounded in the streets, and their companions are unable to render them any assistance until night because of the danger arising from the sharpshooters. The American hospital has again been attacked, and doctors and nurses have had very narrow escapes. The mission buildings have as yet escaped damage, and we do not anticipate any assault as the Turks are not prepared for aggressive warfare. The French general

with his staff officers was on our balcony this afternoon to sight approaching Turks who were coming over the mountains on their way to the city. The general gave orders for a gun to be fired with sixty-five mm. shells, which soon scattered them in all directions.

January 23.

The battle is still on, but there is no way of getting now into or out of the city. Everything is at a standstill. To-day we have been watching the bombarding of the city by the French. In some sections it is very severe, and created great consternation. It gave many opportunities for looting and pillage, and I fear, massacre. Through our glasses we could see Armenians escaping from their houses and fleeing before the Turks, who were shooting them down like jack-rabbits. Other Turks were hiding in the fields behind rocks, trees and manure heaps, and shooting at those who had escaped the Turks in the city. It was pitiful to see them throw up their hands and scream, while attempting to escape. We watched them fleeing over the hills until they reached our compound, some dropping wounded by the way, and others staggering into the mission grounds with wild eyes and purple faces, telling of an awful massacre just beginning.

January 24.

This is the fourth day of the battle of Marash, and every day becomes more pathetic and tragic as time wears on. This morning we held a consultation and decided to interview the French general to learn the plan of campaign and to lay before him some facts that had come to our knowledge regarding the massacre of the Armenians in the Cuimed quarter of Marash. This was the region from which he had seen the Armenians running for their lives across the fields. In order to be fortified with the actual facts, as coming from the mouths of eye-witnesses, we interviewed the people who had escaped this massacre. They told most harrowing stories. One woman saw seven killed before her eyes. Mothers had children taken out of their arms and ripped up with knives. One man said two hundred perished in one street. The shrieks of the tortured we could hear a mile across the ravine, which they had to cross to reach our compound. Others gave similar accounts of awful experiences. We laid these facts before the general and his staff, who listened very respectfully, and said the situation was very grave, and that they would take strenuous efforts to cope with it. Wounded soldiers are being brought in to our hospital and several operations have been performed. Yesterday the Mutessarif was released from French custody for the purpose of interviewing the leaders and bring-

ing about a cessation of hostilities. He went back to the Government building under the protection of a white flag with an ultimatum from the general that if the Turks did not surrender in twenty-four hours he would bombard the city. To-day the Mutessarif telephones to headquarters that it was impossible for him to prevail with the leaders to cease operations, as he had no control over them, and was even in danger of his own life. At 3 o'clock, when the time of the ultimatum had expired, we heard the booms of guns, and knew that the bombardment of the city had commenced. The guns were kept busy for two hours. At 5 o'clock the colonel came to the house and said they had decided to burn certain sections of the city from which the Turks were sniping Armenians and soldiers whenever they appeared. At night the city is in total darkness.

Whenever we go from one compound to another we have to creep under the walls in order to escape shot and shell. There is the most intense excitement every minute of the day, and every compound is thronged with frightened refugees who have escaped during the night, and are alarmed lest their people, whom they have left behind should become the victims of massacre, or fire, or starvation. Women are giving premature birth to children, and women are going crazy with fear. The A.C.R.N.E. are feeding nearly 2,000 orphans and refugees, and with only a few days' supply of bread the problem is a grave one. To-day we raised the American flag, but no sooner had we raised it to the mast than the salute of a dozen guns sent us scampering to cover. I have just timed by my wrist-watch thirty-three shots in one minute. The machine-guns are picking away like so many giant woodpeckers, and the sharp crack of the rifle is continuous. Last night five Armenian soldiers were sent out by the French disguised as Turkish gendarmes to reach the nearest telegraph station in Islahie, 75 miles away. Each was the bearer of a long telegram in cipher from the general asking that supplies and reinforcements be sent immediately. Whether they will reach their destination or not we do not know. It is risky business, as the whole country is in a flame of revolt. How soon the issue will be decided it is hard to determine. The capture of the last two caravans of munitions and foodstuffs by bandits between Marash and Aintab make that way of escape or relief impossible. But while the days are exciting the nights are increasingly so. For while the great guns are booming, soldiers are creeping stealthily forth with benzine torches and hand-grenades to set fire to different parts of the city. It is sometimes like Dante's *Inferno*. I have had to move my bed back into a safer quarter of the

room, as a bullet came through the window into the hallway and nearly passed through the door.

January 25.

The situation here is unique. We are besieged by an invisible army. There are few enemy soldiers in sight, and these are seen only through our glasses, running for cover, or hurrying out of their trenches, or stealing over the mountains in little groups to reach the city. We have not been out of our own compounds for seven days, and even behind our own walls we are not safe against attack. The French have no wireless, no aeroplanes, no telegraph, no armoured cars, and, to make the situation worse, neither food nor ammunition for an extended siege. They have to conserve their supplies, not knowing how long the siege may last or whether the rest of Turkey is in the same state of war or not. They are doing all they can under the circumstances, but with the small force of troops under their command they cannot make any attack on the city with the certainty of making it surrender. Hundreds of Armenians are trying to reach our compounds from many parts of the city, but are failing in the attempt, and the light of the fires that the Turks are making in Armenian quarters render escape impossible, and those who flee from smoke and flames fall victims to the sword or the axe. News came to day that scores of women and children huddled in one house were butchered with knives and hatchets after the men had been taken out and shot. They surrendered on the promise of protection, but were cruelly betrayed. To-day in one of our orphanages a woman was killed while standing in the doorway, and others were shot and wounded in the college compound.

January 26.

We are still in the throes of most terrible war that involves not only the armed forces of the opposing armies, but also the unfortunate Armenians who are the victims of the most hellish cruelty imaginable. The crescent moon, the cold-blooded symbol of Moslem fanaticism, is rising tonight on a city in whose streets to-day have been enacted tragedies that ought to stagger humanity, and send a shudder of protest to the Throne of God. I have read much, and heard more, of the atrocities the Armenians have suffered in the past, but I never expected to witness first hand the barbarities that are a disgrace to civilisation and a stain on the escutcheons of the Great Powers that can permit such a Government to exist. And yet what I have seen and heard during the last two days is but a small part of the horrors that are

registered for ever upon the brains of those who have escaped bleeding and wounded, to tell their tale upon the operation table in the hospital, or to babble in an incoherent way from their sick beds of the inferno from which they have escaped. Some of the most revolting stories ever heard have been told us to-day by those who have come limping into our compounds from different parts of the city. Little girls, 8 and 10 years old, and wrinkled women of 70 years were agonising with pain from dum-dum bullet wounds which tore great pieces of flesh from arms and legs, while soldiers have had to have limbs amputated or to pay the supreme sacrifice. Children have been brought to the hospital with their brains oozing from jagged holes in the head, and elderly people while sitting in their own homes have received shots which have shattered both mind and body.

January 27.

This morning one of the natives helpers of the A.C.R.N.E. came to tell us of his escape. He had been waiting for several days for a favourable opportunity to flee. It came about 3 o'clock this morning. He tells us that the Turks are killing hundreds of people in the city, and that they are not content with using such weapons as shot and shell, but resort to the brutal use of the axe and knife. At this very moment, there is in our own house a young woman who tells us that with a hundred other persons in a cellar she prayed for five days and nights for help, but no help came. Then the Turks asked them to surrender, promising to give them protection if they would. Being desperate, they threw themselves on the mercy of the enemy. The men were told to come out of the house and her own husband was the first to leave. He was shot immediately in the doorway by one of their own Turkish neighbours whom she knew, and who was a gendarme in the service of the Government. After the men had been taken out there was a scene of indescribable horror as the Turks came in with axes and knives and began their murderous work. In the general mêlée she with one of her children escaped. One child was killed. Two young women teachers from the college were killed in this way. Another escaped and stood in water for eight hours hoping to elude the Turks, but in a fatal moment she ran for her life and was killed by a bullet. The Turks have sent an ultimatum to the French demanding their surrender, or they will attack them to morrow morning at 4 o'clock. The French hope they will.

January 28.

Rumours are flying wild and fast. This morning the startling news was spread abroad that Captain Fontaine and 700 men coming to the

relief of Marash had been killed and only one man escaped. We learn this evening that he is still fighting his way to the city, and that a supply train of wagons was captured in the morning and many of the convoy killed. We had a pitiful case this morning in the hospital. It was the Rev. Solakian's wife, pastor of the third church. When she reached the hospital she was suffering and bleeding from three bullet and three dagger or knife wounds, while a child of 18 months had been taken from her breast and slain with a knife, and an older girl killed with an axe. To add to the sorrow of it the woman was pregnant and had a miscarriage as soon as she reached the hospital. The poor woman is lying in a precarious condition and she will not recover. Several new cases came in to-day and we are troubled to find room for them. The crowded compounds are also a grave problem. In one of them we have over a thousand refugees and we can give them but one meal a day, as the food supply is nearly exhausted. Many are poorly clad and many are weak. Several soldiers are going out to-night to try to take into one of the compounds a thousand Armenians who are finding refuge in a church and fear that the Turks will set fire to it.

January 29.

It is nearly midnight and I have just come in from a service of sorrow. The pastor's wife of whom I wrote you yesterday, died to-day and was laid to rest in the seminary compound. This afternoon we had a conference of all American workers to decide what to do in case of emergency. We shall all gather in the college compound and await the final issue. What that will be we do not know. Graves are multiplying in our midst and tales of horror come to us nightly from those who escape from house or cellar. The soldiers who went last night to rescue a thousand Armenians were not able to pass the Turkish trenches. Another orphanage was attacked, but the assault was not successful. Several soldiers came down from the mountains to-day with frozen hands and feet, some of which must be amputated.

January 30.

As yet no news of relief from the French authorities. Yesterday was rather quiet from the military point of view. There was only a little cannonading and only a few soldiers killed and wounded. The uncertainty of the situation is a great strain on the nerves of the ladies of our party, but they are brave and cheerful and busy all day ministering to the needs of the unfortunate. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson have moved over to the college compound to live as they think it a little safer there in case of attack. They invited me to go with them, but I feel there is no imme-

diate danger and prefer to wait a few days to watch developments. We have all decided to hang together rather than take our chances on hanging separately.

January 31.

War still holds on and no relief in sight. Men, women, and children, about nine of them, were shot in the college grounds to-day and some of them quite seriously wounded. Fortunately, we have plenty of wheat now, and by keeping the women grinding from sunrise to sunset we can feed the people for quite a while. We are obliged to keep the people under cover as walking in the open is too dangerous, and our hospitals are already full.

February 1.

The weather has been very cold and we have had several cases of severe frost-bite among the soldiers. More children have been shot in the orphanages. The refugees are much alarmed at the success of the Turks. Several houses have been burned in the city. The hospital still continues to be attacked.

February 2.

The war is coming a little closer, for to-day a shell fell on the hospital roof and burst in the attic just above the floor where we had a great many patients. The rifle shots have also been a little more personal as one plunged into a wall a few feet ahead of me, and the second hit a tree as I was creeping along a wall to my room. The Turks tried to set the Bartell [Beitel] orphanage on fire to-day, and the French retaliated by burning the would-be incendiaries houses. There was considerable bombarding to-day but not many wounded. There is no news of reinforcements and we fear that other cities and towns may be besieged as we are and help may not reach us for some time. Last night we sent a message to the A.C.R.N.E. and to have it telegraphed to Adana and Constantinople. It will probably be seven days before it can reach its destination.

February 3.

I suppose no one in the outside world realises the seriousness of our situation or surely an aeroplane from Beirut would drop a message of cheer. This is the telegraph that we sent to Consul Jackson to Adana and Constantinople:

"Situation in Marash extremely desperate, reign of terror in city since the 21st January, hundreds of men, women, and children massacred daily no power to stop it as French are on the defensive forces,



ammunition and food insufficient. Americans have little hope in case French are overpowered, no assurance of help as large forces of bandits bar all roads. Leave nothing undone to relieve situation as lives of all Christians are seriously threatened, our auto and flag fired on repeatedly 20th January our institutions under fire and many orphans and refugees wounded on American property."

Bullets still continue to enter American buildings. We have all had very narrow escapes. The French horses and mules are slowly starving and they will have to kill them and feed them to the hungry multitudes. The French are living in hope that help will come soon.

February 4.

This has been a tragic day. New stories of fresh massacres reached us this morning. In one case nearly 200 surrendered to the Turks under promise of protection, but nearly all of them were butchered. One man who escaped by stabbing a Turk told this gruesome story. Deep pits were dug, and men tied in bunches of three and led to the edge of it, and then shot and dumped into it dead or alive. One young girl of 19 was shot in the abdomen while getting a bit of wood. No news yet of help but we shall not give up. We are resolved to stay here at all hazards. God help the Armenians if the Americans leave them, and God help us all if the French leave.

February 5.

This morning, Dr. Wilson and Reverend Lyman and I, interviewed the French General and his Staff. Word reached us that Turks were encroaching on Armenian homes and might soon attack the hospital. While we were on our way to headquarters the Turkish officials, who were prisoners in the buildings, asked to see us. The General gave permission, and we had an interview with them. They pleaded with us as Americans to persuade the French officers to stop the war. They promised that if they were released that they would do all they could to bring the Turks to terms. The General would not release them. I proposed that they should write a letter to the Mutessarif and ask him to persuade the leaders to request a conference. This evening the letter from the Turks came and will be sent as soon as possible to the Turkish Government. The French to-day have decided to kill the horses and mules, as there is no food for them. We had a mule roast to-day and we like it fine. We like it better than horse-meat. A fierce bombardment took place this evening. A perfect hailstorm of bullets rained through our compound. A young woman in the basement of the house was mortally wounded. This has brought the war to our very doors.

February 6.

This is the eighth day of the siege of Marash, and this morning we had a joyful surprise. An aeroplane flew over the city and dropped several messages. Unfortunately the wind was very high and carried the messages into the Turkish part of the city, but we know now that help is near and that we are not forgotten. More victims for the operating table and more graves in the cemetery. This afternoon we had another glimpse of an aeroplane, and the French headquarters sent up signals so that they might know where to land if they wished. Everybody is elated to think that communication with the outside world has again been established. We had an answer to-day from the Mutessarif, in reply to our letter which accompanied the communication sent by the Turkish officials. He regretted that he could do nothing without consulting the commander of the forces, but appreciated our interest and thanked us for our kind offer of mediation. I hope help will come before all the Armenians have to pay the awful price of this needless war.

February 7.

At last reinforcements are in sight and are already fighting their way into the city. The guns in the plain are shelling the hills over which the scouts expect to reach the barracks. We heard to-day that all the girls in the rescue home have been killed. There were about eighty of them. To add to the horror of the crime the Turks this afternoon set fire to the building and we had the gruesome necessity to witness the scene without being able to lift a hand to save them. The first church is also on fire.

February 8.

The French troops are in the valley and their guns are shelling the hills, but it may be some days yet before they can encircle the city and close in on the enemy. The wounded continue to come, and new deaths take place daily. This afternoon we spent with the French General and his Staff, in the upper storey of the college building, watching the battle in the plain and the attempt of the French relieving troops to make connection with the soldiers in the barracks. This they did later in the day. In the evening we had a thanksgiving service in the college.

February 9.

General Querette informed us to-day that he has received orders to evacuate the city at midnight on the 9th. This news caused alarm all through the compounds. Everybody is terribly excited. Women and

children are crazed with fear. We have urged him to delay their departure, as the Turks are on the point of surrender. He said his orders were imperative, but he would try to secure a delay of twenty-four hours. If they evacuate the city we are not sure what treatment we will receive at the hands of the Turks. We shall remain, however, at our posts of duty, to do what we can to shield the Armenians and protect American interests. We hope for the best but fear the worst. Our hope is in God. We trust Him where we cannot trace Him, and believe that in some divine way our lives will be spared, but if not, God be with you all until we meet again. I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.

February 10.

The French General, in response to our earnest entreaties, has granted a delay of twenty-four hours before leaving the city. We are hoping to bring about an understanding with the Turks that will prevent further massacres. The French took most of their wounded out of the city last night, but left twenty in the emergency hospital. The Armenians in the compounds are frantic and desperate. They are determined to leave the city with the French, as they fear massacre if they remain. The scenes are indescribably pathetic and tragic. Our greatest concern is for Miss Buckley, in Bathshalon Orphanage. We fear the Armenians in other compounds have not been notified of the French withdrawal. We have been fitting out the refugees for the journey, giving them food and clothes to the extent of our supplies. Many of the elder orphan boys and girls will leave with the exiles. Dr. and Mrs. Wilson will remain and all the missionaries. Dr. Elliott, Miss Schultz, Miss Powers, and Miss Doherty will leave with the troops. I had decided to stay but as two or three thousand are going without a shepherd Dr. Wilson thinks I had better go to take charge of them and find for them food and shelter at their destination. It is a long hard trek of nearly 75 miles through mountain and plain, and I fear many of them will not be equal to it. It is winter and God help them if the weather should be severe. We are trying to arrange terms of peace, and if the French forces would remain only a few more days in the city I believe the Turks would lift their hands in abject surrender. We have just had an interview with Dr. Moustafa, the leader of the Turkish forces, and he has agreed to call the notables of the city together to-morrow, for the purpose of considering terms of surrender. But the fact is he is unaware of the positive withdrawal of the French troops to-night. The troops and refugees left the city about the hours of 6 and 9. The French

General and his Staff left about 10:30. I accompanied them. It was a bitterly cold night. The city was in flames. Guns were booming from the hills covering our retreat. After three or four hours we arrived at the camp on the plain, and at 2 o'clock on Wednesday morning the long column moved out of Marash on its three days' journey to Islayieh.

February 11.

As the column moved away from the city it was a blaze of splendour. The great barracks just evacuated by the French was on fire, silhouetted against the sky. Through the long moonlight night the column marched until noon, when it reached the village of Epoglou and rested for the remainder of the day.

February 12.

At 6 o'clock a.m. the column started on its long march to Bell Pounar. The weather was severely cold and many of the weak ones dropped by the wayside to freeze or to starve. At noon the column rested for two hours and reached Bell Pounar about 5 p.m. Turkish villages were burnt by the soldiers after the column has passed through. There were very meagre accommodations in the village, and multitudes were encamped in the open to suffer seriously from hunger and exposure.

February 13.

During the night a snowstorm raged and at 6 o'clock the column prepared to move forward while it was yet dark. The snowstorm increased during the early morning hours to a blizzard and continued all through the long dreary march. From twelve to eighteen hours the soldiers and civilians plodded their way through the storm and snowdrifts. All along the line the weak and the infirm dropped out from sheer exhaustion. It is estimated that before the column reached Islayieh more than a thousand of the refugees had perished in the snow, besides many of the soldiers. It was a tragic ending of a tragic exodus.

February 14.

We did our best to care for the refugees in Islayieh. Many died after reaching their destination. No accommodations were available in the village and very little food. I interviewed the Turkish Governor and the French Commandant, and secured their co-operation in doing something for the refugees. A bakery was secured to furnish bread and a mill to grind flour. I left with the French wounded on the evening train for Adana to confer with Dr. Dodd of the A.C.R.N.E. and Dr.

Chambers of the American Mission, to see what could be done to help these unfortunates in their distress. Milk and blankets were despatched immediately and further supplies prepared to meet the urgent necessity of the situation. All the American forces in the city have put themselves at the service of these stranded Armenians. It is hoped that eventually they will be brought to Adana, where the pastors of the city are preparing to receive them and house them in their churches and other institutions in the city. I am now trying to return to my station at Aintab by way of Beirut and Aleppo. Dr. Chambers, who is on his way to Constantinople to plead the cause of the Armenians before the representatives of the *Entente* Powers, will carry this message with him as a record of the events that transpired in Marash during those crucial weeks.

## APPENDIX C

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Portions of the Report of Auguste Bernau, Aleppo agent for the Vacuum Oil Company of New York, to the American Consul J. B. Jackson, on the condition of the Armenians deported along the Euphrates River, 21 September 1916.\*

It is impossible to give an account of the impression of horror which my journey across the Armenian encampments scattered all along the Euphrates has given me; especially those on the right bank between Meskené and Deir-ez-Zor. These can hardly be called encampments because of the fact that the majority of these unfortunate people, brutally dragged out of their native land, of their homes and of their families, robbed of their effects, upon their departure or enroute, are penned up in the open like cattle, without shelter, almost no clothing, fed barely by food altogether insufficient. Exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather—in summer to the torrid sun of the desert, in winter to the rain and cold, enfeebled already by privations and the long marches, the bad treatment, the most severe tortures and the daily pangs of death—the less feeble have succeeded in digging holes for them on the banks of the river. . . .

The management which has been entrusted to transport these people through the desert has no intention to feed them. Even it appears that it is a government principle to allow them to die of hunger. An organized massacre, even in the times when liberty, equality and fraternity were not proclaimed by the Constitution, would have been more humane. . . .

All that I have seen and heard surpasses all imagination. . . . As on the gate of Hell of Dante, the following should be written at the entrance to these accursed encampments: "You who enter, leave all

\* Records of the Department of State Relating to Internal Affairs of Turkey, 1910-1929. Microfilm Publications no. 353, Roll 45.

hopes." Mounted gendarmes make the rounds with orders to arrest and flog fugitives. The roads are well guarded. And what roads! They lead to the desert where death is as sure as under the bastinado of the Ottoman convict gangs. I have met in the desert at different places six of these fugitives, abandoned dying by the gendarmes and surrounded by hungry dogs waiting for their last hiccups of agony to jump on and feast on them. . . .

Prevented on one side from going away from the encampments to find means of sustenance, the deported Armenians cannot on the other hand exercise their faculty—so natural to men and especially in the Armenian race—to adapt itself to misfortune and to apply its ingenuity to diminish the amount of its hardships. . . .

Meskené, through its geographical position on the border between Syria and Mesopotamia, is the natural point of concentration of the deported Armenians coming from the vilayets of Anatolia and sent afterwards all along the Euphrates. They arrive there by the thousands, but the majority leave there their bones. The impression which this immense and dismal plain of Meskené leaves is sad and pitiable. Information obtained on the spot permits me to state that nearly 60,000 Armenians are buried there, carried off by hunger, by privations of all sorts, by intestinal diseases and typhus which is the result. As far as the eye can reach, mounds are seen containing 200 to 300 corpses buried in the ground *pele mele*, women, children and old people belonging to different families.

At present nearly 6,500 Armenians are kept between the town of Meskené and the Euphrates. These are but living phantoms. Their superintendents distribute them sparingly and very irregularly a piece of bread. Sometimes three or four days pass when these famished people who have nothing to eat but this piece of bread, receive absolutely nothing. A dreadful dysentery makes numerous victims among them, especially among the children. These latter fall ravenously upon all that comes under their hands: they eat herbs, earth and even their excrement.

[In his report Bernau continues with a description of conditions at Abou Herrera, Hammam, Rekka, Zierrat, Sebga, and Deir-ez-Zor. The last one is reproduced here.]

*Deir-ez-Zor.* . . . Some months ago 30,000 Armenians were installed in encampments on the outskirts of the city under the protection of the Governor, Ali Souad Bey. Although I do not want to make personal remarks, I would not want to pass silently the name of this man of heart, of whom the immigrants had to congratulate themselves and

who tried to alleviate their misfortunes. A certain number of them had even begun a small commerce and were feeling happy to remain there. This proves very well that if reasons of State demanded—let us suppose—the deportation in mass of Armenians for the preventive settlement of the Armenian question (?) at least the authorities could have acted humanely and also in the interests of the Ottoman Empire, in transporting the Armenians in cities where they could give themselves to commerce or exercise their professions, or by removing them to lands which can be cultivated, as the necessity of labor is felt so keenly at the present moment. But if it was intended to suppress the race in order to eliminate at the same time the Armenian question, the aim would doubtless not have been attained.

Again the comparative favor (?) that the Armenians were enjoying at Deir-ez-Zor was denounced to higher authorities, and the guilty—Ali Souad Bey—was transferred to Bagdad and replaced by Zekki Bey, notorious for inhuman acts and barbarism. They have related to me appalling things about this new Mutessarif at Deir-ez-Zor. The prison, tortures, bastinado and hanging were at one time the daily bread of this small town. The girls were violated and given to the neighboring Arabs for their pleasure or domestic use, the children drowned in the river; neither weakness nor innocence were spared.

The distinguished Ali Souad Bey had gathered about one thousand orphans in a large house and was looking after their subsistence at the expense of the town. His successor threw them out of the house; the majority of them died in the streets like dogs of hunger, of all sorts of privations and from assaults.

Furthermore the 30,000 Armenians who were at Deir-ez-Zor were cruelly expelled all along the Chabour, flowing into the Euphrates; that is, to the most desert-like region of the country, where it is absolutely impossible for them to find anything for their subsistence. According to information obtained by me at Deir-ez-Zor, a great number of these are already dead and the rest will soon follow them.

Conclusion: I believe there are some 15,000 Armenians scattered about all along the Euphrates between Meskené and Deir-ez-Zor, passing through Rekka. As I have already said, these unfortunate people, abandoned, ill-treated by the authorities, put in an impossible position to provide for their food, are gradually dying of hunger. Winter is approaching; cold and dampness will add their ravages to that of famine. They can always find something to eat—although very dear—if they have the money to pay for it. . . . If these funds are not sent, these unfortunate people are doomed. . . .



## NOTES

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### 1. Marash on 20 January 1920

1. Robert A. Lambert (quoting the *mutasarraf* of Marash) to Major Nicol, 19 May 1920, in "Western Turkey 1920–August 1924," American Board of Commissioner for Foreign Missions, vol. 4, Document 91, Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

2. Arnold J. Toynbee, "A Summary of Armenian History up to and including the Year 1915," in *The Treatment of Armenians in the Ottoman Empire, 1915–1916. Documents Presented to Viscount Grey of Fallodon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by Viscount Bryce*, pp. 623–24 (cited hereafter as Bryce, *The Treatment of Armenians*).

3. Ibid., p. 624.

4. Edwin Munsell Bliss, *Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities: A Reign of Terror* (Edgewood Publishing Co., 1896), pp. 457–59.

5. Aharon Shirajian, "Pandargowt ean Howsher—1895" [Memories of Imprisonment], *Chanasēr* 27, no. 19 (1 October 1964), p. 408. This short, dynamic pastor, then only twenty-eight years of age, was brought before the chief of police on grounds that he was one of the dangerous leaders of the Armenians. He was asked to name the local revolutionary chiefs, to state which foreign government had stimulated the Armenians to revolt, and finally to sign a document admitting that his own people bore the responsibility for the uprising. When the young pastor refused to give the information and sign these false charges, the police chief struck him with a club and was infuriated when he grabbed the weapon in self-defense. Shirajian was tied hand and foot and beaten until unconscious, then he was thrown into prison. On the following day this treatment was repeated, but on the third day he was taken to a doctor. The explanation for this change of attitude came later: others, under torture, had signed the confession and had named the leaders of the Armenian societies.

6. William L. Langer, *The Diplomacy of Imperialism, 1890-1902*, 2d ed. (New York and London: Knopf, 1951), pp. 156-57.

7. Ernest E. Ramsaur, Jr., *The Young Turks*, pp. 124-29.

8. Ibid., pp. 130-35.

9. Edwin Pears, *Forty Years in Constantinople*, p. 237.

10. Jamal Pasha, *Memories of a Turkish Statesman*, p. 261.

11. André Mandelstam, *Le sort de l'Empire Ottoman*, pp. 203-6.

12. Henry Adams Gibbons, *The Blackest Page of Modern History*, pp. 34-36.

13. Ibid., pp. 46-47.

14. Mevlan Zade Rifat, *Türkiye inkılabının iç yüzü* [The inner aspects of the Ottoman Revolution]; the source to which this note refers is the Armenian translation from the original Turkish (2d ed. rev. [Beirut: G. Donikian & Sons, 1968], pp. 101-6).

In view of the fact that Mevlan Zade Rifat does not state the sources for his incriminating accusations, I sought information about him from individuals who had resided in Constantinople during World War I. My best informant, who is unwilling to have his name disclosed, states that Mevlan Zade was a member of the Young Turk Ittihad party until it repudiated its initial liberal attitude of fraternity and justice for all, between 1909 and 1912. He became a member of the opposing Hurriyet ve Itilaf, or "Liberty and Friendship" party, and he edited a journal regarded as the Itilaf mouthpiece in Constantinople. A cabinet of Itilaf ministers came into power when the Balkan Wars began in 1912 with disastrous results for Turkey. On 23 January 1913 Enver Pasha with a few associates assassinated Nazim Pasha, the minister of war, at the doors of the cabinet room and seized power. Itilaf members took revenge by assassinating the new war minister, Shevket Pasha, on 10 June. The Ittihad leaders, suspecting a plot to overthrow their government, hanged twenty-six of the Itilaf leaders and banished twelve hundred others, among them Mevlan Zade, to the interior of Anatolia. There, during the war, he made a living by serving as scribe to the illiterate villagers. After the armistice he moved to Aleppo where he wrote his book. Since the Itilaf party members were banished in 1913, the Ittihad decision to solve the Armenian question in the manner quoted by Mevlan Zade must have been made at the Young Turk meeting which was held in Salonika in 1912.

15. Jamal Pasha, *Memories of a Turkish Statesman*, p. 264.

16. Ibid., pp. 266-71.

17. Richard G. Hovannisian, *Armenia on the Road to Independence, 1918*, pp. 38-39.

18. Jamal Pasha, *Memories of a Turkish Statesman*, p. 276.

19. Harry N. Howard, *The Partition of Turkey*, p. 87.

## 2. War on the Eastern Front

1. A. B. Baghdassarian et al, eds., *Haygagan Sovedagan Sotzialisdagan Respublikayi T. Atlas* [Atlas of the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic], pp. 58-59.
2. Richard G. Hovannisian, *Armenia on the Road to Independence, 1918*, pp. 41-42.
3. Ibid., 58.
4. Ahmed Emin Yalman, *Turkey in the World War*, p. 215.
5. Gabriel Korganoff, *La participation des Arméniens à la guerre mondiale sur le front du Caucase, 1914-1918*, pp. 1-36.
6. Ibid., p. 10.
7. Hovannisian, *Armenia on the Road to Independence*, p. 44.
8. Jamal Pasha, *Memories of a Turkish Statesman*, p. 300.
9. Hovannisian, *Armenia on the Road to Independence*, p. 43.
10. Korganoff, *La participation des Arméniens*, p. 13.
11. Yalman, *Turkey in the World War*, pp. 218-19.
12. Hovannisian, *Armenia on the Road to Independence*, pp. 45-46.
13. Clarence D. Ussher, *An American Physician in Turkey*.
14. Johannes Lepsius, *Le rapport secret du Dr. Johannes Lepsius sur les massacres d'Arménie*, pp. 94-114.
15. Korganoff, *La participation des Arméniens*, p. 21.
16. Ibid., pp. 26-27.
17. In the summer of 1916 Colonel Mustafa Kemal, in command of the Sixteenth Corps of the Second Army, was sent into eastern Anatolia to strengthen the Third Army which had met disaster at Sarikamish and subsequently had engaged in a series of battles with the Russians. That winter Kemal found his troops in a miserable condition "for the ironical reason that in the early stages of the campaign the Armenians had been massacred or deported *en masse*, leaving the land a virtual desert, without peasants to grow food, or artisans to provide services" (Lord Kinross, *Ataturk*, p. 118).
18. Mevlan Zade Rifat, *Türkiye inkılabının iç yüzü* (Armenian translation, 2d ed.) pp. 92-118.

## 3. Resistance at Zeitun and Fundijak

1. The Turkish text is dated 13 May 1331. Owing to a difference of thirteen days between the old and new calendars, this document is given the date 26 May 1915 in various texts.
2. Yusuf Hikmet Bayur, *Türk İnkılabı Tarihi* [History of the Turkish Rev-

olution], vol. 3, 1914-1918 *genel savaşı* [The 1914-1918 World War], pp. 37-38. A translation of this document may be found in Hovannisian, *Armenia on the Road to Independence*, 1918, p. 50. Another English translation of this document was published in *Hairenik Weekly* (Boston) on 20 August 1964. The editor, Haigaz Ghazarian, explains that he was employed as an interpreter by the British forces which occupied Constantinople after the defeat of the Turkish armies during World War I. There he was given access to the Turkish government archives where he found the documents published recently in Haigaz K. Ghazarian, *Ts'eghespan T'urk'e* [The genocidal Turk] (Beirut, 1968).

3. Jamal Pasha, *Memories of a Turkish Statesman*, p. 277.

4. Mevlan Zade Rifat, *Türkiye inkılâbının iç yüzü*, passim.

5. Naim Bey, *The Memoirs of Naim Bey*, pp. 49-50.

6. Henry Morgenthau, *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story*, pp. 334-59.

7. Among the judgments rendered by Turkish courts-martial are (a) those of 27 April and 10 July 1919 in which Talaat, Enver, and Jamal Pashas were found guilty and condemned to death for deporting and massacring the Armenian people (published in *Tekvimi Vekayi* [Calendar of historic Events], nos. 3543 and 3604 [1919]); and (b) the judgment of 20 July 1919 against the authors of the massacre of Bayburt in the *vilayet* of Erzerum (published in *Tercümani Hakikat* [Interpreter of Truth] [Constantinople], 5 August 1920). I have not myself seen either of these two newspapers.

8. Haigaz Ghazarian, trans., Document 280, *Hairenik Weekly* (Boston), 20 August 1964 (see note 2, above).

9. Bryce, *The Treatment of Armenians*; in this volume the names of authors, individuals concerned, and places were coded for their protection. The key to this code was held in the archives of the United States Department of State and is now declassified. A microfilm copy of the book and its key may be obtained from the United States General Services Administration, National Archives and Records Service, Washington, D.C. (no. 353, roll 45). The key is available also in the libraries of Princeton University and the Hoover Institute, Stanford, California.

10. Talaat Pasha, *Talât Paşa'nın Hâtıraları* [Talaat Pasha's Memoirs], pp. 38-73.

11. "Zeitoun Antecedents of the Deportation, recorded by the Rev. Stephen Trowbridge, secretary of the Cairo committee of the American Red Cross, from an oral statement by the Rev. Dikran Andreasian, Pastor of the Armenian Protestant Church of Zeitoun, communicated by Mr. Trowbridge, and supplemented by extracts from the (fuller) Armenian document 130, translated for editor by Mr. G. H. Paelian" (note concerning Document 122 in *Key to British Parliamentary Paper Miscellaneous No. 31*, p. 23).

12. Dikran Andreasian in Bryce, *The Treatment of Armenians*, Document 122.

13. Ainslie to Barton, 6 July 1915, *ibid.*, Document 121.

14. Pierre Briquet, *ibid.*, Documents 123 and 124.

15. William S. Dodd, *ibid.*, Document 125.
16. Pascal Maljian in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 1:387-93; also an interview with Rt. Rev. Msgr. Pascal Archpriest Maljian, New York City, 10 February 1970.
17. Yermia S. Kehyayan (a teacher from Dere Keoy) in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash Gam Kermanig ew Heros Zeoyt'own* [Marash or Germanica and Heroic Zeitun], pp. 45-55 (cited hereafter as *Marash*).
18. *Ibid.*
19. *Ibid.*
20. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 60.
21. Kehyayan, in Kaloustian, *Marash*, pp. 45-55.
22. Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 64.
23. The German director of an orphanage in Harounie, in Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 1:383, fn.
24. Krikor H. Kaloustian, in Kaloustian ed., *Marash*, pp. 827-29.
25. Haroutune der Ghazarian, "Anhahd Gakhaghanner" [Unknown scaffolds], in *Nairi* (Beirut), 27 July 1969, p. 5.
26. *Ibid.*

#### 4. Deportation from Marash

1. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 63.
2. Jean Naslian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 1:384-85; 147 fn.; 384.
3. Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, pp. 66-68; 70-80.
4. Ainslie to Barton, 6 July 1915, in Bryce, *The Treatment of Armenians*, Document 121.
5. Diary of Mrs. Thomas Davidson Christie (of Tarsus), 14 August 1915, *ibid.*, Document 114.
6. Paula Schäfer, *ibid.*, Document 117.
7. William S. Dodd, *ibid.*, Document 109.
8. Paula Schäfer, *ibid.*, Document 117.
9. L. Mohring, 12 July 1915, *ibid.*, Document 145.
10. Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, pp. 85-96.
11. Mevlan Zade Rifat, *Türkiye inkılabının iç yüzü* (Armenian Trans., 2d ed.), p. 116.
12. Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, pp. 85-96; Avedis Seferian (who also experienced the Ayrar Intilli deportation) to Kerr, 30 September, 17 October, and 4 November 1968; also an interview with Mr. Seferian, 19 September 1968.
13. Krikor H. Kaloustian, in Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 827-28.
14. J. B. Jackson (American Consul in Aleppo) to Hoffman Philip (Chargé d'Affaires, American Embassy, Constantinople), 21 September 1916, with a

report dated 10 September 1916 from Auguste Bernau. The letter (no. 754) and report were forwarded as Dispatch 2085 to the secretary of state in Washington D.C. and filed as Index Bureau 867, 4016/302. These, together with other correspondence between Washington and Constantinople, were reproduced on Microfilm Publications 353, *Records of the Department of State relating to Internal Affairs of Turkey, 1910-1929* Roll 45.

15. Ibid.

16. Walter M. Geddes, in Bryce, *The Treatment of Armenians*, Document 118.

17. Jamal Pasha, *Memories of a Turkish Statesman*, pp. 277-79.

18. Naim Bey, *The Memoirs of Naim Bey*, p. 61.

19. Dodge to Kerr; see also the Foreword.

20. Harry Serian, *The Life and Experiences of Reverend Harry Serian (Haroutune Nokhoudian): An Autobiography*. Nokhoudian changed his name after emigrating to the United States. Contrary to the account given by Franz Werfel in his book *Die vierzig Tage des Musa Dagh* [The forty days of Musa Dagh] ([Berlin, Vienna, and Leipzig: Paul Zsolnay Verlag, 1933]; also trans. Geoffrey Dunlop [New York: Viking Press, 1934]), Nokhoudian and his wife survived exile.

21. Ohannes Tilkian, "Ayt Tzhowar ew Dkhowr Darinere" [Those difficult and sad years], *Chanasēr* 32, no. 16 (15 August 1969): 361-62; no. 17-18 (1 and 15 September 1969): 408.

## 5. Wartime Relief Work in Aleppo

1. Henry Morgenthau, *Ambassador Morgenthau's Story*, pp. 332-33.

2. Ibid., pp. 347-50.

3. Mrs. Thomas Davidson Christie, in Bryce, *The Treatment of Armenians*, Document 114.

4. Paula Schäfer, *ibid.*, Document 117.

5. Walter M. Geddes, *ibid.*, Document 118.

6. Sisag S. Manoogian, *A Valiant Servant of Christ*, *passim*.

7. *Chanasēr* 27, no. 19 (1 October 1964); the entire issue was devoted to a series of articles on the life of Shirajian.

8. Talaat Bey learned from the deportation office in Aleppo that orphans had been collected. He sent at least three telegrams concerning them. Abdulahad Nouri of this office had informed him that more than four hundred children were to be found in the orphanage, and that they would be added to the caravans to be exiled. The governor of Aleppo, Abdulhalik Bey, then received this message dated 15 January 1916 and signed by the minister of the interior Talaat Bey: "We hear that certain orphanages which have been opened receive also the children of the Armenians. Whether this is done through ignorance of our real purpose, or through contempt of it, the Gov-

ernment will regard the feeding of such children as an act entirely opposed to its purpose, since it considers the survival of these children as detrimental. I recommend that such children shall not be received into the orphanages, and no attempts are to be made to establish special orphanages for them" (Naim Bey, *The Memoirs of Naim Bey*, p. 61).

9. Aram Tourabian, "La Légion arménienne et la France," in *Massacres Varia* (Marseilles: Imprimerie Nouvelle, 1929), 6:62.

10. Paul du Véou, *La passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 59-60.

11. Ibid., p. 60; Gustave Gautherot, *La France en Syrie et en Cilicie*, pp. 138-39.

12. The Turkish movements in this battle are described by Lord Kinross in *Ataturk*, pp. 138-40. A dramatic picture of the part played by the French and Armenian contingents is given in Paul du Véou's *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 60-62.

14. Pierre Redan, *La Cilicie et le problème Ottoman*, pp. 120-23. Annexes 2 and 3.

## 6. The Occupation of Cilicia

1. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 70-72.

2. Ibid., p. 70; Gustave Gautherot, *La France en Syrie et en Cilicie*, pp. 186-87.

3. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 73.

4. Pierre Redan, *La Cilicie et le problème Ottoman*, pp. 76-77; 81.

5. Gautherot, *La France en Syrie et en Cilicie*, p. 186.

6. Lord Kinross, *Ataturk*, pp. 152-53; Gautherot, *La France en Syrie et en Cilicie*, p. 186.

7. Pierre Redan, *La Cilicie et le problème Ottoman*, p. 78; du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 73-74.

8. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi* [Turkish War of Independence], vol. 4, *Güney Cephesi* [Southern Front], p. 50.

9. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 90-91.

10. R. S. Baker and W. E. Dodd, *The Public Papers of Woodrow Wilson* (New York and London: Harpers, 1927), 3:160-161.

11. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 59.

12. Harry N. Howard, *The Partition of Turkey*, p. 198.

13. Ibid., pp. 225-26.

14. Harry N. Howard, *An American Inquiry*, p. 27.

15. Ibid., p. 32. Professor Howard credits Howard Bliss of the Syrian Protestant College (which is now American University of Beirut) with sowing the seed from which the King-Crane Commission grew. President Bliss had appeared before the Council of Four on 13 February 1919 to ask that Wilson's proclamation of the right of self-determination be applied to Syria and had

suggested that a commission of inquiry be sent for this purpose (pp. 25-26).

16. Ibid., pp. 33; 46.

17. Aram Baghdikian, in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, p. 792.

18. Howard, *An American Inquiry*, pp. 165-66.

19. Ibid., p. 188.

20. Ibid., pp. 184-85.

21. Ibid., pp. 191-95.

22. Ibid., pp. 188-89.

23. Ibid., p. 235.

24. Ibid., p. 311.

## 7. Rehabilitation

1. Jacob Künzler, *Im Lande des Blutes und der Tränen: Erlebnisse in Mesopotamien während des Weltkrieges* (Potsdam: Tempel Verlag, 1921), pp. 17-22, 49, 50.

2. E. K. Sarkisian and E. G. Sahakian, *Vital Issues in Modern Armenian History: A Documented Exposé of Misrepresentations in Turkish Historiography*, trans. by E. B. Chrakian (Watertown, Mass.: Armenian Studies, 1965), pp. 23-31.

3. Yusuf Hikmet Bayur, *Türk inkılabı tarihi*, vol. 3, *1914-1918 genel savaşı. pt. 3. 1915-1917 vuruşmaları ve bunların siyasal tepkileri* [History of the Turkish Revolution. The 1914-1918 World War. The Battles of 1915-1917 and their Political Effects]. (Ankara: Türk Tarih Kurumu Basimevi, 1957), p. 8.

4. André Mandelstam, *Le sort de l'Empire Ottoman* (Paris and Lausanne: Payot, 1917), p. 408.

5. Dr. Johannes Lepsius, *Deutschland und Armenien* (Potsdam: Tempel Verlag, 1919), p. 65.

6. A. B. Baghdassarian, et al. *Haygagan Sovedagan Sotzialisdagan Respublikayi T Atlas* [Atlas of the Armenian Soviet Socialist Republic] (Erivan and Moscow: Cartographic Service of the Armenian Academy of Sciences, 1961), pp. 58-59.

7. Dr. Sarkis J. Karayan, "An Inquiry into the Statistics of the Turkish Genocide of the Armenians," *The Armenian Review* (Boston), vol. 25, no. 4 (Winter 1972): 3-44.

8. Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed. *Marash gam Kermanig ev Heros Zeyt'own. Hradaragowt'iwn Marashi Hayrenagts'agan Miyowt'ean Getr. Varch'owt'eab Miats'eal Nahankner Ameriga*. (New York: Goch'nag Dbaran, 1934), pp. 827-29.



## 8. Unrest in Syria

1. The correspondence between Sir Henry McMahon and the sherif Hussein of Mecca was printed in English translation in the *Congressional Record* (Proceedings and Debates of the 91st Congress, Second Session [Washington]: 16 January 1970, vol. 116, no. 99, pp. S9022-27).
2. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 78.
3. Harry N. Howard, *An Inquiry in the Middle East*, p. 83.
4. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 78-79.
5. *Ibid.*, pp. 80-81.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 87.
7. M. Abadie, *Opérations au Levant*, p. 30.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 30.
9. *Ibid.*, pp. 122-23, Annex 3. The terms of the Mudros Armistice may be found in Eliot Grinnel Mears, ed., *Modern Turkey*, p. 624.
10. Mabel Evelyn Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, p. 84.

## 9. The French Occupation of Marash

1. Aram Baghdikian, in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 792-93.
2. Pascal Maljian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:275.
3. Edouard Brémond, *La Cilicie en 1919-1920*, p. 328. In a later passage Brémond notes that when Captain André came to Marash as civil governor, a tea was given in his honor by the military commander, Captain Fontaine (p. 332).
4. M. Abadie, *Opérations au Levant*, p. 28.
5. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:58.
6. Nishan Saatjian, in Kersam Aharonian, ed., *Hushamadian medz egherhni* [Memorial book of Armenian Martyrdom], pp. 830-45.
7. Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:58.
8. M. Abadie, *Opérations au Levant*, pp. 124-26, Annex 4.
9. Pierre Redan, *La Cilicie et le problème Ottoman*, p. 90.
10. Gustave Gautherot, *La France en Syrie et en Cilicie*, p. 135.
11. Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:58.
12. Interview with Mr. Nathan Koumrian, summer 1969, in Watertown, Massachusetts.
13. Pascal Maljian, in Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:276-77.

## 10. Preparations for Conflict

1. Lord Kinross, *Ataturk*, pp. 176-80.
2. Ibid., pp. 193-96.
3. Ibid., pp. 202-12 (an English translation of the National Pact adopted at the Erzerum Conference may be found in the Appendix, pp. 571-72).
4. Ibid., p. 210.
5. Ibid., pp. 212-19.
6. Ibid., pp. 220-26.
7. M. Abadie, *Opérations au Levant*, pp. 126-27, Annex 5.
8. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk Istiklâl Harbi*, 4:75.
9. Ibid., 4:82.
10. Krikor H. Kaloustian, in Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 827-29.
11. Saral, *Türk Istiklâl Harbi*, 4:75.
12. Pascal Maljian, in Jean Naslian, *Les Mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:276.
13. Avedis Seferian to Kerr, 30 September, 17 October, and 4 November 1968; also an interview with Mr. Seferian, 19 September 1968, in Watertown, Massachusetts.
14. Edouard Brémond, *La Cilicie en 1919-1920*, p. 330.
15. Ibid., p. 331.
16. Ibid., p. 332.
17. Saral, *Türk Istiklâl Harbi*, 4:59.
18. Pierre Redan, *La Cilicie et le problème Ottoman*, p. 93 fn.
19. Ibid., pp. 92-93.

## 11. Assignment to Marash

1. See Charles Leonard Woolley, *The Art of the Middle East, Including Persia, Mesopotamia, and Palestine*, p. 143.
2. Mabel Evelyn Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*.

## 12. Harassment of the French

1. Edouard Brémond, *La Cilicie en 1919-1920*, p. 330.
2. C. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 229.
3. Ibid., p. 241; Brémond, *La Cilicie en 1919-1920*, p. 339.
4. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:284.
5. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 122.

6. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 229.
7. M. Abadie, *Opérations au Levant*, p. 39.
8. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 229.
9. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:82-83.
10. du Véon, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 122; Abadie, *Opérations au Levant*, p. 40.
11. Ahmad Yörür to Kerr, 19 October 1968.
12. Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:84.
13. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, pp. 230-235.
14. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:281-84.
15. *Ibid.*, 2:285-86.

### 13. Disaster at Christmas

1. Interview with Mr. Daniel Akullian, 12 May 1968, in Loudonville, New York.
2. According to the Turkish calendar used by the Armenians in 1920, Christmas was celebrated on 6 January. The difference of thirteen days from the Western calendar explains occasional discrepancies in the dates quoted from various sources.
3. Khorēn A. Ajēmian, *Echer Gamawori Orakres* [Pages from a volunteer's diary], p. 265. The author, upon entering the priesthood, changed his name from Krikor to Khorēn.
4. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:81.
5. C. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 236.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 237; Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 124.
7. Snyder to his family, 20 January 1920.
8. *Ibid.*
9. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:288.
10. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 238; Snyder to his sister, 23 January 1920.
11. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 237.
12. Ajemian, *Echer Gamawori Orakres*, pp. 268-276.
13. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, pp. 236; 244-45.

### 14. The Marash Rebellion

1. C. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, pp. 239-40.
2. Hovsep Der Vartanian, *Marashi Chartē 1920-in ew Badmagar Hamarhōd Agnarn mē ir Ants'ealin Vray* [The massacre of Marash in 1920 and a brief

historical glance at its Past], (Jerusalem: Arak's-Topalian Dbakr, 1927), quoted in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 827-29.

3. Materne Muré, "Le massacre de Marache (Février 1920): Un Episode de la Tragédie Arménienne," (in *Les Massacres Arméniens* [Brussels: Société Belge de Librairie]), *Flambeau*, pp. 7-8.

4. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk Istiklâl Harbi*, 4:89.

5. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 242.

6. Ibid.

7. Haroutune Der Ghazarian, "Giligean Namagani. Giligean Tēpk'erē Garewor Vawerkrowt'iwn Mē" [Mail from Cilicia: the Cilician events, an important Document], *Bahag* (Boston), 5 June 1920, pp. 2-3; 8 June 1920, p. 3; also reprinted in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 813-15.

8. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 126.

9. Saral, *Türk Istiklâl Harbi*, 4:90-91.

10. Muré, "Le massacre de Marache," p. 9.

11. Interview with (Mrs.) Leah Asbed (née Marashlian), 16 September 1969, Bedford, Massachusetts.

## 15. Events in the Mission Compound

1. Materne Muré, "Le massacre de Marache (Février 1920): Un Episode de la Tragédie Arménienne," *Flambeau*, p. 10.

2. Khorēn A. Ajēmian, *Echer Gamawori Orakres* [Pages from a volunteer's diary], p. 265.

3. Haroutune Der Ghazarian, "Giligean Namagani. Giligean Tēpk'erē Garewor Vawerkrowt'iwn Mē," [Mail from Cilicia: the Cilician events. An important document], *Bahag* (Boston), 5 June 1920, pp. 2-3; 8 June 1920, p. 3; also reprinted in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 813-15.

4. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk Istiklâl Harbi*, 4:86.

5. Ibid.

6. Kerr to his parents, 22 January 1920.

7. Ibid., 23 January 1920.

8. Ibid., 23 and 25 January 1920.

9. Ibid., 25 January 1920.

10. Ibid., 28 and 29 January 1920. The Reverend Mr. Solakian left Marash with the French troops. He emigrated to the United States where some years later he became engaged to be married. He disappeared on the eve of his wedding, and his body was found in the Charles River near Cambridge.

## 16. The Sheikh's Quarter

1. Kerr to his parents, 23 January 1920; diary of C. F. H. Crathern, 24 January 1920.

2. Dicran A. Berberian to Kerr, 2 July 1969.
3. Aram Baghdikian, in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, p. 792.
4. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:487.
5. Ibid., 4:89.
6. Ibid., 4:91.
7. Ibid., 4:91.
8. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les Mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:290.

## 17. Devastation and Massacre

1. From an unpublished manuscript by (Mrs.) Makrouhi Der Ohannesian (née Der Vartanian); also an interview with Mrs. Der Ohannesian, 19 June 1970, in Albany, New York.

2. Hovsep Der Vartanian, *Marashi Chartë 1920-in ew Badmagar Hamarhōd Agnarn mē ir Ants'ealin Vray* [The massacre of Marash in 1920 and a brief historical glance at its Past] (Jerusalem: Araks-Topalian Dbakr, 1927), quoted in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 827-29.

3. Haroutune Der Ghazarian, "Giligean Namagani. Giligean Tēpk'erē Garewor Vawerkrouṭ'iwn Mē" [Mail from Cilicia: the Cilician events, an important document], *Bahag* (Boston), 5 June 1920, pp. 2-3; 8 June 1920, p. 3; also reprinted in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 813-18.

4. An interview with Mr. Joseph (Hovsep) Chorbajian, March 1970 and April 1972, in New York City.

5. Khorēn A. Ajēmian, *Echer Gamawori Orakres* [Pages from a volunteer's diary], p. 274.

6. Materne Muré, "Le massacre de Marache (Février 1920): Un Episode de la Tragédie Arménienne," *Flambeau*, pp. 7-8.

7. Nisēn Saatjian, in Kersam Aharonian, ed., *Mushamadian Medz Egherhni* [Memorial book of Armenian Martyrdom], pp. 830-45.

8. Nancy Virginia Austin, "Survival of the Fittest" (Unpublished manuscript written in 1925). This manuscript is the story of Anna Kusajukian, made available to me by (Mrs.) Anna Abajian (née Kusajukian) of Watertown, Massachusetts. Also, an interview with Mrs. Lousaper Sarmanian (née Kousajukian), 20 November 1972, in Watertown, Massachusetts.

9. Avedis Seferian to Kerr, 30 September, 17 October, 4 November 1968; also an interview with Mr. Seferian, 19 September 1968, in Watertown, Massachusetts.

10. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:93.

11. Mabel Evelyn Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, p. 108.

12. Kerr to his parents, 4 February 1920.

13. Correspondence of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, "Western Turkey: 1920-August 1924," vol. 4, Documents 18 and 21, Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

## 18. Places of Defense and Refuge

1. Diary of Frances Buckley.
2. Ibid.
3. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:91.
4. Diary of Frances Buckley.
5. Ibid.
6. C. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 145. Thibault states that the First Company (Captain Kalb) and the Sixth Company (Captain Martinet) of the 412th Regiment were quartered in the First Church.
7. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 144.
8. Diary of Frances Buckley.
9. Thibault states that the troops quartered in the Franciscan Monastery included the Second Company of the 412th Regiment, a company of Algerian sharpshooters, and a company of Armenian legionnaires. These were commanded by Captain Benedetti, Lieutenant van Coppanole, and Second Lieutenant Froiedeval of the First Machine Gun Company, 412th Regiment (*Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, pp. 235; 245).
10. Makrouhi Der Ohannesian (née Der Vartanian), unpublished manuscript, p. 14.
11. Mabel Evelyn Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, passim.
12. Materne Muré, "Le massacre de Marache (Février 1920): Un Episode de la Tragédie Arménienne," *Flambeau*, pp. 14-15; Der Ohannesian, unpublished manuscript, p. 15.
13. Muré, "Le massacre de Marache (Février 1920)," p. 14.
14. Der Ohannesian, unpublished manuscript, p. 15.
15. Muré, "Le Massacre de Marache (Février 1920)," pp. 14-15.
16. Setrak Kherlakian, unpublished manuscript written in Aleppo, 1921. Pages 52-57 of an English translation were made available to me by (Mrs.) Victoire Souadjian (née Kherlakian, Setrak's daughter); also an interview with Mrs. Souadjian and her mother, Mrs. Setrak Kherlakian, 12 March 1969, in Los Angeles, California.
17. Avedis Arpiarian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:259-61; Pascal Maljian, *ibid.*, 2:277-78; also an interview with Rev. Pascal Maljian, 10 February 1970, in New York City.
18. Khorēn A. Ajēmian, *Echer Gamawori Orakres* [Pages from a volunteer's diary], pp. 284-85.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 288.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 289.

## 19. Mediation & a Military Reversal

1. C. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 246.
2. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 116.
3. Ibid., 119.
4. Ibid., p. 117.
5. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:282.
6. Robert Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, pp. 7-27.
7. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 120.
8. Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 29.
9. Ibid., p. 32 fn.
10. Ibid., pp. 30-35.
11. Ibid., p. 39.
12. Interview with Movses Der Kaloustian, May 1964, in Beirut, Lebanon.
13. Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, pp. 35-38.
14. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 247.
15. Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 39.
16. Ibid., p. 39.

## 20. Corneloup's Withdrawal

1. The date of this evacuation is not clear. Colonel Normand's statement that Corneloup complied with his invitation *that same night* (*Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 39) could imply that it was on the seventh (the night he first communicated with Corneloup) or on the eighth (the night he was presenting a similar request to General Quérette). The Reverend Abraham Hartunian records that he was told of the withdrawal during the night following the events of 8 February. Lieutenant Colonel Thibault received reports from excited Armenians on the morning of the ninth but curiously concluded that the evacuation took place on the night of 9-10! Since news of such import would travel fast, Thibault's statement confirms that of Hartunian. However, Normand needed Corneloup's troops to guard his camp and thus liberate all of his own forces for the offensive which he carried out on the eighth, which suggests that the evacuation took place on the night of 7-8.

2. Khorēn A. Ajēmian, *Echer Gamawori Orakres* [Pages from a volunteer's diary], 290-92.

3. Ibid., p. 298.

4. Nancy Virginia Austin, "Survival of the Fittest," *passim*.

5. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, pp. 145-46.

6. Pascal Maljian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:290.
7. Ibid., p. 278.
8. Ibid.
9. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:290.
10. Setrak Kherlakian, unpublished manuscript.
11. Diary of Frances Buckley.
12. Ibid.

## 21. Betrayal of a Trust

1. Diary of Mrs. Marion Wilson.
2. Mabel Evelyn Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, pp. 113-14; Mrs. James Lyman (née Bessy Hardy) to Kerr, 14 January 1968.
3. Kerr to his parents, 12 February 1920.
4. Robert Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 40.
5. Diary of Mrs. Marion Wilson.
6. Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, p. 116.
7. Ibid., p. 117.
8. C. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 248; Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 41.
9. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 41.
10. Kerr to his parents, 12 February 1920.

## 22. Victory for the Nationalists

1. Materne Muré, "Le massacre de Marache (Février 1920): Un Episode de la Tragédie Arménienne, *Flambeau*, p. 15.
2. Khorēn A. Ajēmian, *Echer Gamawori Orakres* [Pages from a volunteer's diary], p. 298.
3. Nishan Saatjian, in Kersam Aharonian, ed., *Hushamadian Medz Egherni* [Memorial Book of Armenian Martyrdom], pp. 830-40.
4. Diary of Miss Frances Buckley.
5. Ibid.
6. Interview with (Mrs.) Nevart Haydostian (née Déyermenjian), 16 September 1969, in Belmont, Massachusetts.
7. Diary of Mrs. Marion C. Wilson.
8. Ahmed Yörür (of Marash) to Kerr, 18 October 1968.
9. Muré, "Le massacre de Marache," pp. 17-18.
10. Of the captains mentioned by Thibault in various parts of his *Histo-*



*rique du 412<sup>e</sup> regiment d'infanterie*, only four remained: Fontaine, Bon-nouvrier, Delmas, and Benedetti.

11. Robert Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 42.
12. Diary of Mrs. Marion C. Wilson.
13. Muré, "Le massacre de Marache," pp. 18-19.
14. Interview with Dr. Artin Inglizian, 12 March 1969, in Hollywood, California.
15. Interview with (Mrs.) Arminé-Berberian (née Armenovhi Poladian), 18 June 1970, in Loudonville, New York.
16. Makrouhi Der Ohannesian (née Der Vartarian), unpublished manuscript; also an interview with Mrs. Der Ohannesian, 19 June 1970, in Albany, New York.
17. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 144.
18. The story of this final slaughter has been pieced together from the fragments available in the following: Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 147; Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:292; Muré, "Le massacre de Marache," p. 17; Haroutune Der Ghazarian, "Giligean Namagani. Giligean Tēpk'erĕ Garewor Vawer-krowt'iwn Mē" [Mail from Cilicia: the Cilician events, an important Document] *Bahag* (Boston), 5 and 12 June 1920 (reprinted in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 813-18); also a verbal account given to me by (Mrs.) Leah Asbed (née Marashlian) who was imprisoned with Haigouhi Der Ghazarian, the sister of Dr. Haroutune Der Ghazarian.
19. Interview with (Mrs.) Victoire Souadjian (née Kherlakian) and her mother, Mrs. Setrak Kherlakian, 12 March 1969, in Los Angeles, California.

## 23. A Precarious Peace

1. Kerr to his parents, 12 February 1920.
2. Diary of Mrs. Marion C. Wilson; Mrs. James Lyman (née Bessie Hardy) to Kerr, 14 January 1968; also an interview with Mrs. Lyman, September 1969, in Munsonville, New Hampshire.
3. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 138.
4. Setrak Kherlakian, unpublished manuscript.
5. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:293.
6. Diary of Mrs. Marion C. Wilson.
7. Mrs. James Lyman to Kerr, 14 January 1968.
8. Levon Yenovkian to Kerr, 28 February and 4 October 1969.
9. Interview with Mr. Joseph (Hovsep) Chorbajian, March and 27 April 1970, in New York City.

## 24. The Retreat to Islahiye

1. Robert Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 43.
2. Mabel Evelyn Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, pp. 118-19.
3. Diary of Marion C. Wilson.
4. Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, pp. 43-44.
5. Interview with Mr. Daniel Akullian, 12 May 1969, in Albany, New York.
6. Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, p. 121.
7. Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 46.
8. Interview with (Mrs.) Nevart Haydostian (née Deyermenjian), 16 September 1969, in Bedford, Massachusetts.
9. Materne Muré, "Le massacre de Marache (Février 1920): Un Episode de la Tragédie Arménienne," *Flambeau*, p. 15.
10. Makrouhi Der Ohannesian, unpublished manuscript; also an interview with Mrs. Der Ohannesian, 19 June 1970, in Albany, New York.
11. Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 48.
12. C. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, pp. 250-51.
13. Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, p. 123.
14. Der Ohannesian, unpublished manuscript.
15. Jean Naslian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:273-80.
16. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 138.
17. C. F. H. Crathern to Major Arnold, 12 February 1920, "Reports from Personnel in the Near East," YMCA Headquarters, New York City.
18. Elliott, *Beginning Again at Ararat*, p. 136.

## 25. The French Evacuation

1. Edouard Brémond, *La Cilicie en 1919-1920*, p. 340.
2. Aram Tourabian, ed., "La lettre du General Brémond au sujet de 'L'éternelle victime de la diplomatie Européenne,'" in *Massacres Varia* (Marseille: Imprimerie Nouvelle, 1929), booklet 4, pp. 1-4.
3. Robert Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 39.
4. C. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 248.
5. *Ibid.*, pp. 247-48.
6. Brémond, *La Cilicie en 1919-1920*, p. 341.
7. Thibault, *Historique du 412<sup>e</sup> régiment d'infanterie*, p. 252.
8. Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 48.
9. Krikor Ajēmian, in Krikor H. Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 818-22.
10. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:97.

11. Robert A. Lambert to Major Nicol, 11 March 1920, "Western Turkey, 1920–August 1924," American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, vol. 4, Document 91, Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

12. Diary of Mrs. Marion Wilson.

13. Materne Muré, "Le massacre de Marache (Février 1920): Un Episode de la Tragédie Arménienne," Flambeau, p. 15.

14. Kerr to his parents, 7 March 1920.

15. Krikor H. Kaloustian, in Kaloustian, ed., *Marash*, pp. 773–80; 813–18.

## 26. Restoration of Order

1. Setrak Kherlakian, unpublished manuscript.

2. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:295.

3. Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:97.

4. Robert A. Lambert to Major Nicol, 11 March 1920, "Western Turkey, 1920–August 1924," American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, vol. 4, Document 91, Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

5. James Perry to his mother and wife, "Reports from Personnel in the Near East," YMCA Headquarters, New York City.

6. John H. Boyd (of Aintab) to Robert A. Lambert, *ibid.*

7. Dicran A. Berberian to Kerr, 28 July 1969.

8. Robert A. Lambert to Major Nicol, 11 March 1920, "Western Turkey, 1920–August 1924," American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, vol. 4, Document 91, Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

9. *Ibid.*

## 28. The Conflicts at Urfa and Aintab

1. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 351, Annex 2.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 353, Annex 2. This suggests that he had already established his base at Pazarjik between Aintab and Marash. On 24 December 1919 the commander of the Third Army Corps requested the transfer of certain officers from the Fifth and Fifteenth Divisions to assist the Turkish volunteers of Marash in their organization. Undoubtedly Kulu Ali was one of these (Ahmet Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:77).

3. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 179–87.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 121.

5. Robert Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, pp. 49-81.
6. Ibid., p. 82.
7. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 121; 192.
8. Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, pp. 83-84.
9. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 185. It is unlikely that Ali Saib would have informed the gendarme commander that he and his men rather than the Turkish notables were to be sacrificed, if indeed he had planned to destroy the French. Lt. Eumer Izzet was later transferred to Marash, where he commanded the guard at the Armenian Catholic Church. His handling of this assignment earned the commendation of Raphael Kherlakian (in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les memoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:293-94).
10. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 185.
11. Ibid., pp. 185-87.
12. Ali Saib to Mustafa Kemal Pasha, in du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, p. 379, Annex 4, Document 52.
13. Robert A. Lambert, "In Urfa," in *The New Near East* (New York: Near East Relief), 5:9-11.
14. Robert A. Lambert to Major J. Nicol, 21 April 1920, in "Western Turkey, 1920-August 1924," American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, vol. 4, Document 81, Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
15. M. Abadie, *Opérations au Levant*, pp. 45-46.
16. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, 153-57; Kerr to his parents, 18 April 1920.

## 29. Muslim-Christian Encounters

1. This may have been Kuluj Ali's interpretation of the withdrawal of Colonel Normand's regiment which had reached Aintab on 17 April and, after twelve days of ordinary blockade duty, had departed not because of defeat but under orders to move toward Urfa (Robert Normand, *Colonnes dans le Levant*, p. 94).
2. Kerr to his parents, 13 May 1920.
3. Lord Kinross, *Ataturk*, p. 487.
4. Kerr to his parents, 18 April 1920.
5. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 142-43.
6. Robert A. Lambert to Major Nicol, 9 March 1920, in "Western Turkey, 1920-August 1924," American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, vol. 4., Document 91, Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts.
7. Kerr to his parents, 23 April 1920.
8. Ibid.

### 30. The Hazards of Travel in Turkey

1. Kerr to his parents, 25 June 1920.
2. Ibid., 18 June 1920.
3. Nearly all NER personnel who had been recruited from the United States Army continued to wear their uniforms. The army insignia were replaced by the shoulder emblem of our organization, a white star encircled by the letters ACRNE, which represented the American Committee for Relief in the Near East. On the eve of embarkation from New York, an order was issued that we should change to civilian clothes; but this was ignored, because the time for compliance was too short.
4. Kerr to his parents, 21 July 1920.

### 31. The End of Zeitun

1. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, pp. 151-52.
2. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:298.
3. Ibid., pp. 299-307.
4. Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 174.
5. Ibid., pp. 169-71.
6. Ahmed Hulki Saral, *Türk İstiklâl Harbi*, 4:99-101 (this section presents the official Turkish account of the events at Zeitun).

### 32. The Accords of London and Ankara

1. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de La Cilicie*, pp. 287-89.
2. Ibid., 294.
3. Eliot Grinnel Mears, ed., *Modern Turkey*, pp. 615-16.
4. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, pp. 303-19.
5. Ibid., p. 310.
6. Ibid., p. 312.

### 33. Life under the Nationalist Regime

1. Edith Cold, in Bryce, *The Treatment of Armenians*, Document 127.
2. Edith Cold, from a report sent to various friends, 3 September 1921; Kerr to his parents, 13 November 1921.

3. Abraham Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, pp. 159-62.
4. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:296-97.
5. Hartunian, *Neither to Laugh Nor to Weep*, p. 162.
6. Ibid., pp. 163-66.
7. Kherlakian, in Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:297.
8. Interview with (Mrs.) Leah Asbed (née Marashlian), 16 September 1969, in Bedford, Massachusetts.

### 34. The Final Exodus

1. Paul du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, Annex 10, Articles 5 and 6.
2. Ibid., Annexes 18 and 20.
3. Ibid., Annex 13.
4. Bayard Dodge to Kerr, 18 January 1972.
5. du Véou, p. 327.
6. Sirvart Poladian to Dicran Berberian (her brother-in-law), 8 May 1970.
7. Interview with (Mrs.) Haigouhi Boole (née Magarian), 21 November 1971, Waltham, Massachusetts.
8. Interview with (Mrs.) Victoire Souadjian (née Kherlakian) and her mother, Mrs. Setrak Kherlakian, 12 March 1969, in Los Angeles, California.
9. Avedis Arpiarian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:268-69.
10. du Véou, *La Passion de la Cilicie*, Annex 18.
11. Raphael Kherlakian, in Jean Naslian, ed., *Les mémoires de Mgr. Jean Naslian*, 2:262-73.
12. Avedis Arpiarian, *ibid.*, 2:267-72.

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